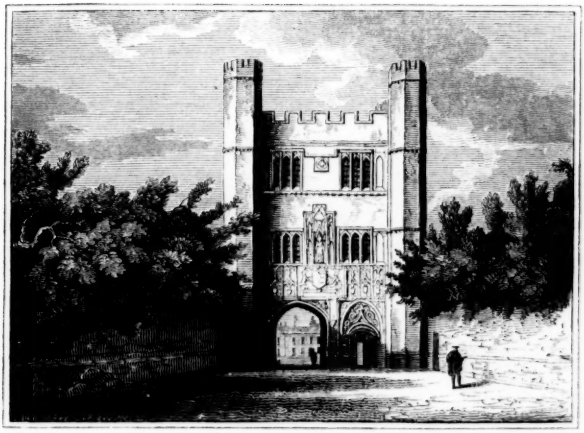
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. III.



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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. III. Part I.

Art. I. *The Koran, commonly called The Alcoran of Mohammed, translated into English immediately from the original Arabic, with explanatory notes taken from the most approved commentators; to which is prefixed a Preliminary Discourse, by* George Sale, Gent.

Nulla falsâ doctrina est, quæ non aliquid veri permisceat.
Augustin. Quæst. Evang. l. 2. *c.* 40.

4*to. London,* 1734.

"Sale is half a Mussulman," observed the eloquent historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and the remark is quoted on the first leaf of the copy of the work now before us, which belonged to one of the wisest, most candid, and virtuous, of modern sages and legislators.—Both applied the sentiment in the spirit of philosophic candor, as a key to the temper in which the work in question was executed, as manifesting their opinion that our author was eminently qualified for the task he undertook, and that he had held the fair and even hand of an impartial historian, translator, and commentator.

But the observation has been echoed by some in a different spirit, that of ignorant prejudice, blind to undeniable historical, and rational inference, swollen with self-sufficient superiority, mistaking dogmatic intolerance for grateful consciousness of the purer lights which it has pleased a gracious Providence to bestow on more favored nations, and jealous of the motives even of the humble inquirer, who wishes to attribute actions to good intentions when he can, and hopes to be able to discern

something short of unmixed evil in a dispensation, which has been allowed for centuries to regulate the morals and religious feelings of millions.

We have selected the work before us, not only as a production of which our country has great reason to boast, as one of the greatest ornaments of her eastern literature, (a department in which she is peculiarly rich,) but that, while we bear our testimony to its literary worth, and the vast accession which its appearance made to popular acquaintance with the subject, we might also admire the candor and impartiality of its spirit, and the unassuming yet intrepid boldness with which it stood forward against the prejudices of the age, to claim some favorable consideration for the instructor and legislator of a whole hemisphere, and to dissipate the cloud of absurd and calumnious fable that had been so long gathering around his name.

Adverting, in the first place, to the literary worth of Sale's labors, let us consider what sort of assistance even the scholar had for an acquaintance with the text of the Koran, or with the vast mass of materials which the annotator has digested, for the illustration of a volume which would otherwise, even when translated, be for the most part nearly unintelligible to an European.

As to the text, though there were several versions extant, there was but one, as he justly observes, which had any pretensions to a tolerably accurate representation of the sense of the original, that by Maracci, published at Padua, in 1698.—In the modern tongues of Europe, (except a bad Italian version by Andrea Arrivabene, from a worse Latin translation, by Retenensis, published by Bibliander, in 1550) there was nothing but a French translation by Andrew du Ryer, a work of little value, "there being mistakes in every page, besides frequent transpositions, omissions, and additions, faults unpardonable in a work of this nature." From this French version an English one had been framed, by Alexander Ross, who could not, of course, rectify the blunders of his original, and being but indifferently acquainted with the French language added many of his own.—Such a version as Sale's, therefore, we need not add, was an invaluable treasure, and the mode of its execution not only supplied the urgency of the time, but has nearly superseded the necessity for future labors.—We shall have occasion, perhaps, in the course of this article, to quote some passages to serve as specimens of his style, which is admirably adapted to the subject.

With regard to his Preliminary Discourse and Notes, we cannot speak too highly, either of the patient industry and laborious diligence they manifest, or of the soundness of the judgment every where displayed by the author. To the

literary world they too were and continue to be of immense value.—Where could the inquirer into the history of the obscure tribes, among whom Mahomet started into notice, or into the opinions and customs which form the basis of his system and are interwoven with its whole texture, have sought for the gratification of his curiosity? The ponderous labors of D'Herbelot, Pocock, Reland, Hide, or the folios of Arabian historians, might have been accessible to the scholar who devoted himself to the research under favorable circumstances; but to the mass of readers the subject was a dead letter, in comparison with the light which the facilities now afforded have thrown around it.—In this point of view, therefore, and considering the spirit of its execution, the admirer of his work will hardly lament that "Sale is half a Mussulman;" that he came to the work thoroughly acquainted with all the mysteries of the system, so as to throw himself into the conceptions of his author, to imbibe the spirit and energy of his language, and to see even his failings with a charitable eye.

But Sale it is, perhaps, added, is "half a Mussulman," in a more serious point of view; in one, we admit, much more subject to misrepresentation and suspicion, in as much as it touches certain passions and prejudices, which have, perhaps, the strongest hold on the mind, and are at the same time those which it is the most delicate task to encounter, because they often have their foundation in virtuous motives, in devotional feelings of gratitude and veneration for the blessing of a pure and ennobling system of religion—he has seen and ventured to indicate some points of dignity and utility in a character and system which had hitherto been the subjects of indiscriminate abuse—he has showed that "they were greatly deceived who imagined this faith to have been propagated by the sword alone," and that "there was something more than was vulgarly imagined in a religion which had made so surprising a progress."

This we are disposed to consider one of the greatest merits of Sale's publication. It was idle and ridiculous to bestow nothing but insolent opprobrium and ignorant declamation upon one of the most powerful instruments which the hand of Providence has raised up to influence the opinions and destinies of mankind through a long succession of ages. The whole subject, whether viewed with relation to the extraordinary rise and progress, either of the founder personally, or of the system itself, cannot be otherwise than one of the deepest interest; and we are persuaded that of those who have considered the comparative influences of the Mahometan and Christian religions, there are few who have not at times found themselves confounded at the survey, and compelled to admit that even the

former must have been ordained for many wise and beneficent purposes, and to confide in its instrumentality in the production at any rate of great eventual good.

We shall see, more plainly, the obligation which the cause of fair and candid inquiry is under to Sale, when we consider that the bigoted self-sufficiency which was displayed by the Christian world towards the votaries of Mahomet, was, in great measure, owing to the profound ignorance in which it was involved. From the æra of the Crusades down even to a very late period, this ignorance of the nature and character of the Mahometan system, its founder, and history, was extreme. Mahomet was sometimes described as a pagan deity, at other times as an idol, and scarcely ever ranked as less than a magician. So far from being aware that he was a zealous advocate of the unity and perfections of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the Christian church openly pronounced a curse upon the Deity, whose worship he proclaimed, and it required all the influence of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus to remove this anathema, by a compromise, to the shoulders of the prophet himself.

Of the old historians, Grafton, in his chronicle, gives, we think, as fair a sketch of the rise of the prophet and his system as any one of his day, and we quote it that our readers may see what a precious compound it is, of some truth with no small dose of error and misrepresentation, probably by no means intentional, though characteristic of the degree of information which was then prevalent on the subject.

"Mahomet of Arabia, at this time, when there was great confusion of things both in the east and west, then began his career. He came out of a base stock, and being fatherless, one *Abdemonaples*, a man of the house of Ismael, bought him for his slave, and loved him greatly for his favour and wyt, for which cause he made him ruler of his merchandize and businesse. Then one Sergius, a monk, which for heresie fled into Arabia, instructed him in the heresie of Nestorius. In the same season his master dyed without children, leaving behind him much ryches, and his wife, a rich widowe of fifty years of age, whom Mahomet married, and when she dyed he was made heire, and greatly increased in ryches, and for his *magicall artes* was had, also, in great admiration and honour of the foolish people. Wherefore, by the counsayle of Sergius, he called himself the prophet of God, and shortly after, when his name was published, and then taken to be of great authoritie, he devised a law or kinde of religion called *Alcaron*, in the which he tooke some parte well neere of all the heresies that had been before his time. With the Sabellians he denied the Trinitie, with the Manichees he affirmed to be but two persons in the deitie—he denied the equalitie of the father and the son with the Eunomians—and sayed with Macedone, the holie ghost was a creature, and approved the mul-

titude of wyves with the Nicolaites.—He borrowed of the Jewes circumcision, and of the Gentiles much superstition, and somewhat he took of the Christian veritie, beside many devilishe phantasies, invented of his owne braine.—Those who obeyed his lawe he called Saracens, &c."

Even in much later times the spirit of ignorant or bigoted misrepresentation had little subsided; and of such writers as Prideaux, Marracci, and many others, who have no excuse for their misrepresentation, Mr. Mill truly says, that "they lose their candour, and often their love of truth, when the subject is a Mussulman's religion.—They stand round a cauldron, throw into it all the elements of vice and evil, and the production is a Mahomet."

Now that the blind fury which precipitated Europe against the Moslem faith and its professors has been softened by time and the progress of knowledge and candid inquiry, we may be allowed to turn a retrospective glance of impartiality upon the merits and fortunes of the rival powers, which brought the eastern and western worlds into collision, and to admit that science and the arts, the sacred cause of liberty itself, owes much to these eastern devotees, and that their annals are bright with some examples worthy of esteem and imitation.—Not to mention that, to the struggles during the Crusades, we mainly owe the abolition of the onerous parts of the feudal system, and the destruction of those aristocratic despotisms, on the ruins of which arose the proudest bulwark of our liberties; we must remind Europe that she is indebted to the followers of Mahomet, as "the link which connects ancient and modern literature;" for the preservation, during a long period of western darkness, of the works of many of the Greek philosophers, and the cultivation of some of the most important branches of science. Mathematics, astronomy, medicine, &c. are highly indebted to their labors.—Spain, Cassino, and Salernum, were the nurseries of the literature of the age; and the works of Avicenna, Averroes, Beithar, Algazel, &c. gave new vigor and direction to the studies of those who were emerging from a state of barbarism. Their zeal in the pursuit of geographical knowledge impelled them to explore and found kingdoms even in those desert regions of Africa, which are, at the present day, impervious to European enterprize.—Through its brightest periods, nay, even from its origin, Mahometanism was comparatively favorable to literature.—"Mahomet, himself, said, that a mind without erudition was like a body without a soul; that glory consists not in wealth but knowledge; and his followers were charged to search for learning even in the remotest part of the globe." "The caliphate was held, during several ages, by a race of

monarchs who rank among the most accomplished by whom any sceptre has been swayed."—Religious differences were forgotten; "I chose this learned man," said the Caliph Almamon, speaking of Messul, a Christian, whom he was blamed for making president of a college at Damascus, "not to be my guide in religious affairs, but to be my teacher of science."

Who has not mourned too over the fate of the last remnant of chivalry, the fall of the mussulman empire in Spain? Who has not felt his bosom swell with admiration towards that brave and generous nation, of whose reign for eight centuries it is observed, that, even by the historians of their enemies, not a single instance of cold-blooded cruelty is recorded? Who has not blushed to see a Christian priesthood goading on the civil power to treat with unexampled bigotry a people from whom they had always received humanity and protection; and to record the political fanaticism of Ximenes, in consigning to the flames the labors of the philosophers, mathematicians, and poets of Cordova, the literature of a splendid dynasty of seven hundred years? Alas! "les Maures vainqueurs des Espagnols, ne persecuterent point les vaincus; les Espagnols vainqueurs des Maures, les ont persecutés et chassés."

Sale reduced into order, and brought within the compass of general readers, the confused mass of historical and traditional information, which exists as to the life, character, and actions of Mahomet.—The subject is one attended with numberless difficulties, and has accordingly been, and probably will ever continue to be, a very unsatisfactory one to those who desire to trace the springs of action, and the first workings of the principles which, in the event, have had an incalculable influence on society. The materials for accurate information are scanty enough; Gibbon, as Mr. Hallam observes, "has hardly apprized the reader sufficiently of the crumbling foundation upon which his narrative of Mahomet's life and actions depends." Authentic history has furnished a bare outline, which every author has filled up as suited his own fancy and prejudices,—a rough sketch, of which the shading, the coloring, the very form and figure, have been left to the whim of the artist.—It has been often handled, but rather because it furnished exercise for the imagination than opportunity for the developement of truth. Boutainvilliers has elevated his subject into a hero, Prideaux sunk him into a devil; but both were often able to defy contradiction if they could not produce proof.

If Sale's memoir is not the most interesting as a literary performance, it has undoubtedly the merit of laying before us in a condensed form the greatest mass of facts and information, bearing upon the subject as well as upon cotemporary history; and though he cautiously abstains from the obtrusion of hypo-

thesis, he readily applauds the candor of the pious and learned Spanhemius, "who acknowledged Mahomet to have been richly furnished with natural endowments, beautiful in his person, of a subtle wit, agreeable behaviour, shewing liberality to the poor, courtesy to every one, fortitude against his enemies, and above all a high reverence for the name of God; severe against the perjured, adulterers, prodigals, covetous, false witnesses, &c.; a great preacher of patience, charity, mercy, beneficence, gratitude, honoring of parents and superiors, and a frequent celebrator of the divine praises."

Reviewing what has been said and written by so many different partizans on one side or the other of this interesting subject, and considering it as undoubtedly one which requires rather the exercise of our reasoning faculties on what is known than the exertion of industry to increase the stock of materials; perhaps we too may be indulged in something like speculation on that part of them which is within our reach, and in hazarding a few reflections on what may be allowed to be at least possibilities (we think probabilities) in the case:—we too may be reproached in so doing, with being "half mussulmans;" but we shall receive the imputation in the same sense as we apply it to our author; and we trust that we shall be excused with our readers, even for the avowal of a wish to find some bright spots in a system deeply dyed, we may be obliged to admit in the result, with imposture—that we may humbly "vindicate the ways of God to man," in doubting whether such an immense dispensation is so purely evil as is commonly assumed,—and may be allowed to indulge in that charity which hopeth all things of the motives of men, where it is impossible to trace them with certainty. Nor shall we surely have any necessity to repel the suspicion of insensibility to the pure spirit and benignant influence of genuine Christianity, if we should sometimes be compelled to bring into disadvantageous contrast the principles and conduct of some of its professors.—It may have a more doubtful friend than the historian, who exposes its corruptions, as a warning to future ages, to avoid errors similar to those which sowed the seeds of the decay and eventual extinction of the once-flourishing churches of the east.

We are much inclined to think, that a very plausible case might be made out, by one who saw nothing, in the scanty materials which exist, under the name of history, of the early life of Mahomet, to contradict, but rather much to support the opinion, that the original project of restoring a purer system of theology and morals was founded on a generous feeling of abhorrence of the prevailing degeneracy and superstition of both Jew and Christian, and the degrading idolatry of the heathen by whom he was surrounded.—It would not be for such a person to

palliate the arts of imposition and tyranny, by which (from all the accounts we possess) it certainly appears, that his plans, after they had become prostituted to the advancement of temporal power, were matured and supported; but it might be powerfully argued, that the unvarying testimony to his talents and possession of the kindest and most generous affections, the common consent which constituted and continued him the guardian of the existing religion of his country, the nobleness of his birth, and his descent from princes who had long ruled their country by the sole title of approved wisdom and integrity, are entitled to considerable weight, as raising a strong presumption that his first design was that of raising himself an honorable name, by striking at the root of the corruptions which surrounded him, and restoring those strict notions of the absolute unity and perfections of the deity, which have ever formed, as it were, the birthright and inheritance of the outcast children of Ishmael.—And were there not plausible grounds, at any rate, for protesting against the votaries of the most prevalent religious systems of the day, as encouraging principles and practices notoriously at variance with the dictates of true and rational devotion as well as of sound morals? The intrigues, the cruelty, and tyranny, of the various sects, whose disputes had so long agitated the east, are correctly though strongly asserted by Mosheim, to have filled it "with carnage, assassination, and such detestable enormities, as rendered the very name of Christian odious to many." The Jewish and heathen tribes exhibited a still more melancholy picture—and in such circumstances we need not wonder that the prophet should exclaim in a moment of enthusiasm, and that his countrymen echo the sentiment,

"Whatever is in heaven and earth praiseth God—the King, the Holy, the Mighty, the Wise.—It is he who hath raised up amidst the illiterate Arabians an apostle from among themselves, to *rehearse* his signs unto them, and to purify them, and to teach them the scriptures and wisdom; *whereas before they were in a manifest error.*"—*Koran, chap.* 62.

There were many circumstances concurring to render the state of religious opinion in the east favorable to the prosecution of a plan of reform, and all were embraced by Mahomet, and turned to account in forming the basis of his scheme. Indeed, if we consider every part of the new system, even to the minutest details in which it was eventually developed, we shall be always met with the conviction, that the talent, whatever it may be, which is displayed by its founder, is less that of a projector than of a skilful politician, taking advantage of favorable circumstances and feelings to turn them to his purpose. The grand principle on which the whole was built, the unity of God,

was one which had for ages formed the creed of the better part of the population of the eastern nations, and had been strengthened by their intercourse first with the Jews on their captivity and dispersion, and next with the Christians, in the early ages, before they had been divided and distracted by speculative discussions which impaired the simplicity of their faith, and rendered them the objects of suspicion and distrust.—This principle only required a mind of energy to rouse and lead it on to action against any body of religious professors, whose tenets or practices tended, in the smallest degree, towards polytheism or idolatry; in which charges it is evident, from numberless passages in the *Koran* as well as other sources, that Christianity had begun to be considered as deeply implicated, particularly in the worship of images and the doctrine of the trinity, as it was very likely to be understood, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, misunderstood, by unlettered believers.

The Parthic, the Persian, the Arabian, the Hebrew Monotheists had eagerly received its precepts, and admitted its divine origin, while considered by them as zealously advocating their favorite doctrines of the unity of God, and confirming mankind in a devout veneration for the Jewish scriptures; and to their faith, they readily added a belief in the divine mission of Jesus Christ to ratify the truths, which previous revelations of the divine will had announced or enforced, and to crown all, with the distinct announcement of a future state of retribution; but as soon as the practices of those who used Christianity only as an engine of tyranny,—the worship of images,—and the exclusive promulgation of points of speculative doctrine obviously open to misinterpretation, gave an opportunity for the charge of hostility to their grand principle, it is plain that the alarm could be easily spread by a skilful partizan, and that he had only to strike a chord, which was sure to vibrate with the acutest sensibility.

The faith which was most ready of adoption among these tribes, and which, in fact, Mahomet did establish, was one formed on opinions and usages which ages of ages had consecrated in the minds of those on whom he had to make his impression.—Above all, he insisted on the absolute unity of the Divine Being—he encouraged the profoundest veneration for the Jewish scriptures—he acknowledged the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and he met the prejudices of his followers, by preserving the rite of circumcision and allowing them the practice of polygamy.

But to whatever source we may be inclined to trace his first efforts in favor of a religious reform, it is clear that ambition and the desire of temporal authority became, as might be expected, the absorbent of spiritual feelings. When self-defence

had driven him to the sword, it was too tempting an instrument of conversion to be laid aside, and reason was neglected for the more convenient weapons of superior force; but here too the practice of the age supported him—no one had questioned the right to support a creed by the weight of civil authority. What Theologian, with a sword in his hand, was accustomed to tolerate an inquiry into the orthodoxy of his faith, its moral tendency, or the sincerity with which he professed it? "The human code," as Mr. Mill observes, "was mingled with the divine, and thenceforth the ideas of change and profanation were inseparable." The eighth and ninth chapters of the *Koran*, which are said to have been delivered at this stage of his progress, illustrate the feelings which now became predominant.

The workings of the same principle of ambition, to which enthusiasm was now only secondary, may be easily recognized as the inducement to Mahomet to swerve from the original simplicity of his creed. Many of the religious superstitions of his countrymen were too firmly rooted for him to hope to eradicate them, he therefore moulded them into his system; and the hope of conciliating a considerable portion of the Jews and Christians induced him to admit, from their apocryphal books and traditions, many tenets and fabulous narrations, which ill accord with the general spirit of his reform, but which (even when we make all necessary allowances for much misrepresentation and exaggeration) are certainly sufficiently numerous to throw no inconsiderable share of discredit either upon his honesty or his understanding, as the adopter, although not the inventor, of absurdity.

Viewing all the circumstances to which Mahometanism owed its rise and progress, we confess we do not see any great cause for astonishment that such a system, when enforced by the power of natural eloquence, the dignity of considerable moral truth, and the persuasive energy of manners which conciliated while they commanded, should make its way rapidly—"They are greatly deceived," to repeat Sale's words, "who imagine it to have been propagated by the sword alone;" and it cannot be denied that it has been subservient to great and important ends in the dispensations of Providence. The just and elevated notions of the divine nature and perfections, the rigorous inculcation of most branches of moral duty, the doctrine perpetually enforced of a future state of rewards and punishments, "the gold ore that pervades the dross" of that book in which, however imperfectly, we must read the system, could not but strike with useful impressions a serious and reflecting, though uninformed people.—"The devout mussulman has always exhibited more of the stoic than the epicurean;" and his zealous and undeviating maintenance of the unity and supremacy of the

divine Being has acted every where as a barrier against idolatry and polytheism.

If Sale's labors had been merely confined to a correct version and elucidation of the text of the Koran, that portion of his work would alone have done much in dispelling the cloud of ignorance and misrepresentation that hung around the subject. It laid open the best source from which it is likely the historian will ever be enabled to form satisfactory conclusions as to the character, design, and first progress of this singular faith, though even here, much imperfection and uncertainty must ever exist. Taking it however as it stands, with the light thrown upon it by this excellent commentator, it certainly repels many of the popular charges of invention and imposture against the author, whoever he was. Too easy credulity and acquiescence in the mystifications and prejudices of the age would be imputations more easily supported.—" Few or none," it has been truly observed, " of the relations or circumstances contained in it were invented by Mahomet, as is generally supposed ; it being easy to trace the origin of them much higher, were more of those books (the apocryphal books of the Jews and Christians) extant, and it were worth while to make the inquiry." It should always be remembered, too, that most of the absurd stories, which form part of the creed of many of the mussulman believers, and are popularly talked of as forming fundamental portions of the system, are in no wise identified with the *Koran*, and not even noticed in it in the remotest manner, but have their origin in the collection of traditions, formed two hundred years after Mahomet's death, under the title of the *Sonna*, at a time when any artifice might safely be resorted to, to prop up the temporal power of his successors. But it would hardly be doing justice to his memory to assume, altogether, that the *Koran*, as it now exists, is to be taken as a correct image of his thoughts, or even of his system, as originally promulgated. No one can fix, with much precision, either its date or author. It is still doubtful whether a considerable portion, at least, was not the work of a Christian or Jew, and whether important additions and variations have not been made, in the earlier periods of its existence, to meet the necessity for giving the broadest sanction to the title of this new dynasty of princes. There seems no doubt, at any rate, that Abu Beker performed the office of editor (how faithfully, no one can tell) to the whole work, and that Osman, his successor, twenty-one years after the death of the reputed author, gave it a second and complete revision, as it is called, when the interest and temporal policy of the parties would certainly not tend towards the rejection of whatever placed their authority upon high ground.

The literary character of this curious compilation has attracted more attention than perhaps it would otherwise have deserved,

from the avowed author having ventured to arrogate the highest excellence to his composition, and to rest upon that assumption his claim to divine inspiration. This was rather a bold step, and authorises little ceremony in the discussion of a point on which an author gives so broad a challenge: but really it is not very easy (at least for one not perfectly skilled in the Arabic tongue) to form very precise ideas on the subject. Every one knows that the beauty of the diction, and the melody of the verse or rhyme (for so most of the concluding parts of the sentences are written) are untranslatable, and it would be extreme arrogance to deny that the universal feeling of those who are most competent to judge, is strong evidence of no ordinary merit in those particulars at least; but judging as well as we can, we should place the work, considered as a mere literary composition, considerably above the *Vedas*, the *Zend Avesta*, or the *Edda*, and rank its most boasted periods immeasurably below the beauty, the grandeur, the transcendant magnificence of what might be called parallel passages in the books of the Old Testament. The best portions are undoubtedly those which breathe a spirit of strong devotion, or an awful feeling of the majesty of the divine Being, and enforce the arguments for his existence and attributes drawn from the appearances of nature. We quote two or three passages of this sort, which we do without ceremony, because there are not many who have patience to wade, as they must doubtless do, through a great mass of tedious matter, before they arrive at them.

"God! there is no God but he! the living, the self-subsisting; neither slumber nor sleep seizeth him; to him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with him, but through his good pleasure? he knoweth that which is past, and that which is to come to them, and they shall not comprehend anything of his knowledge, but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burthen unto him:—He is the high—the mighty!"—*chap.* 2.

"God causeth the grain, and the date stone to put forth; he bringeth forth the living from the dead, and he bringeth forth the dead from the living.—This is God. Why therefore are ye turned away from him? he causeth the morning to appear, and hath ordained the night for rest, and the sun and the moon for the computing of time; this is the disposition of the mighty, the wise God. It is he who hath ordained the stars for ye, that ye may be directed thereby in the darkness of the land and of the sea. We have clearly shewn forth our signs unto a people who understand. It is he who hath produced you from one soul, and hath provided for you a sure receptacle and a repository. We have already shown forth our signs unto people that are wise. It is he who sendeth down water from heaven; and we have

thereby produced the springing buds of all things, and have thereout produced the green things, from which we produce the grain, growing in rows, and palm trees, from whose branches proceed clusters of dates, hanging close together; and gardens of grapes, and olives, and pomegranates, both like and unlike to one another. Look on their fruits, when they have fruit, and their growing to maturity: verily herein are signs unto people who believe. * * * * This is God, your Lord! there is no God but he, the Creator of all things—therefore serve him, for he taketh care of all things—the sight comprehendeth him not, but he comprehendeth the sight,—he is the gracious, the wise."—*chap.* 6.

"Say, who provideth you food from heaven and earth? or who hath the absolute power over the hearing and the sight? and who bringeth forth the living from the dead, and bringeth forth the dead from the living, and who governeth all things?

"They will surely answer—God. Say, will ye not therefore fear him? This is therefore God, your true God, and what remaineth there after truth, except error? How therefore are ye turned aside from the truth? Thus is the word of thy Lord verified upon them who do wickedness; that they believe not. * * * *

"Say, is there any of your companions, who directeth unto the truth?

"Say, God directeth unto the truth.

"Whether is he, therefore, who directeth unto the truth, more worthy to be followed, or he who directeth not, unless he be directed? What aileth you, therefore, that ye judge as ye do?"—*chap.* 10.

"Whatsoever is in heaven and earth singeth praise unto God; he is mighty and wise—his is the kingdom of heaven and earth—he giveth life, and he putteth to death, and he is Almighty—he is the first and the last; the manifest and the hidden; and he knoweth all things—it is he who created the heavens and earth in six days, and then ascended the throne. He knoweth that which entereth into the earth, and that which issueth out of the same; and that which descendeth from heaven, and that which ascendeth thereto; and he is with you wheresoever ye be; for God seeth that which ye do: his is the kingdom of heaven and earth; and unto God shall all things return. He causeth the night to succeed the day, and he causeth the day to succeed the night, and he knoweth the innermost parts of men's hearts.—*chap.* 57.

The following chapter has always appeared to us peculiarly interesting, for the beauty and truth of the moral feeling, and for its expressing strongly those emotions which we may suppose to have influenced the mind of the author in the early period of his career, when Providence had called him into a more prosperous station than the dawn of his existence had promised, and when his projects of religious reform were ripening into maturity.

"By the brightness of the morning, and by the night when it groweth dark, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee. Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life, and thy Lord shall give thee a reward, wherewith thou shalt be well pleased. Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? and did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? and did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? wherefore, oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar; but declare the goodness of thy Lord."—*chap.* 93.

We have ventured to arrange the following passage in a rhythmical form, as a specimen of the poetic parts of the *Koran.*

By the sun, and its rising brightness;
By the moon, when she followeth him;
By the day, when it sheweth his splendor:
By the night, when it covereth him with darkness;
By the heaven, and him who built it;
By the earth, and him who spread it forth;
By the soul, and him who completely formed it,
And inspired into the same its faculty of distinguishing,
And power of choosing wickedness and piety;
Now is he, who hath purified the same, happy;
But he, who hath corrupted the same, miserable.

chap. 91.

We may not think very highly of this extract, but there are some ornamental passages which will less stand the test of criticism, particularly such figures as the following, very fit to be associated with some more modern *concetti.*

"If the sea were ink to write the words of my Lord, verily the sea would fail, before the words of my Lord would fail; although we added another sea like unto it as a further supply."—*chap.* 18.

The certainty of a future state of retributive justice is powerfully announced in several impressive passages.

"Who fulfil the covenant of God, and break not their contracts, and who join that which God hath commanded to be joined (*belief with practice*) and who fear their Lord, and dread an ill account; and who persevere out of a sincere desire to please their Lord, and observe the stated times of prayer, and give alms out of what we have bestowed on them, in secret and openly, and who turn away evil with good; the reward of these shall be Paradise, gardens of eternal abode; which they shall enter, and also whoever shall have acted uprightly, of their fathers, of their wives, and their posterity: and the angels shall go in unto them by every gate, saying, Peace be unto you, because ye have endured with patience! How excellent a reward is Paradise!"—*chap.* 13.

Reversing the picture, he exclaims;

"The day will come, when the earth shall be changed into another earth, and the heavens into other heavens; and men shall come forth from their graves to appear before the only, the mighty God.—And thou shalt see the wicked bound together in fetters; their inner garments shall be of pitch, and fire shall cover their faces; that God may reward every soul according to what it shall have deserved; for God is swift in taking an account."

"Know that this present life is only a toy and a vain amusement; and worldly pomp, and the affectation of glory among you, and the multiplying of riches and children, are as the plants nourished by the rain, the springing up whereof delighteth the husbandmen—afterwards they wither, so that thou seest the same turned yellow, and at length they become dry stubble.—And in the life to come will be a severe punishment for those who covet worldly grandeur; and pardon from God, and favor from those who renounce it: for this present life is no other than a deceitful provision."—*chap.* 57.

We did not mean to have gone to such length of quotations from a work so easy of access, but we must still find room for the only favorable specimen we recollect, of quite a different sort of composition; the attempts at which, in the *Koran*, are generally unsuccessful. The story, which follows, is doubtless borrowed from some original now inaccessible, but which probably had extensive circulation in the East, and from thence made its way westward, with many other materials for European tales of fiction, through the legends of the Greek church and other channels. It appears among the *Contes Dévots* circulating in France, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under the title "*De l'Hermite qu'un ange conduisit dans le Siècle*"—in the *Gesta Romanorum—Howell's Letters—Dr. More's Dialogues*—in Voltaire's *Zadig*—and lastly in the beautiful poem of Parnell.

Moses is introduced, in his conduct of the children of Israel through the wilderness, as joining company at the meeting of two seas, with a prophet, whom he addresses thus:

"Shall I follow thee, that thou mayest teach me part of that which thou hast been taught, for a direction unto me? He answered, verily thou canst not bear with me: for how canst thou patiently suffer those things, the knowledge whereof thou dost not comprehend? Moses replied, thou shalt find me patient, if God please; neither will I be disobedient unto thee in any thing. He said, if thou follow me, therefore, ask me not concerning any thing, until I shall declare the meaning thereof unto thee. So they both went on by the sea-shore, until they went up into a ship: and he made a hole therein. And Moses said unto him, hast thou made a hole therein, that thou mightest drown those who are on board? Now hast thou done a strange thing.

He answered, did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me? Moses said, rebuke me not, because I did forget; and impose not on me a difficulty in what I am commanded. Wherefore they left the ship, and proceeded, until they met with a youth; and he slew him. Moses said, hast thou slain an innocent person, without his having killed another? Now hast thou committed an unjust action. He answered, did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me? Moses said, if I ask thee concerning any thing hereafter, suffer me not to accompany thee: now hast thou received an excuse from me. They went forward, therefore, until they came to the inhabitants of a certain city, and they asked food of the inhabitants thereof; but they refused to receive them. And they found therein a wall, which was ready to fall down; and he set it upright. Whereupon Moses said unto him, if thou wouldest, thou mightest doubtless have received a reward for it. He answered, this shall be a separation between me and thee: but I will first declare unto thee the signification of that which thou couldest not bear with patience. The vessel belonged to certain poor men, who did their business in the sea: and I was minded to render it unserviceable, because there was a king behind them, who took every sound ship by force. As to the youth, his parents were true believers; and we feared lest he, being an unbeliever, should oblige them to suffer his perverseness and ingratitude: wherefore we desired that their Lord might give them a more righteous child in exchange for him, and one more affectionate towards them. And the wall belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and under it was a treasure hidden which belonged to them; and their father was a righteous man: and thy Lord was pleased that they should attain their full age, and take forth their treasure, through the mercy of thy Lord. And I did not what thou hast seen of my own will, but by God's direction. This is the interpretation of that which thou couldest not bear with patience."—*chap.* 18.

We are inclined to give full credit to the idea, that the *Koran* is indebted to several hands for its present contents; and perhaps, the encomiums which it lavishes so bountifully upon itself, may be considered as supporting this theory.—We should attribute to one of Mahomet's coadjutors, the studied art and ornament with which these sermons are embellished; and it is not surprising that an illiterate man, feeling their effect on his own mind, (an effect much stronger than they could have produced if that mind had been their parent) should reckon, not injudiciously, on a similar power over his ignorant countrymen, and appeal to it as the proof of superhuman inspiration. Speculating, as we are sometimes inclined to do, on the component parts of the work and their probable authors, we endeavour to try the question by our estimate of the prophet's general character and design. The governing and primary feeling, we conceive, to have been an ardent zeal for the restoration of a purer system of theology; and to this we add, as secondary

principles, an assumption (whether founded in the first instance on fraud or enthusiasm is not clear) that he was divinely commissioned to the accomplishment of this grand object, and that he was justified, nay, bound in duty, to use force in its inculcation—and a cool calculating policy, which led him, after ambition had taken deep root in his breast, to stoop to any compromise or conciliation on matters not fundamental or essential to his system, as one of reform. We should accordingly assign to the master spirit, the burning indignation against the corruptions which disgraced the age, the rigorous and undeviating assertion of the unity and supremacy of the Divine Being, the strong devotional feeling, the lofty tone of general morality, the proud assumption of his high calling, the original feelings of charity and liberality gradually giving way to and finally absorbed in the desire of power; and we would consign to others the ornamental parts, the tricks of jingle and cadence, and the mere editorial arts of stringing together and piecing into the new structure odd ends and scraps of rabbinical and pseudo Christian tradition, with which he is not at all likely to have had intimate acquaintance, till it became expedient to conciliate different parties, and to seek of some apostate assistance and information, as to the most specious way of baiting a trap for the unwary. How else can we account for the singular circumstance, that whatever has the character of originality is bold and often sublime; while an entire want of any kind of feeling, of beauty, and good taste, appears in what is borrowed from sources that, one would have thought, could not fail to captivate and stimulate to emulation?

What part of the Old Testament history is more calculated to affect and interest the best feelings of the heart, than the history of Joseph, as there narrated?—the same facts are told in the twelfth chapter of the *Koran*, without one spark of feeling, one symptom that the plagiarist was at all sensible of the beauty of his original: and this remark might be extended to many other similar instances.

We would lastly find room for a third class of materials in the revisions and pretended restorations of Mahomet's successors, after they had become the heads of a powerful empire; and to them we look with strong suspicion, as the natural enemies of all that was humble or charitable, and the introducers of a much stronger leaven of authoritative dogmatism and fanaticism. We may, perhaps, be considered as exercising rather too freely even the liberty of conjectural criticism, but, we must say, we have always entertained great doubts of the genuineness of the beginning of chap. 17, as it now stands; and we only hesitate in expressing our opinion more decisively, because we think it not at all necessary to interpret the expression, as refer-

ing to and vouching for the long story which traditionary historians have told the world, concerning the journey of Mahomet to heaven. The chapter begins thus:

"Praise be unto him who transported his servant by night from the sacred temple of Mecca to the farther temple of Jerusalem, the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show him some of our signs, for God is he who heareth and seeth; and he gave unto Moses the book of the law, &c."

Now it is certainly very singular, that so extraordinary a revelation as the one in question, forming at present so important a feature in a Mussulman's creed, and so much wanted in a system which claims scarcely any other supernatural testimonial, should be only obscurely hinted at by the principal agent in it, and left to be told in detail by vague and traditionary records. The soundest rule of criticism undoubtedly is to abstain from assigning a marvellous construction to expressions, if they do not positively require it, and the legend may have been artfully fitted on to take its chance for whatever support this passage might be able to give it; but if we are constrained to take it as literally asserting the actual transportation of the prophet to Jerusalem, (which after all, by the bye, is a long way short of the destination which the fable assigns him) we should certainly, looking at the whole context of the volume and the probabilities of the case, be much inclined to treat the allusion as a forgery, contrived to give some sort of authenticity to the strong dose of the marvellous, which it was found politic to administer to the credulous faithful by their commanders.

The prophet's claim to literary merit, in the ornamental part of the *Koran*, is thus, upon our system, placed on no higher a station than that of a patron and adopter of a certain style of composition, which does not in truth rank very high; and surely nothing can be more absurd than to place it in any way in comparison with those noble beauties of diction and expression, which every where adorn and sanctify the writings of the Old Testament.

The best part of his work is the animated and dignified assertion of the unity and perfections of the deity, the enforcement of sound precepts of moral duty, and the developement of the simple principles which originally roused the energy of his character, and formed the basis of his system. It degenerates where policy and the love of power lead him into tinsel ornament and absurd legend, and, perhaps, the worst part of all is that which arises from the final assumption of characters, for which he was least of all qualified, those of the monarch and legislator. We do not mean, however, to rate his abilities even

here so low as many have done; on the contrary, we admit that his code in many respects displays very great humanity, judgment, and foresight. Of the first quality there are several striking instances. The European lawgiver will be surprised at being able to find scarcely one capital punishment, except those denounced in wholesale warfare against unbelievers, as in the Mosaic code. The retaliation of blood for blood is softened into a money compensation. Civil offences merely affecting property are not heavily punished—and towards the unfortunate debtor the law is strikingly lenient;

"If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait till it be easy for him to do it."

If we were lawyers, we should be inclined, in the margin of a well-known statute (usually known among them by no very appropriate name, "The Statute of Frauds") to fix a memorandum, that an eastern barbarian had anticipated this monument of Lord Hale's wisdom, (the object of the encomium of Lord Kenyon, as one of the wisest laws in our statute-book), in most of its provisions as well as the reasons of the enactment.

"Oh, true believers, when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, *write it down*—and disdain not to write it down, be it a large debt or be it a small one, until its time of payment.—This will be more just in the sight of God, and more *right for bearing witness*, and more *easy*, that ye *may not doubt*. But if it be for a *present bargain*, which you transact between yourselves, it shall be no crime in you, if ye *write it not down*."—*Koran, chap.* 2.

In bringing these remarks to a close, we can only shortly advert to a subject on which Sale's preliminary dissertation furnishes ample materials and information: we allude to the history and peculiarities of the various sects to which the system has given birth. Having become the basis of political power, we might very naturally expect to find it debased from whatever purity it originally possessed, by the traditions and mystifications of officious interpreters, and by a weight of ceremonial observances and abuses, protected by the state to gratify the avarice and bigotry of its servants.—Our expectations will be fully accomplished, by the perusal of the list of sectaries and rival creeds which Sale's learned Essay laboriously classifies, and to him we must beg leave to refer, not seeing much interest in endeavouring to reconcile the rival interpreters of the law, to understand their logomachies touching free-will and predestination, to determine the relative absurdity or orthodoxy of a Shiite or Sonnite, or even to ascertain whether the prophet's steed Borak really and truly had or had not a peacock's tail and a

woman's face. *Inest sua gratia parvis;* but we willingly give up the pleasure of such investigations to the virtuosi of the Ulemah; observing, however, for the credit of modern professors, that the furious zeal of the disputants on these matters has much diminished. The Sonnite as well as the Persian doctor has mitigated his prejudices, admits that his rival "is a believer, because he recognises the holy mission of Mahomet and worships God," and would be ashamed of the polemics in which he once indulged, and of which we subjoin a specimen, (from a work by Thompson, a traveller in 1744,) being a denunciation of a Turkish mufti against a Persian divine, for various sectarian enormities, and, amongst the rest, the profanation of the holy color, green, to the formation of shoes and breeches.

"In short, ye are the kennel of all sin and uncleanliness—Christians and Jews may hope to become true believers, but as for you, Persians, it is impossible. Wherefore, by virtue of the authority I have received from Mahomet, I pronounce it lawful for any one, of what nation soever of true believers, to kill, destroy, and extirpate you.—And I hope that the majesty of God in the day of judgment will condemn you to be the asses of the Jews, to be rode and hackneyed in hell by that contemptible people."

Political differences, in the first instance, occasioned this flame of bigotry, and the removal of such causes of offence may since have tended to quench it. Comparative indifference to the observance in their full rigor of the formal rites and distinctions of their ancestors, has of late been often remarked among the more enlightened of the Moslem nations; and when feelings of mutual forbearance (to whatever cause they may owe their origin) once exist to any extent, who can doubt that the periodical pilgrimages, in which the various nations of the earth, professing the same faith, meet to perform together the most sacred offices of their religion, must have a powerful tendency to increase their influence?

"It is here" (says Ali Bey) "that the grand spectacle of the pilgrimages of Mussulmen must be seen; an innumerable crowd of men from all nations and of all colors, coming from the extremities of the earth, through a thousand dangers and encountering fatigues of every description, to adore together the same God, the God of nature. The native of Circassia presents his hand in a friendly manner to the Æthiopian or the negro of Guinea—the Indian and the Persian embrace the inhabitant of Barbary and Morocco, all looking on each other as brothers, as individuals of the same family, united by the bonds of religion, and the greater part speaking or understanding the same language, the language of Arabia.—No! there is not any religion that presents to the senses a spectacle more simple, affecting, and majestic!"

If this were a fit place for entering on such a discussion, we should be happy, before we concluded, to give some details, which we have taken considerable pains to collect, concerning a sect which has risen into notice since the dissertation of Sale, and forms, we think, a striking æra in the history of the Mahometan creed; we allude to that of the Wahhabites, whose principles of religious reform seem deserving of notice from the philosophic historian, for their general rationality and simplicity, as well as on account of their being grounded on a revival of the fundamentals of the Moslem system, on the broad and simple principles which graced the prophet's original conceptions, without entering into any of the dogmatic speculations or minute points of doctrine which have characterized every other sect, as because they owe their rise and support to the same class of persons, among whom, on the same spot, the faith of Mahomet originally appeared. Their founder has certainly had the judgment to bring into prominency only that which was good, valuable, and beneficial to the cause of reason and morality, in the faith of his country; to enter completely into the spirit of its first promulgator, and to purge away the corruption which time and the sordid interests of its professors had heaped around the fabric. Despising the ceremonials and traditionary superstitions which he had been taught to regard as the essence of religion, he alone has ventured to revive and act upon the memorable words of Mahomet, uttered before bad passions had diverted the purer and more enlarged current of his feelings;

"It is not righteousness that ye turn your faces in prayer towards the east and the west, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and the angels, and the scriptures, and the prophets; who giveth money for God's sake unto his kindred, and unto the orphan, and the needy, and the stranger, and those who ask, and for redemption of captives; who is constant in prayer and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant when they have covenanted, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity and hardships, and in time of violence; these are they who are true, and these are they who fear God."—*chap.* 2.

We must apologize for this long excursion into matters of no very general interest, and take our leave of the subject, not, however, without some intention to return to a part of it, probably in connexion with the Moorish dynasty of Spain.—We wish we could flatter ourselves with the hope of receiving much assistance from the researches of those who have followed in the train of our enlightened countryman. Modern historians run little hazard of being styled "half Mussulmans," they have not had a tythe of one in their composition; they have done little more than re-cast, one after

another, what their immediate predecessors had in the same way borrowed; and to none is this observation more applicable than to a late historian of Mahometanism. From the excellence of the work we allude to, as a convenient, and in many respects elegant digest of popular materials, we would by no means detract; but we are very much inclined to believe that a diligent inquirer, properly qualified for the task, might, at this time of day, with all the opportunities which are now within the reach of one who knew how to avail himself of them, present the world with a work which should really be one of research into the literature of the Saracens, and should not content itself with retailing the observations of others; passing over, for instance, the Moorish dynasty in Spain, the most splendid and interesting portion of the inquiry, one that well deserves and would richly repay the pains it would require, in three or four pages of pompous, historical common-places, as if it were all perfectly familiar to the author, but was unworthy of detailed consideration.

ART. II. *The Voyage of France; or, a Compleat Journey through France; with the Character of the People, and the Description of the chief Towns, Fortresses, Churches, Monasteries, Universities, Palaces, and Antiquities; as, also, of the Interest, Government, Riches, &c. by* Peter Heylin, D.D. *Lond.* 1679.

We are incessantly reminded, in our excursions into the by-paths and obscure corners of literature, of the delusions of authorship, and the "high fantastical" desire of fame. In the breasts of some, indeed, it glows with an intense and purifying flame, which may serve, like the pillar of fire to the children of Israel, to guide them through the wilderness of life with safety and honor. But fame hangs upon the balance of a straw, which the wind turns in favor of those who least expect it. A lucky conception—a casual association, may lead to achievements, which, in a short space of time, secure that which the learned industry of a whole life may look for as vainly, as the man who, bent double with the weight of years, sought for the youth he had lost in the sand; and even when the steep of fame has been won, a man may walk a beggar through the world with a wreath of laurel round his head, or breathe out the last sigh of disappointed wishes in a gaol. The happiness it held out is as fleeting as its promised cause is uncertain.—"The summer-swallow is flown; the fuel of his expended hours is consumed;

the veil which kept him from discovery of himself removed," the fire of his nostrils is extinguished, and the glory of his course ended. What signify to him the pomp and glory of a ceremonious funeral, or the lamenting elegies of the poet, or the annual celebration of his birth-day? Posthumous fame, after all the fine sentences that have been lavished upon it, is the emptiest bubble that dances on the surface of existence—the most unsubstantial pageant emblazoned on the tomb of the departed. The blast which issues from the trumpet of fame, and which the hills echo to the valleys, and they again re-bound to the next hills, reaches not the ears of the dead, and is as little regarded as the silver cherubims and bugles which glitter on their coffins. Yet even the tree planted by the visionary enthusiast may, in time, produce fruits for the benefit of the species, if not of the individual—and this longing after nominal immortality—this "last infirmity of noble minds," may, like the sharp excrescence under the pinion of the ostrich, stimulate man in his flight from present danger to future security, from indolent quiescence to glorious freedom of mind and person.

We were pondering on the learned labors and unquiet life of Dr. Heylin, when this train of reflection presented itself.—"Ensuing times" have not had the curiosity to inquire how this geographer, divine, poet, and historian, employed his hours. With which of his thirty-seven publications is the world acquainted? The book-worm alone travels over, and is skilled in his elaborate pages, from his *Cosmography* to the *History of St. George*, from his Sermons to his Polemical Pamphlets. The fine-spun threads of his wit are entangled in the subtle web of the spider. The student no longer

> "From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
> Burnet and *Heylin*, Hobbes and Locke."

His *Cosmography*, although a book of great industry and research, may now be bought by the weight or for the worth of the paper to the cheesemonger. The housekeeper may purchase food for the body, and have food for the mind into the bargain; he may chance to get the Kingdom of Italy with a piece of Parmasanne, or one of the Seven Provinces with a pound of butter. He may, without any miraculous luck, buy the best Rochelle wrapped up in the attic salt of the doctor, a strange and heterogeneous combination!

Dr. Heylin was born in 1599, and is represented as having exhibited an extraordinary precocity of intellect. At the age of seventeen he wrote an English tragedy, called *Spurius*—at nineteen he read his Cosmographical Lectures at Oxford, where he drew the whole society into a profound admiration of his

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learning and abilities—in the same year he produced a Latin comedy, called *Theomachia,* which he composed in a fortnight —at twenty-one he proceeded Master of Arts, and in the following year published his geography, which was afterwards enlarged, and re-published under the title of "Cosmography," and has gone through seven editions. We do not mention this as any proof of its value—Chamberlaine's *State of Great Britain* has passed through between thirty and forty!

Our author afterwards took orders and was made chaplain to Charles the First, and, on the restoration, to Charles the Second. Being a zealous churchman and royalist, he became obnoxious to the presbyterians, who deprived him of his little all, not even excepting his library.

It was Dr. Heylin to whom the king committed the *Histriomastix* of Prynne, to select such passages as were scandalous or dangerous to the monarch or the state, a task which he performed with great expedition, and delivered them, together with his inferences, to the attorney-general. Prynne, on his release from prison, attempted to revenge himself, by bringing the doctor before the committee for the courts of justice, on a charge which did not succeed.

The book, which it is our more immediate object to notice, was the offspring of a flying tour of six weeks, in the year 1625; a brief visitation to be sure, to write a book upon, and yet modern authors have thought proper to adopt the same plan. This volume, however, we assure our readers, is of a most amusing description, and indicative of great reading and acquirements, for the age at which it was written. It is full of the effervescence of young life and animal spirits. The air of France seems to have actually converted the author into a Frenchman, whose vivacity, point, and *badinage,* he seems to have imbibed. The very moment he touched the Gallic soil he cast away his canonicals, and became the most facetious and joyous of good fellows, the most lively of tourists.—He joked with the courtesans, and drank his bumper with the jolly friars.

"As I travelled to Orleans," says he, "we had in the coach with us three of these mortified sinners; two of the order of St. Austin, and one Franciscan, the merriest crickets that ever chirped. Nothing in them but mad tricks and complements, and for musick they would sing like hawks; when we came to a vein of good wine, they would chear up themselves and their neighbour with this comfortable doctrine, *Vivamus ut bibamus, et bibamus ut vivamus:* and for courtship, and toying with the wenches, you would easily beleeve it had been a trade, with which they had not a little been acquainted. Of all men, when I am married, God keep my wife from them, and till then my neighbour's."

Nay, he seems to have forgotten, in his relation of his travels, the strict decorum of his cloth, and to make use of expressions which we at least cannot transcribe into our Review.

As visits to France have recently become more common than a tour to the Lakes or to the Welsh mountains, we have thought that our readers will be amused with some of the worthy doctor's descriptions, from which they will find that the French are much the same people now as they were two centuries ago.

We will, in the first place, extract the author's account of the French men and women, which has a good deal of the point and felicity of the "Characters" which were then in great vogue.

"The present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaule, moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hair-brained. A nation whom you shall winne with a feather and loose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing: in one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceale them *sub sigillo confessionis;* when you have learned this you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I beleeve him, he is unworthy of,) himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeate it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two dayes together, for in that time he will be thred bare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere,* saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full: so much he hath in him the nature of a Chynois, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German: himself is the onely courtier and compleat gentleman; but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellencie, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very lyable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *Serviteur.* In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent, a little resistance putteth them to their heeles or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long) he is a walking vanitie in a new fashion.

"I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished, (I speak not of the paisant) but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loyne of mutton serves

amongst them for three rostings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty; especially such as the king found in Scotland: to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cookes, but their skill lyeth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are speciall fellowes for the making of puff pastes and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly but the pallat. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace; private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, (which is most abominable at first sight) I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent: I speak not of all, but the general. At a masse, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mistery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnick would have hated it: it was well they were catholiques, otherwise some French hot head or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

"The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in mine opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out periphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action: the head, body, and shoulders, concurre all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimick. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing, and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complemental; the poorest cobler in the village hath his court cringes, and his *eau benite de Cour,* his court holy water as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

"In the passadoes of their courtship, they expresse themselves with much variety of gesture, and, indeed, it doth not misbecome them: were it as gracious in the gentlemen of other nations as in them, it were worth your patience; but the affectation of it is scurvy and ridiculous. *Quocunque salutationis artificio corpus inflectant, putes nihil istà institutione magis convenire. Vicinæ autem gentes ridiculo errore deceptæ, ejusdem venustatis imitationem ludicram faciunt et ingratam:* as one happily observed at his being amongst them. I have heard of a young gallant, sonne to a great lord of the three Brittish kingdomes, that spent some years in France to learn fashions; at his return he desired to see the king, and his father procured him an interviewe: when he came within the presence chamber, he began to compose his head, and carryed it as though he had been ridden with a martingale; next he fell to draw back his leggs and thrust out his shoulders, and that with

such a graceless apishness, that the king asked him if he meant to shoulder him out of his chair, and so left him to act out his complement to the hangings. In their courtship they bestow even the highest titles upon those of the lowest condition. This is the vice, also, of their common talk, the beggar begetteth monsieurs and madames to his sonnes and daughters as familiarly as the king: were there no other reason to perswade me that the Welch or Brittaynes were the descendants of the Gaules, this onely were sufficient that they would all be gentlemen.

"His discourse runneth commonly on two wheeles, treason and ribaldry; I never heard people talk less reverently of their prince, nor more sawcily of his actions; scarce a day passeth away without some seditious pamphlet printed and published in the disgrace of the king, or of some of his courtiers. These are every man's money, and he that buyeth them is not coye of the contents, be they never so scandalous: of all humours the most harsh and odious. Take him from this (which you can hardly do till he hath told all) and then he falleth upon his ribaldry; without these crutches his discourse would never be able to keep pace with his company. Thus shall you have them relate the stories of their own uncleanness with a face as confident, as if they had no accident to please their hearers more commendible."

Heylin had a particular inducement to show the little respect in which he held the French character, and this will account for the unfavorable colors in which he has delineated it. James the First, to whom his Geography had been presented, having, in an unpropitious moment, stumbled upon a passage in which the author stated, that when Edward the Third quartered the arms of France "he gave precedency to the French, because France *is* the greater and more famous kingdom;" the king was so much offended, that he ordered the lord-keeper to call in the book. And although the doctor found means to reconcile himself to the monarch, by showing that the word *is* was a typographical mistake for *was*, yet it is probable he thought it expedient still farther to manifest his opinions in favor of his own nation.

Our author is much more severe on the French women.

"I am now come to the French women; and it were great pitty they should not immediately follow the discourse of the men: so like they are one to the other, that one would think them to be the same, and that all the difference lay in the apparell: for person they are generally of an indifferent stature, their bodies straight, and their wastes commonly small; but whether it be so by nature or by restraining of those parts, I cannot say. It is said, that an absolute woman should have (amongst other qualities requisite) the parts of a French woman, from the neck to the girdle; but I beleeve it holdeth not good; their shoulders and backs being so broad, that they hold no proportion with their middles: yet this may be the vice of their apparell. Their

hands are, in my opinion, the comelyest and best ordered parts of them, long, white, and slender; were their faces answerable, even an English eyé would apprehend them lovely: but here I find a pretty contradictory, the hand, as it is the best ornament of the whole structure, so doth it most disgrace it: whether it be that ill dyet be the cause of it, or that hot blood wrought upon by a hot and scalding ayr, must of necessity by such means vent itself, I am not certain: this I am sure of, that scarce the tythe of all the maids we saw had their hands, armes, and wrests, free from scabs; which had overrunne them like a leprosie. Their hair is generally black, and, indeed, somewhat blacker than a gratious loveliness would admit. The poets commend Leda for her black hair, and not unworthily.

Leda fuit nigris conspicienda comis,

as Ovid hath it; yet was that blackness but a darker brown, and not so fearful as this of the French women. Again the blackness of the hair is there accounted an ornament, when the face about which it hangeth is of so perfect a complection and symmetrie, that it giveth a lustre; then doth the hair set forth the face, as a shaddow doth a picture, and the face becometh the hair, as a field argent doth a sable bearing: which kind of armoury the heralds call the most fairest. But in this the French women are most unlucky, Don Quixote did not so deservedly assume to himself the name of the knight of the ill-favoured face, as may they that of the damosells of it. It was, therefore, a happy speech of a young French gallant, that came in our company out of England, and had it been spoken among the ancients, it might have been registred for an apothegme: that the English of all the people in the world were only *nati ad voluptates:* 'you have,' saith he, 'the fairest women, the goodliest horses, and the best breed of doggs under heaven:" for my part (as farre as I could in so short a time observe) I dare in his first believe him. England not onely being (as it is stiled) a paradise for women, by reason of their priviledges; but a paradise also of women, by reason of their unmatchable perfections: their dispositions hold good intelligence with their faces; you cannot say of them as Suetonius doth of Galba, *Ingenium Galbæ male habitat:* they suit so well one with the other, that in my life I never met with a better decorum. But you must first hear them speak, *Loquere ut te videam,* was the method in old times, and it holdeth now. You cannot gather a better character of a French woman than from her prating, which is tedious and infinite; that you shall sooner want eares than she tongue. The fastidious pratler, which Horace mentioneth in his ninth Satyre, was but a puesne to her. The writers of these times call the Sicilians *gerræ Siculæ,* and not undeservedly; yet were they but the scholers of the French; and learned this faculty of them before the vespers. It is manners to give precedency to the maistresse, and she will have it, if words may carry it. For two things, I would have had Aristotle acquainted with these chartings; first, it would have saved him a labour in taking such paines about finding out the perpetual motion: secondly, it would have freed him from an heresie with which his doctrine is now infected, and that is, *Quicquid*

movetur, ab alio movetur; their tongues I am certain move themselves, and make their own occasions of discoursing: when they are a going they are like a watch, you need not wind them above once in twelve hours, for so long the thred of their tongues will be in spinning. A dame of Paris came in a coach with us from Rouen; fourteen hours we were together, of which time (I'le take my oath upon it) her tongue fretted away a eleven hours and fifty seven minutes; such everlasting talkers are they all, that they will sooner want breath than words, and they are never silent but in the grave, which may also be doubted.

"As they are endless in their talk, so are they also regardless of the company they speak in; be he stranger or of their acquaintance it much matters not; though, indeed, no man is to them a stranger, within an hour of the first sight you shall have them familiar more than enough; and as merry with you as if they had known your bearing cloth. It may be they are chast, and I perswade myself many of them are; but you will hardly gather it out of their behaviour. *Te tamen et cultus damnat,* as Ausonius of an honest woman, that carryed herself lesse modestly. They are abundantly full of laughter and toying, and are never without variety of lascivious songs, which they spare not to sing in whose company soever: you would think modesty were quite banished the kingdom, or rather that it had never been there. Neither is this the weakness of some few, it is an epidemicall disease: maids and wives are alike sick of it, though not both so desperately. The galliards of the maids being of the two a little more tollerable; that of the women coming hard upon the confines of shamelessness."

He is equally *piquant* on all subjects.—This is what he says of the love of dancing of the French:

"At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevaile against it. For on this dancing-green there assembleth not onely youth and gentry, but also age and beggery; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had beene troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing dayes should never be done. Some there were so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakednesse, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the perswading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unweildy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition did we observe them at their pastime; the raggs being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled browes so interchangably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chaires, and trod the measures with their eyes."

And of French minstrels.
Whilst they were at dinner at Tours,

"There entred upon us three uncouth fellowes, with hats on their heads like covered dishes; as soon as ever I saw them, I cast one eye upon my cloak and the other on my sword, as not knowing what use I might have of my steele to maintain my cloath. There was a great talk at that time of Mr. Soubise's being in armes, and I much feared that these might be some straglers of his army; and this I suspected by their countenances, which were very thievish and full of insolence. But when I had made a survey of their apparell I quickly altered that opinion, and accounted them as the excrement of the next prison; deceived alike in both my jealousies, for these pretty parcels of man's flesh were neither better nor worse, but even arrant fidlers, and such which in England we should not hold worthy of the whipping-post. Our leaves not being asked, and no reverence on their parts performed, they abused our eares with a harsh lesson; and as if that had not been punishment enough unto us, they must needs adde unto it one of their songs; by that little French which I had gathered, and the simpering of a *fille de joie* of Paris who came along with us, I perceived it was bawdy, and to say truth, more than patiently could be endured by any but a Frenchman; but *quid facerem*, what should I doe but endure the misery, for I had not language enough to call them rogues handsomely, and the villaines were inferiour to a beating, and, indeed, not worthy of mine or any honest man's anger.

Præda canum lepus est, vastos non implet hiatus
Nec gaudet tenui sanguine tanta sitis.

"They were a knot of rascalls so infinitely below the severity of a statute, that they would have discredited the state, and to have hanged them had been to hazard the reputation of the gallows. In a yeare you would hardly finde out some vengeance for them, which they would not injure in the suffering; unlesse it be not to hearken to their ribaldry, which is one of their greatest torments. To proceed, after their song ended, one of the company (the master of them it should seem) draweth a dish out of his pocket and layeth it before us, into which we were to cast our benevolence. Custom hath allowed them a sol, for each man at the table: they expect no more, and will take no less; no large summe, and yet I assure you, richly worth the musick, which was meerly French, that is, lascivious in the composure; and French, also, that is unskilfully handled in the playing."

The following description of French travelling is a very pleasant piece of exaggeration, and will remind more modern visitors of the accommodation they themselves have experienced in France.

"July the last, we took post-horse for Boulogne, if, at least, we may call those post-horses which we rode on: as lean they were as Envie is in the Poet: *Macies in corpora tota*, being most true of them.

Neither were they onely lean enough to have their ribs numbered, but the very spur-gals had made such casements through their skins, that it had been no great difficulty to have surveyed their entrails. A strange kind of cattel in mine opinion, and such as had neither flesh on their bones, nor skin on their flesh, nor hair on their skin. Sure I am, they were not so lusty as the Horses of the Sun in Ovid; neither could we say of them, *flammiferis implent hinnitibus auras:* all the neighing we could hear from the proudest of them was onely an old dry cough, which I'le assure you did much comfort me, for by that noise I first learned there was life in them. Upon such anatomies of horses, or to speak more properly, upon such several heaps of bones, were I and my company mounted; and when we expected, however they seemed outwardly, to see somewhat of the post in them, my beast began to move after an alderman's pace, or like Envie in Ovid:

Surgit humi pigre, passuque incedet inerti.

Out of this gravity no perswasion could work them; the dull jades being grown insensible of the spur; and to hearten them with wands would in short time have distressed the country. Now was the cart of Diepe thought a speedy conveyance, and those that had the happiness of a waggon, were esteemed too blessed, yea, though it came with the hazard of the old woman and the wenches. If good nature, or a sight of their journeys, ever did chance to put any of them into a pace like a gallop, we were sure to have them tire in the middle way, and so the remainder of the stage was to be measured with our own feet: being weary of this trade, I made bold to dismount the postilion, and ascended the trunk horse, where I sate in such magnificent posture, that the best carrier in Paris might have envied my felicity: behind me I had a good large trunk and a portmanteau, before me a bundle of cloaks and a parcel of books. Sure I was, that if my stirrups could poize me equally on both sides, that I could not likely fall backwards nor forwards. Thus preferred, I encouraged my companions, who cast many an envious eye upon my prosperity: and certainly there was not any of them who might not more justly have said of me, *Tu as un meilleur temps que la Pape,* than poor Lazarillo's master did, when he allowed him an onion for four dayes. This circumstance I confess might have well been omitted, had I not example for it. Philip de Commines, in the midst of his grave and serious relation of the battel of Mont l'Hierrie, hath a note much about this nature, which gave me encouragement, which is, that himself had an old horse half tired (and this was just my case) who by chance thrust his head into a pail of wine, and drunk it off, which made him lustier and friskier that day than ever before; but in that his horse had better luck than I had."

ART. III. *Godfrey of Bvlloigne, or the Recouerie of Hiervsalem. An Heroicall poeme written in Italian by* Seig. Torquato Tasso, *and translated into English by* R. C. *Esquire; and now the first part containing fiue cantos imprinted in both languages. London, Imprinted by John Winden, for Christopher Hunt of Exceter.* 1594.

"Our English men Italianated," says old Ascham, "have in more reverence the Triumph of Petrarche than the Genesis of Moyses,—they make more accompt of Tullie's Offices than the story of the Bible." The patriotic pedagogue was indignant at beholding the genius of his own country succumbing to the wits of Italy; and, certainly, he for one did all in his power to uphold the native literature of England. At the period when Ascham wrote, the custom of aping every thing Italian had risen to its highest pitch. The *élite* of fashionable society at the present day are not half so much attached to Parisian accomplishments as the polished gentleman of Elizabeth's reign was to the finish of Italian manners. The celebrated satirist, Tom Nash, reproaches his enemy, poor Gabriel Harvey (whom, to his infinite chagrin, he had dignified with the title of *Gabriellissime Gabriel,*) with "making no bones of taking the wall of Sir Philip Sidney, in his black Venetian velvet;" and he tells him "to fetch him two penny-worths of *Tuscanism*, quite renouncing his natural English accents and gestures—wresting himself wholly to the Italian punctilios—painting himself like a courtezan, till the Queen declared he looked something like an Italian." When the manners and taste of Italy were thus so greatly in vogue, it was impossible but that the literature of that country should also become fashionable. The introduction of Italian learning, however, may be traced to an earlier period. In the reign of Henry VIII. the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, the finished pattern of chivalric accomplishments, had done much towards rendering the study of Italian letters popular. Even at the earliest period of our English literature, it cannot be questioned that our authors were much indebted to those great revivers of learning, who were the first to spread the rays of knowledge over the modern world. Chaucer and his cotemporaries borrowed largely from these valuable stores; but their communication with the authors of Italy does not appear to have been direct, and they most probably became acquainted with them through the medium of French translations. At that period, as at present, a knowledge of the French language was an uni-

versal and most requisite accomplishment;* and it is remarkable that the names of most of the early Italian scholars have passed into our language with the curtailment of French pronunciation;† while the names of less celebrated men, which have been introduced into our literature at a later period, have suffered no such diminution of syllables or letters. The influence of this foreign imitation is observable in our earliest authors, and the obligations of Chaucer to his cotemporary and model Boccaccio have never been disputed, though in the opinion of a great critic, the former "won the race at disadvantage." "Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling, though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers."—*Dryden.*

Thus early were the writers of Italy introduced to the notice of our ancestors; but though by these means a general acquaintance was gained with their sentiments, the individual character of their compositions still remained unknown. The facetiousness, the jokes, nay the humour of Boccaccio were transferred into the Canterbury Tales, but while we peruse them it is not the Florentine but Chaucer that we are reading. In the same manner the *Sonnets* of the Earl of Surrey are for the most part imitations of those of Petrarch, but yet they serve to convey a very inadequate idea of the merit and beauty of their prototypes. For a considerable time, however, our countrymen were contented with tasting the sweets of Italian song, by the medium

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* This was a necessary consequence of the Norman government. The following passage from the *Polychronicon* of Higden, translated by Trevisa, may serve to show the extent of this practice: "Also gentil menne's children beth y taugt for to speke Frensche from the tyme that thei beth rokked in her cradel, and kunneth speke and playe with a childe's brooche; and uplondish men woll likne hem self to gentil men, and fondeth with grete bisynesse for to speke Frensche, for to be more ytold of;" and Trevisa himself says, "In alle the gramer scoles of Englonde children leveth Frensch," though at the time he wrote, the custom was beginning in some instances to be discontinued—"also gentil men haveth now mych yleft for to teche ther children Frensch."

In Chaucer, we find the Prioress Eglantine an accomplished speaker of French, though not with Parisian purity.

> "French she spake full fair and fetisly
> After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe;
> The French of Paris was to hire unknowe."

† It is only within late years that Boccaccio has resumed all the honours of his name.

of so imperfect an imitation, till at length the leaders of national taste,

"Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls,"

led the way to a more intimate acquaintance with the great authors, and more especially the great poets with which that fortunate country abounded.

Amongst the earliest translations of the great poets of Italy into our English verse, it is not surprising that the name of Tasso should be conspicuous. It is true that the celebrated work of Ariosto soon attracted the regards and admiration of our countrymen, especially as it possessed so many allurements from the wild originality and the boldness of imagery contained in it, which were more capable of being clothed in another language, than the faint, delicate sentiment of many of his great compatriots. The work of Tasso, however, did not lie open to this last objection, and it was peculiarly calculated to awake the interest and excite the admiration of our ancestors, as well from the heroic nature of the composition, as from the splendour and beauty of its execution. It could not have failed also, at the period when this translation was published, to have roused feelings in the minds of Englishmen which had not long lain dormant. We look on the Crusades at the present day, with something of the same emotion which we feel when we talk of the Trojan war, and Cœur de Lion and Soliman no more excite our sympathies than Achilles and Hector; but between two and three centuries ago, at the name of the red-cross and its holy warriors, the dying flame of enthusiasm quivered brightly in the hearts of our ancestors; the name of Saracen had not ceased to be hateful to their ears, and the Sepulchre of the holy City was still a shrine and a temple. It is true, that the Reformation had cut off all hopes of rearing the standard of the cross on the towers of Jerusalem—that the defenders of the Temple had been persecuted to extermination, and that the days of chivalry were almost gone by; but there yet lingered a feeling of veneration in the hearts of men for the heroic deeds of their fathers, and the places which were doubly consecrated by holiness and valour. In the history of those days, England claimed a place amongst the loftiest—

"Maggior alquanto e lo squadron Britanno;"

and the name of Richard had passed into a by-word of terror.

It is not therefore surprising to find that within the space of ten years, there should have been two translations of this great poet presented to the English public, and that since that period many more versions should have been added, although some of the later translations are but little known. The volume

now before us was only published six years before the first edition of Fairefax's translation, and it will therefore very naturally draw upon itself a comparison with that celebrated work; and if on such examination it should escape with tolerable credit, it will not have much to fear from its modern rivals. The *Jerusalem Delivered* of Fairefax is indeed a noble monument of the genius of its author, and its merits have of late years been duly appreciated; twenty-four years after the publication of the first edition, a second appeared at the special command of James I., who in this instance at least justifies D'Israeli's defence of his character from the imputation of being a mere pedant. Since that period several editions have appeared, to which a new one has lately been added, which has issued from the press under the editorial care of Mr. Singer. One great excellence in this translation, is undoubtedly the noble freedom and grace of the versification, which Waller is said to have studied with great improvement.

Of Carew, who is supposed to be the author of the translation before us, but little is recorded. He is known as the author of a *Survey of Cornwall.* The volume before us was printed for "Christopher Hunt of Exceter;" and it appears from his preface, that it was intended to publish the remaining books afterwards, from which probably a rumour of Fairefax's translation may have deterred him. Like the *Gierusalemme* itself, the volume before us appears to have been published without the knowledge of the author, and it may consequently be presumed to want many of its last corrections. With this fact we are made acquainted in the publisher's address to the reader. "It was my good hap of late to get into my hands, an English translated copie of Sieg. Tasso's Hierusalem, done (as I was informed) by a gentleman of good sort and qualitie, and many waies commended vnto me for a worke of singular worth and excellence: whereupon by the advice, or rather at the instance of some of my best friends, I determined to send it to the presse: wherein if my forwardnes haue fore-ranne the gentleman's good liking, yet let mee winne you to make me happie with the sweete possession of your fauours, for whose sakes I haue done whatsoeuer herein is done." This little volume may be reckoned amongst those to which Bibliomaniacs affix the alluring letters R. R. R., and which, if its excellence were doubted, might still rely for a purchaser on its rarity.

As the translations of Carew and Fairefax appeared so nearly at the same period, and as the latter has attained an acknowledged place in public estimation, it will be both the easiest and most correct mode of giving an idea of Carew's merit, to compare him occasionally with his more celebrated cotemporary, though in doing this we deprive him of a vantage-ground which

he might otherwise possess. It must, however, be remembered, that when we institute a comparison like this, there are many allowances to be made, and that the general effect of a version depends very much on the licence to which the translator considers himself entitled. The object at which a translator aims is clear enough—to give the spirit of his author in words adapted as nearly as possible to the genius of the language in which he writes, being careful at the same time neither to add to, nor to take away from his original; for in the one case he is sure he is violating the author's meaning, and in the other he cannot know that his own additions would have been consonant to the author'sjudgment. How seldom, however, is it that we meet with a translation which can boast at the same time both of fidelity and beauty. There must in general be a sacrifice of one of these qualities: thus, in Fairefax's translation, though, when compared with more modern attempts, it is abundantly faithful, we frequently find him varying from the strict sense of the original, while at the same time we feel loth to blame him for wandering, when his aberrations lead us along such beautiful ways. Carew seems to have had more strict and confined notions of the boundaries, beyond which it does not become a translator to show himself; he follows his prototype step by step, carefully placing his foot in the very print of Tasso's, which necessarily gives him an appearance of constraint and difficulty. He adheres as much too religiously to his great original, as Pope and the translators of his school have been too free.

We are rather inclined to suspect that the publication before us must have been written some, though it could not have been many years anterior to the publication of it. The style savours considerably more of antiquity than Fairefax's, of which we shall now enable our readers to judge: we give the fine opening apostrophe in the first book.

Carew. "O Muse! thou that thy head not compassest
With fading bayes which Helicon doth beare;
But bove in skyes, amids the Quyers blest,
Dost golden crowne of starres immortal weare,
Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest,
Enlighten thou my song; and pardon where
I fainings weave with truth, and verse with art
Of pleasings deckt, wherein thou hast no part.

Thou know'st where luring Parnasse most poures out
His sweetnesse all the world doth after runne,
And that truth season'd with smoth verse, from doubt
The waywardst (flocking) to believe hath wonne,

So cup, his brimmes earst liquorisht about
With sweete, we give to our diseased sonne;
Beguilde he drinkes some better juyce the while,
And doth his life receive from such a guile."

If our judgment be correct, these two stanzas, though most literally translated, will not be thought much inferior to Fairefax—in some respects, they are, perhaps, superior.

"O heav'nly Muse, that not with fading baies
Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring;
But sittest crown'd with starres' immortall raies
In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
My voice ennoble, and forgive the thing,
If fiction's light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with other praise than thine.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclinde
Where luring Parnasse most his sweet imparts,
And truth convay'd in verse of gentle kinde
To reade, perhaps, will move the dullest hearts;
So we, if children young diseas'd we finde,
Annoint with sweets the vessels' foremost parts,
To make them taste the potion sharpe we give,
They drinke deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live."

We cannot forbear giving the first of these stanzas in the original, and the reader will immediately perceive how exact, and yet how happy, Carew has been in his translation.

"O Musa, tu, che di caduchi allori
Non circondi la fronte in Helicona;
Ma su nel cielo infra i beati chori
Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona;
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
Tu rischiara il mio canto; e tu perdona,
S'intesso fregi al ver, s'adorno in parte
D'altri diletti, che de' tuoi, le carte."

But if our translator, in these passages, may be said to equal his successor, others may be adduced, in which we think he is decidedly superior to him, though we do not introduce these isolated comparisons as perfect criteria of the relative excellence of the translations.

The commencement of the address of Peter the Hermit, is thus given by Carew.

XUM

" He spake, his speech a mutt'ring short befell,
Next after solitary Peter rose,
Though private 'mongst the princes at counsell
As he from whom that voyage chiefly grows,
What Godfrey doth exhort I say as well,
No doubt here fals.—

* * * * *

The olde man silenst here. What thoughts, what breasts,
Are shut from thee, breath sacred! heat divine!
Thou in the hermite dost enspire these heasts,
And in the knights' harts thou the same dost shrine;
Th' ingraft, th' inborne affections thou outwrests,
Of rule, of libertie, of honours' signe.
So as both Gwelfe and Gwilliam chiefe in place
Did Godfrey first with name of chieftaine grace."

Now let us see Fairefax's.

" This said, the Hermite Peter rose and spake,
(Who sate in counsell these great lords among)
At my request this war was undertake
In private cell who earst liv'd closed long,
What Godfrey wills of that no question make,
There cast no doubts where truth is plaine and strong.—

* * * * *

And therewith staid his speech. O gratious Muse!
What kindling motions in their brests doe frie?
What grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,
That in their harts his words may fructify;
By this a virtuous concord they did chuse,
And all contentions then began to die;
The princes with the multitude agree,
That Godfrey ruler of those wars should be."

How very much superior are the first lines of this last stanza in Carew's translation, and how finely they breathe the spirit of their great original, which is absolutely lost in Fairefax's tame imitation.

" Quì tacque il veglio. Hor quai pensier, quai petti,
Son chiusi a te, sant 'aura, e divo ardore?"

Carew. " The olde man silenst here. What thoughts, what breasts,
Are shut from thee, breath sacred! heat divine!"

Fairefax. "And therewith staid his speech. O gratious muse!
What kindling motions in their brests doe frie?"

The first of these stanzas too is very incorrectly translated by Fairefax. We completely lose the fine idea in the first line of the original,

"Disse: e ai detti segui breve bisbiglio,"

and the characteristic epithet, *il solitario Piero*, is weakened and extended through a whole line,

"In private cell who earst liv'd closed long,"

while Peter is made to declare himself the cause of the war,—words which, both in Tasso and Carew, are not put in the mouth of the Hermit, but form part of the narrative.

There is one verse in the Episode of Sofronia and Olindo, of which we give both the versions, and which may serve as a proof that we cannot always trust Fairefax in point of accuracy, though, at the same time, we must observe that his deviation, in this instance, has been productive of additional beauty.

It is Sofronia about to depart on her magnanimous purpose:

Fairefax. "And forth she went, a shop for merchandize
Full of rich stuff, but none for sale expos'd;
A vail obscur'd the sunshine of her eyes,
The rose within herself her sweetnes clos'd.
Each ornament about her seemley lies,
By curious chance, or carelesse art, compos'd;
For what the most neglects, most curious prove,
So beautie's helpt by nature, heav'n, and love."

Carew. "This maide alone through preace of vulgar went,
Beauty she covers not, nor sets to sight;
Shadow'd her eyes, in vaile her body pent,
With manner coy, yet coy in noble plight,
I note where car'de, or carelesse ornament,
Where chance or art her fairest count'nance dight.
Friended by heav'n, by nature, and by love,
Her mere neglects most artificial prove."

Now Tasso has nothing like the simile which Fairefax has introduced at the commencement of this stanza, and which certainly is not the most poetical one which was ever invented—then, the sense of the second line, which is most literally translated by Carew,

"*Non coprì sue bellezze, e non l'espose;*"

a line beautifully characteristic, is altogether neglected; but, to counterbalance these inaccuracies, Fairefax has inserted a line of his own, of singular deliciousness—

"The rose within herself her sweetnes clos'd;"

there is, however, nothing of the kind in the original. We shall draw another parallel, in which we think Carew will not be deemed inferior to his successor. It is the description of Night, at the end of the second book—a description evidently taken by Tasso from Virgil.

Fairefax. "Now spread the Night her spangled canopie,
And sommon'd every restlesse eie to sleepe:
On beds of tender grasse the beasts down lie,
The fishes slumb'red in the silent deep,
Unheard was serpents' hiss, and dragons' crie,
Birds left to sing, and Philomele to weepe,
Only that noise heav'ns rolling circles kest,
Sung lullabie, to bring the world to rest."*

Carew. "Now was it night, when in deepe rest enrol'd,
Are waves and winds, and mute the world doth show,
Weari'd the beasts, and those that bottome hold
Of billow'd sea, and of moyst streames that flow,
And who are lodgde in cave, or pen'd in fold,
And painted flyers in oblivion low,
Under their secret horrours silenced,
Stilled their cares, and their harts suppelled."

The following is the description, given by our translators, of the youthful Tancred preparing for the fight.

Fairefax. "Mast-great the speare was which the gallant bore,
That in his war-like pride he made to shake,
As windes tall cedars tosse on mountaines hore.
The king, that wond'red at his brav'rie, spake
To her that neere him seated was before,
Who felt her hart with love's hot fever quake,
Well should'st thou know (quoth he) each Christian knight
By long acquaintance, though in armour dight.

---

* As a proof of the very unwarrantable alterations in the edition of Fairefax, published in 1749, we may observe that this line is given thus:

"*Sooth'd mortal cares*, and lull'd the world to rest."

Say who is he showes so great worthinesse,
That rides so ranke, and bends his lance so fell?
To this the princesse said nor more nor lesse,
Her hart with sighes, her eies with teares did swell;
But sighes and teares she wisely could suppresse,
Her love and passion she dissembled well,
And strove her love and hot desires to cover,
'Till hart with sighs, and eyes with tears ron over."

Book III.

Carew. "So strong great launce he beares, and in such guyse
This youth comes on, both fierce and faire in sight:
That king, who from aloft his port descryes,
Him deemes amongst the best a chosen knight,
And sayes to her, who in next seat him nyes,
And now her heart feels in a panting plight,
Through so long use you may to me declare
Ech Christen, though in armes they closed are.

What then is he that doth so seemly frame
Himselfe to just, and so fierce semblance beare?
Unto the ladie, for an answer came
On lips a sigh, and in her eyes a teare;
But breath and weeping backe she doth reclame,
Though so as yet they make some muster theare,
For her swolne eyes, a purple circle faire,
Tainted, and hoarse halfe sigh brake forth to aire."

We may again remark the interpolation of a simile in the first book of these stanzas from Fairefax.

"*As windes tall cedars tosse on mountaines hore.*"

Carew's translation of the combat between Clorinda and Tancred is very spirited, though quaint.

"Tancred's assault this while Clorinda plyes,
T'encounter, and in rest her launce bestowes;
Ech t'other's beaver hits, the splints to skyes
Up start, and she in part disarmed showes:
For buckles broke, foorthwith the helmet flyes
From off her head, (a blow whence wonder growes,)
And golden lockes unto the wind display'd,
She midst the field appeares a youthly mayd.

Her eyes do flash, her lookes do lighten bright,
Sweet ev'n in wrath, in laughter then what grace

They hold? Tancred, whereon think'st thou? thy sight
Where bend'st thou? know'st thou not this noble face?
This is that visage faire whence thou in light
Flames burn'st, thy hart (her picture's shrine) the case
Can show, this same is she whom quenching thirst
At solitarie spring thou sawest first.

He that of painted shield, and of her crest
Tooke earst no keepe, now seeing her doth grow
A stone, she bared head covers, as best
She may, and him assayles, he gets her fro,
And fell blade whirling, makes against the rest,
Yet at her hand peace cannot purchase so;
But threatfull him pursewes; and turne, she cries,
And to deathes twaine at once she him defies.

Stroken this knight, no strokes againe replyes,
Nor so from sword himselfe to guard attends,
As to regard her cheekes and fairest eyes,
From whence his bow Love uneschewed bends;
T' himselfe he says, ech blow unharmefull dyes,
Which force of her right hand (though armed) lends,
But never blow from her faire naked face
Falles vaine, but in my heart findes lighting place."

The description of Armida in the following stanza, though fantastic, is exceedingly beautiful—the four last lines are quite singular for the minute accuracy, yet happy elegance, of the translation. Had it been possible that the whole Poem could have been so perfectly transmuted into English, we might, indeed, believe that we were reading Tasso. The copy is absolutely *verbatim*.

"The winde new crisples makes in her loose haire,
Which nature selfe to waves re-crispelled,
Her sparing lookes a coy regard doth beare,
And love's treasures and hers up wympelled,*
Sweete roses color in that visage faire
With yvorie is spirst and mingelled,
But in her mouth whence breath of love outgoes,
Ruddy alone and single blooms the rose."

The four last lines in Tasso run thus:

"Dolce color di rosse in quel bel volto
Fra l'avorie si sparge, e si confonde:

---

* Concealed.—A wimple is a covering for the neck.

Ma nella bocca, ond' esce aura amorosa,
Sola rosseggia, e semplice la rosa."

How very different is Fairefax's translation—it is beautiful, but it is not the beauty of Tasso.

"The rose, the lily on her cheeke, assaies
To paint true fairnesse out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,
Still blush, for still they kisse while still they close."

The turn, or rather the conceit, in the last line, is entirely Fairefax's own property. The following is the description of Armida when she had concluded her appeal.

"There silenc'd she, and seemed a disdaine,
Royall and noble, flamed in her face:
Then turning steps, she showes to part againe
With port all framde to sad despiteous grace;
Her ceaseless mone in such a tune doth plaine,
As is begot when wrath and woe embrace,
And her new-borne teares for they to see,
'Gainst sunny rayes, christall and pearle bee.

Her cheekes with those life humours sprinckelled,
Which trickling dropt down on her vesture's hem,
Seem'd entermingled roses white and red;
If so a dewy cloud do water them,
When to calme breath their closed lap they spred,
What time first peered dawning takes his stemme,
And morn, which them beholds and in them joyes,
Proud with their ornament her lockes accoyes."

The conquering beauty and guile of Armida is finely told, and the version of it is by no means bad.

"But whiles she sweetly speakes, and laughes sweetly,
And with this two-fold sweetnes luls the sense,
Well neere she makes the soule from bodie fly,
As 'gainst so rare delites voyde of defence.
Ah, cruel love! that slay'th us equally
Where wormewood thou or hony do dispence,
And equal deadly at all seasons bee
Mischiefes and medicines, which proceede of thee."

Fairefax, according to his custom, has forced two similes into this stanza; we have

"Cupid's deepe rivers have their shallow fordes."

And again:

"Achilles' lance, that woundes and heales againe."

There is much spirit in the following version.—Rinaldo is indignant at his threatened punishment.

"Rinaldo somewhat smilde, and with a face,
In which 'twixt laughter, flashed a disdaine,
Let him (quoth he) in bonds goe plead his cace,
That's bond, and fit for bondage hath a graine;
I free was borne and live, and free in place
Will die, 'ere base cord, hand or foot astraine:
Used to my sword, and used palmes to beare,
Is this right hand, and scornes vile gyves to weare.

But if for my deserts such recompense
Godfrey will yeeld, and me in prison cast,
As I of vulgar were, and beare pretence
In common fetters to uptie me fast,
Then let him come or send, I will not hence:
'Twixt us shall chance and armes be judges plast,
I'le of a dismall tragedy the shoe
Present for pastime to our forraine foe.

This said, he cals for armes, and head and brest
In steele of finest choice most seemely shrines,
And with his waighty shield his arme he prest,
And fatall blade vnto his side combines,
And with a semblant brave and nobellest
(As lightning wonts) he in his armour shines:
Mars, he resembles thee, when from fift heav'n
Thou com'st down guirt with ire and ghastly leav'n.

Tancred this while his fierce sprites doth procure,
And hart upswolne with pride to mollifie;
Invict young man, (he says) to your valure,
I know, ech hard and tough attempt will plie:
With ease, I know, that ever most secure
Midst armes and terrour stands your vertue hie:
But God forbid you make it such appeere,
So cruelly to our annoyance heere.

Tell me what meane you do? will you go staine
Your yet cleane hands in blood of civill warre?
And with Christen's vnworthy wounds, againe
Peirce Christ, of whom we part and members are?

And shall respects of fading honour vaine,
(Which like sea waves soone flow, and ebbe as farre;)
Worke more with you than either faith or zeale,
Which glory bring of heav'n's endless weale!

Ah! no, (for God) conquer yourself, and kill
This fiercenesse of your over-haughty minde,
Give place, it is no feare but holy will:
For palme is to your giving place assignde,
And in my yeeres of young unripened skill,
If any may sute woorth example finde,
I also was provokt, yet never grew
'Gainst faithfull fierce, but did myselfe subdew.

* * * * *

To their advises the disdaineful hart
Of this audacious youth returning plies,
So as foorthwith from thence aside to start,
To such well-willers he no more denies,
Friends store (the while) flock in from every part,
And with him crave to goe in earnest wise;
He thankes them all, and for attendants chose
Two only Squires, and so to horse he goes.

He parts, and of high glory a large bent
Pertakes, the spur and rod of noble sprite;
His hart all vow'd t' exploits magnificent,
Doth none but workes of rarest price endite,
Midst foes (as Champion of the faith) he ment
That Palme or Cypress should his paines acquite;
He'll Egypt scour, and pierce ev'n to the hole,
Where from his vncouth spring Nile doth out-role.

But Guelfe, when as the fierce young man thus wise,
Prest to depart, had bid them all adew,
There brookes no longer stay, but speedy hies,
Where guesse might Godfrey soonest yeeld to vew,
Who spying him, with voyce of higher size,
Said (Guelfe) this very time I wisht for you,
And sent but late to sundry wheres about
Some of our Herhaults to enquire you out.

Then makes all els withdraw, and turning low,
Begins with him a grave speech to contrive,
Your nephew verily (my friend Guelpho)
To headlong runnes, where heats his courage drive,

And of his deede (I deeme) can hardly showe
Some cause, that may to just pretence arrive;
Deere would I hold that so it might befall,
But Godfrey stands an equal Duke withall.

* * * *

Come he to his restraint in liberty,
What may be to his merits I consent;
But if he this disdaine, and stiffely
(Well wot I his untamed hardiment)
Do you to bring him your best care apply,
Lest he force one of slow and gentle bent,
Severe avenger be of his empire,
And of his lawes, as reason doth require."

We shall close our extracts with the address to the soldiers, from the conclusion of the fifth book.

" Oh you that with me past have here and there
A thousand perils, and a thousand woes,
Champions of God, whom his faith to repaire
Even from your birth, deere Christians he chose,
You that Greeke guiles and Persian armes ech where
Vanquist, and hils, and seas, and winter throwes,
And thirst, and pinching famine's hard distresse,
Shall daunting feare your spirits now possesse?

Can then the Lord, who you doth stirre and guide,
Well knowen earst in oft more grievous case,
Not now assure you? as if turn'd aside
His hand of mercy were, or holy face?
One day 'twill joy to thinke what harmes betide
Us did, and vowes to pay to th' heavenly grace.
Now hold couragious on, and keep I pray
Yourselves to fortune of a better day.

With these words he their minds, to fore dismaide,
Comforts and with a cleere and cheerfull looke;
But yet amid his brest, in heapes uplaide,
A thousand sad sharp cares their lodging tooke,
How he so many men may feede and aide;
'Twixt want and dearth his thoughtfull minde it shooke,
How he may fleete at sea withstand, and how
Th' Arabian robbers he may breake or bow."

From the few instances in which we have compared Carew with his more successful follower, it will be immediately perceived, that the superiority of the latter principally consists in a greater

ease and freedom of style, and gracefulness of expression. The collocation of Carew's sentences frequently renders them harsh and untuneable, an evil which he has preferred even to the slightest deviation from the sense of his author. Could he have possessed Fairefax's power and sweetness of versification, and yet have retained his own scrupulous accuracy, then indeed might we have had a translation worthy of the original. As it is, this is yet a desideratum. Of the many translators of the *Jerusalem*, Fairefax may perhaps be said to approach nearest to the spirit of the original, and yet we have seen how frequently he ventures to combine his own imaginations with the loftier inspirations of Tasso. More than half the similes in his translation never entered into the mind of Tasso; sometimes they are fortunate and add effect to the stanza, sometimes they weaken it, and occasionally they destroy the beauty of it altogether. Fairefax seems to have caught the idea, and to have elaborated it according to the conceptions of his own fancy, while Carew on the contrary thought and felt with the mind and heart of Tasso, though unfortunately his hand was incapable of sounding the chords of the poet's lyre. Sometimes indeed, as we think our extracts fully prove, he is singularly successful, but he soon reverts to a harsh and unmusical strain. We have not thought it worth while to institute any comparison between this antique version, and the more modern attempts either of Hoole, or still more lately of the Rev. Mr. Hunt. As for the translations of Mr. Brooke and Mr. Doyne, they are, we believe, little known and less regarded. It was the intention of Gray to have attempted a version of this great poem, and he had made some progress in the translation of the fourth canto. From the pen of this highly polished poet we might have expected a correct and spirited translation, but we doubt whether he was sufficiently acquainted with the peculiar character of Italian poetry to have executed such a task with complete success.

It is singular that Fairefax should have been ignorant of Carew's translation, and yet on a comparison of the two works we are persuaded that this must have been the case. In no instance either in style or substance does he appear to have been indebted to his predecessor. Had he been familiar with the work, he would undoubtedly not have fallen into some errors from which Carew's version is entirely free. It is impossible that Fairefax could have had access to it, else he could never have given the very extraordinary translation of the fifty-fifth stanza in the second book, which it has required all the skill of his editors to render intelligible. A more striking proof of this fact, however, is the translation of the fortieth stanza of the same book, which, though rather rude, is correct in Carew, while the meaning has been perfectly misunderstood by Fairefax.

" —— ò per via montana, ò per silvestra,
L'orme sequi di fier leone, e d'órso;
Segui le guerre, e'n quelle, e fra le selue
Fera à gli huomini parue, huomo à le belue."

Fairefax. " Through forests wilde, and unfrequented land,
To chase the lion, boare, or rugged bear;
The satyres rough, the fawnes and fairies wilde
She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguilde."

Carew. " Then through the wildest woods, and on mountaines,
Chase to the lions fierce and beares she gave,
The warre ensewes in which, and in forreasts,
Men, savage her man, her deeme savage beasts."

It is evident that Fairefax was unable to make any sense of the original, and was consequently compelled to complete the stanza with an idea of his own. Can it be possible that he imagined he was translating the word *fera* by *fairy?*

We have been induced to notice this early translation of one of Italy's most brilliant productions, as our honest printer expresses it in his preface, " for the delight and benefit of those gentlemen, that love that most lively language," and from a conviction that the treasures and sweets of Italian literature were never better appreciated than at the present day. The very name of that delicious land teems with a thousand rich associations. To the patriot it is a field of old and unperishing glory, " for there were deeds of valour done," which are still present to the spirit. To the enthusiast of nature it is the very Eden of his hopes, and he acknowledges how justly the appellation is applied, while his eye wanders over the *Campagna Felice.* To the scholar, Italy is a world of treasures, richer than all the East ever poured forth, but in no heart is the name echoed with more fondness than in that of the poet. To him it recalls a thousand lofty names, a thousand fascinating images of beauty and power; it is linked to his spirit by the tenderest and the finest associations. From its cradle that country has been a land of romance; not the romance of fiction, but of a high and noble reality. Within its boundaries man has suffered almost all the vicissitudes of which his nature is capable—has exhibited the proudest and the meanest attributes of his being—savage and uncultivated, then civilized and polished—then sinking from the height of luxury into the lowest abyss of vice—a tiller of the earth—a soldier—a citizen—a tyrant and a slave—rude and unlettered—then rivalling the most polished in knowledge and in arts—the vanquisher of the earth, then the victim of a barbaric invader—the prey of superstition, and the

vassal of petty despots. Amid these numberless changes Italy has ever held the seed of noble action and high thoughts; and let us hope with Sismondi that a time may yet come, when she shall assume amongst the nations her own pre-eminent station.

Amongst so many causes of just pride, perhaps, the highest boast of this favoured land is, that she has been the birth-place of such men as Dante, and Petrarcha, and Tasso; and it is in our opinion one of the surest tests of the correctness and truth of public taste at the present day, that these old poets of Italy, and the worthy imitators of them in our own country, have regained that place in the estimation of our scholars and poets, which they seemed to be in danger of losing for ever. Notwithstanding the occasional *concetti* in which even the earliest of the Italian poets indulged, they uniformly addressed themselves to the heart; to rouse its sympathies and its passions was their great object. But while they thus attempted to excite the interest and the admiration of their votaries, beneath this garb of beauty and ornament was generally concealed some mystic allegory intended to enlighten and improve; and in tales of war and fables of love there were found a symbol and a moral. Even in this warlike story, Tasso, it is said, intended to delineate a great moral picture—a representation of the most powerful passions of our being—searching into our human nature with the deep eye of the philosopher, and adorning his wisdom with the rich fascination of the poet. Our own Spenser has executed a similar attempt more palpably, and it must be acknowledged to be a difficult task to trace this scheme of Tasso's through the whole progress of his Epic. But why should the mind be perplexed with these subtle imaginations, when it can delight itself so much more truly with the spirit, the splendour, and the deliciousness of his exquisite poetry? It may indeed be questionable, whether any such occult wisdom is intended to be enforced in this noble poem, especially as the style of thinking observable in Tasso's works is so much more simple and natural than in many others of the great Italian authors. Certainly as a pastoral poet he displays much fewer involutions of sentiment and expression than many of his celebrated countrymen, and his Epic, when compared with the works of Dante and Ariosto, possesses very little of what may be called the extravagance of poetry.

We have said that Italy was a romantic land; but amidst all her varying history, she presents few incidents more romantic than those which marked the life of Tasso, who perished the victim of too lofty an imagination and too proud a love, but with whose fortunes and fate nations have since sympathised. Never was there a prouder instance than this of the conquering

energy of a poet's power. The poet, the lover, and the scholar—all who have sympathy with sweetest imaginations—with the purest love and the bitterest misfortunes, see nothing in Ferrara but the place of *his* captivity,

> "Who pour'd his spirit over Palestine,"

and who suffered pains and punishment for raising his eye and his heart to that beauty which has only found immortality in his despised affection.

> "But Thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
> Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
> One half the laurel that o'ershades my grave.
> No power in death can tear our names apart,
> As none in life can rend thee from my heart.
> Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
> To be entwin'd for ever—but too late."

"Sad and wondrous pitiful" as the fortunes of Tasso were, if the regretful sympathies and praise of after years might tend to counterbalance them, then, indeed, his life might almost be an object of envy.—"As misfortune," says Lord Byron, "has a greater interest for posterity and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the Hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me." A votary like the author of *Childe Harold* was well worthy to visit such a shrine. Truly it had been a spectacle, by which the highest associations might have been excited, to have beheld him at his meditations—but they are embodied in his *Lament*, and we ought not to complain.

ART. IV. *The Holy State and Profane State, by* Thomas Fuller, *B. D. and Prebendary of Sarum. The fourth Edition, London* 1663. *pp.* 511, *with Portraits.*

If ever there was an amusing writer in this world, the facetious Thomas Fuller was one. There was in him a combination of those qualities which minister to our entertainment, such as few have ever possessed in an equal degree. He was, first of all, a man of extensive and multifarious reading; of great and digested knowledge, which an extraordinary retentiveness of memory preserved ever ready for use, and considerable accuracy of judgment enabled him successfully to apply. He was also, if

we may use the term, a very great anecdote-monger; an indefatigable collector of the traditionary stories related of eminent characters, to gather which, his biographers inform us, he would listen contentedly for hours to the garrulity of the aged country people whom he encountered in his progresses with the king's army. With such plenitude and diversity of information, he had an inexhaustible fund for the purposes of illustration, and this he knew well how to turn to the best advantage. Unlike his tasteless contemporaries, he did not bring forth or display his erudition on unnecessary occasions, or pile extract on extract, and cento on cento, with industry as misapplied as it was disgusting. With Fuller, a quotation always tells: learning with him was considered as a sort of mortar to strengthen, interlace, and support his own intellectual speculations, to fill up the interstices of argument, and conjoin and knit together the corresponding masses of thought; not as a sort of plaster to be superinduced over the original products of his mind, till their character and peculiarities were lost amid the integuments which enveloped them. So well does he vary his treasures of memory and observation, so judiciously does he interweave his anecdotes, quotations, and remarks, that it is impossible to conceive a more delightful chequer-work of acute thought and apposite illustration, of original and extracted sentiment, than is presented in his works. As a story-teller, he was most consummately felicitous. The relation which we have seen for the hundredth time, when introduced in his productions, assumes all the freshness of novelty, and comes out of his hands instinct with fresh life and glowing with vitality and spirit. The stalest jest, the most hackneyed circumstance, the repetition of which by another would only provoke our nausea, when adopted by him, receives a redintegration of essence not less miraculous than the conversion of dry bones into living beings. Wherever we dip in his works we are certain to meet with some narrated incident or apothegm to detain us, and we are insensibly led on from anecdote to anecdote, and from witticism to witticism, without the power to put the book upon the shelf again. How delightful must have been the conversation of Fuller, varied as it was with exuberance of knowledge, enlivened with gossiping, chastened by good sense, and sparkling with epigrammatical sharpness of wit, decorated with all its native fantastical embroidery of humorous quaintness. We verily declare for ourselves, that if we had the power of resuscitating an individual from the dead to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, we do not know any one on whom our choice would sooner fall than Fuller.

Of human life and manners through all their varieties, he was also a most sagacious and acute observer, and the quantity of vigorous and just observation, in this department of inquiry

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alone, contained in his works, it is hardly possible to calculate with correctness or appreciate with justice. He united the cool penetration of the philosophical speculatist, with the less erring because less refined contemplation of the practical experimentalist in the ways of man. He was learned, yet his learning did not take away his perspicuity in judging of the modes of every-day existence; he was indefatigable in literature, yet amidst his pursuits he found leisure to look into life with the acuteness of a Rochefoucault: he was addicted to meditation, yet he never was blinded to the observation of things without, while occupied with the abstractions within. More profundity of remark, more accuracy of discernment, more justness of perception, than this topic always produces from his pen, it would be difficult elsewhere to find. Few scholars excelled more in sound and practical good sense, and consequently very few ever coined maxims of more irresistible and incontrovertible wisdom. To him the whole complete machinery, which composes the great work of existence, in all its parts, springs, and dependencies lay exposed, and no subtlety in its regulations could deceive his intuitive quickness, no artificial intermingling of its interest could obscure his unerring penetration. But great as all these his endowments were, his qualifications of authorship, it is not perhaps to any of them that our chief satisfaction in reading the works of Fuller can justly be attributed. Others, many others, have doubtless possessed them in an equal if not in a superior degree, and the attractions of our author carry a peculiar individuality about them, which no other can share or divide with him. These particular attractions which he alone monopolized, are doubtless the results of his unrivalled facetiousness and quaintness. The praises of wisdom and learning he must ever divide with countless multitudes, and in the pages of multitudes of writers may equal proofs of that learning and wisdom be met with. But for the facetiousness which breaks forth on all themes and subjects, and which hides itself but to burst forth again, like the river Arethusa, in all the creamy effervescence of sparkling frothiness—which throws over his gravest disquisitions an air of irresistible jocularity, and over his most solemn adjurations an appearance of lurking and irrepressible slyness,—which diffuses over the obscure duskiness of church history a quaint oiliness of conceit, and enriches even geographical barrenness by its everlasting fecundity of wit;—for the hearty and chuckling fulness of mirth, which catches at a joke as a boy does at a butterfly, and impresses every possible play of words of necessity into its service,—for the sedulous and resolute quest after humour which no consideration could divert or stop, and which would at any time spoil a good argument, or burlesque a serious observation to hitch in an epigram, good, bad, or indifferent—where shall we search but in the pages of the inimitable, the

incomparable Fuller? It is not because he is generally successful in his attempts to be witty that we experience this gratification and delight, for nine of his attempts out of ten are certain to be complete failures; nor can it arise from the trueness of his wit, for commonly it consists of little more than puns, quibbles, and antitheses: it is not certainly from these, but from other causes that our satisfaction originates, from his glorious and enthusiastic intrepidity in his sallies to the land of humour, from his bold and determined quixotism after wit and facetiousness, from his readiness to grasp at any thing which bore the most distant resemblance to them, from his buoyant and eternal spirit of drollery, from his indefatigable and adventurous knight-errantry which would traverse the whole universe for wit, from his peculiar singleness of observation, which could see

"Humour in stones, and puns in every thing."

He absolutely communicates something of his own fervour to his reader: it is almost impossible to read his works without going along with him in his hunt for jokes, and without participating in his satisfaction when he has found them. His quaint facetiousness was communicable to every thing. Graft it on whatever tree he chose, and it would bud out, blossom forth, and luxuriate. Like a fisherman, he threw out his capacious net into the ocean of wit, and rejected nothing that it brought up, however miscellaneous or motley were its contents; pleased, and perhaps thinking that others would be pleased, with their variety. There is besides such an apparent self-satisfaction discernible throughout his works—we can almost fancy we see him chuckling over his forth-coming jests as they successively issue from his brain, preparing us by his triumphant exultation for the stroke which is to follow: or revelling in uncontrolled and uncontrollable merriment over the vagaries of which he had discharged his head by communicating them to paper. Such was the disposition of Fuller. The qualities of mind which would in another have produced a buffoon, in him, without losing their power of entertainment, lost all their grosser and more offensive traits, and became, from their very superfetation, less imbued with the rankness of farce. To him the language of jocularity had something of the gravity of earnest: it was his own vernacular idiom, in which every thing which issued from his mind was clothed; it was something so intimately connected with him, that all attempts to strip it off would be useless; something settled and fixed in his intellect, and stamping and marking its whole character. By being therefore more generalized, it had less of marked purport and design, and as it was assumed on all subjects was indecorous on none. Fuller, we think, would hardly have scrupled to crack a joke upon the four Evangelists; but

certain we are, it would have been without any idea of indecency or intention of irreverence.

This characteristic peculiarity is equally visible in all his productions, from his *Holy War* to his *Worthies*, and consequently they are all almost equally entertaining. His *Holy War* and *Church History*, particularly the last, are two of the most agreeable works we know; replete, besides their Fullerism, with perspicacious observation, profound thought, deep discernment, and narrative power. There are specimens of historical painting in these works which perhaps have never been excelled, conceived with great energy and executed with happiness. In his delineation of characters, he exhibits such unrivalled acumen, ability, and penetration, together with such candour and uprightness of judgment, that it is difficult which most to admire, his sagacity or his sincerity. His *Pisgah Light of Palestine*, which is also in part an historical work, is a happy elucidation of what Fuller always excelled in, sacred story: and no work of his better displays the riches of his mind or the plenitude and fertility of its images. His *Worthies* is, we believe, more generally perused than any of his productions, and is perhaps the most agreeable; suffice to say of it, that it is a most fascinating storehouse of gossiping, anecdote, and quaintness; a most delightful medley of interchanged amusement, presenting entertainment as varied as it is inexhaustible. His *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and lesser works, are all equally excellent in their way, full of admirable maxims and reflections, agreeable stories, and ingenious moralizations. It was, however, in biography that Fuller most excelled. If he was frequently too careless and inaccurate in his facts, it was not from heedlessness as to truth, which no one reverenced more than he did, but because he considered them but as the rind and outward covering of the more important and more delicious stores of thinking and consideration which they inwardly contained; because he thought life too short to be frittered away in fixing dates and examining registers: what he sought was matter convertible to use, to the great work of the improvement of the human mind, not those more minute and jejune creatures of authenticity, which fools toil in seeking after, and madmen die in elucidating. In this he has been followed by a great biographical writer of the last age, with whom he had more points than one in common. Leaving therefore such minor parts of biography for the investigation of others, and seizing only on the principal events, and those distinguishing incidents or anecdotes which mark a character in a moment, and which no one knew better than Fuller to pick out and select, he detailed them with such perspicuity and precision, and commented upon them with such accuracy of discrimination, strength of argument and force of reason, and threw

around them such a luminous and lambent halo of sparkling quaintness, shining upon and playing about the matter of his thoughts, and inspirited them with such omnipresent jocularity and humour, that, of all the biographical writers of his age, he is, in our opinion, infinitely the best. After the perusal of the more polished, but certainly not more agreeable biographers of modern times, we always recur with renewed gusto and avidity to the Lives of our excellent author, as to a feast more substantial, without being less delicious.

The work which we have selected as the subject of this review is as well calculated to evince the justice of the foregoing remarks as any of his lucubrations. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is the best of his works; and certainly displays, to better advantage than any, his original and vigorous powers of thinking. It consists of two parts—the *Holy and the Profane State:* the former proposing examples for imitation; and the latter their opposites, for our abhorrence. Each contains characters of individuals in every department of life, as "the father," "husband," "soldier," and "divine;" lives of eminent persons, as illustrative of these characters; and general essays. In his conception of character he has followed Bishop Earle* and Sir Thomas Overbury, but his manner of writing is essentially different. This species of composition was very near akin to what has been called the school of metaphysical poetry, sprung up into existence about the same time, and went out of fashion along with it. It was composed of the same materials, and regulated by nearly the same principles. Did our limits allow us, we do not know a more interesting and yet undeveloped subject for speculation than the concurrent and dependant styles of prose and poetry which prevailed from the accession of James I. till after the Restoration, and which were in truth all referable to one original. At present we can only observe that the care of the writers of characters was to crowd together the most motley assemblage of ideas in the smallest possible space; to concentrate, in one series of links, the most multitudinous spangles of conceit; to pour forth all the subject presented in one close intertexture of ideas, which received at once point from their wit and smartness from their brevity. By these means the thoughts are often so much compressed as to produce obscurity, or at least are defrauded of their due quantum of verbal clothing. Their very multitude produces confusion, and we are

* It is somewhat singular that Fuller's *Holy and Profane States* is not mentioned in the Appendix to Mr. Bliss's admirable edition of *Bishop Earle's Characters.* We have seen this remark made before in a very elegant and interesting book, entitled *Bibliographiana.*

prevented from taking notice of each particularly by their cluster and conglomeration, and by the rapidity with which they alternately approach and recede. Thought succeeds thought; the most recondite metaphors are squeezed into an epithet or an adjective; one point is elbowed out by another, "like pricks upon the fretful porcupine," till in mental dizziness and distraction we are obliged to bring our perusal of the book to an end. Of this method of writing, Butler's *Hudibras* is an enlarged specimen—that ever-standing monument of the lavish prodigality of wit. It may at first appear rather surprising that Fuller, fond as he was of pointed quaintness, and with such exuberance of images as he was possessed of, should have deserted this popular style of character-writing, and introduced in the stead of its curt and contracted sharpness, his own more easy, but less ambitious, diffuseness. But this, we think, may easily be accounted for. His intellectual plenitude was too great to submit to the tight braces and bandages of composition; and he had, besides, too much of the gossip about him to be untinctured with the usual appurtenance of the gossip, prolixity. He was also too wise to turn or torture his natural flow of mind into a new fashion, or to apply to it any such Chinese methods of artificial restraint. Thus his characters are written with an expository diffuseness, and seem sometimes rather a commentary upon characters of the foregoing description than others of the same species. If they do not exhibit the same perpetual display of wit and co-acervation of metaphor, they have much more easiness and variety, and much less stiffness and strained obscurity. They have just as much point as is necessary to render them striking, and just as much force of expression as is necessary to energize their diffuseness. They flow on enriched with many an interesting story, and many a profound reflection. Few will, we think, refuse to consider Fuller's method as the most judicious and agreeable, as his thoughts swell out to their full and healthy growth; and his illustrations receive their due modicum of relation, without being obscured by their density, or rendered rickety by their compression.

We will now proceed to our extracts from the book, which will, we have no doubt, fully justify our character of Fuller. The great difficulty is in the selection, as all the parts of the volume are almost equally good. The first we shall give is the Character of the *good Master*.

"*The good Master.*

"He is the heart in the midst of his household, *primum vivens et ultimum moriens*, first up and last abed; if not in his person, yet in his providence. In his carriage he aimeth at his own and his servants' good, and to advance both.

"He overseeth the works of his servants. One said, That the dust that fell from the master's shooes was the best compost to manure ground. The lion, out of state, will not run whilest any one looks on him; but some servants, out of slothfulnesse, will not run except some look upon them, spurred on with their master's eye. Chiefly he is careful exactly to take his servants' reckonings. If their master takes no account of them, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend who are never brought to an audit.

"He provides them victuals, wholesome, sufficient, and seasonable. He doth not so allay his servants' bread, or debase it so much, as to make that servants' meat which is not man's meat. He alloweth them also convenient rest and recreation, whereas some masters, like a bad conscience, will not suffer them to sleep that have them. He remembers the old law of the Saxon king, Ina: 'If a villain work on Sunday by his lord's command, he shall be free.'

"The wages he contracts for he duly and truly pays to his servants. The same word in the Greek, ἰὸς, signifies *rust* and *poison*; and some strong poison is made of the rust of mettals, but none more venomous than the rust of money in the rich man's purse unjustly detained from the labourer, which will poison and infect his whole estate.

"He never threatens his servant, but rather presently corrects him. Indeed conditional threatnings, with promise of pardon on amendment, are good and useful. Absolute threatnings torment more, reform lesse, making servants keep their faults, and forsake their masters: wherefore herein he never passeth his word, but makes present payment, lest the creditour run away from the debtour.

"In correcting his servant, he becomes not a slave to his own passion; not cruelly making new indentures of the flesh of his apprentice. To this end he never beats him in the height of his passion. Moses being to fetch water out of the rock, and commanded by God only to speak to it with his rod in his hand, being transported with anger, smote it thrice. Thus some masters, which might fetch penitent tears from their servants with a chiding word (onely shaking the rod withal for terrour), in their fury strike many blows which might better be spared. If he perceives his servant incorrigible, so that he cannot wash the black-moore, he washeth his hands of him, and fairly puts him away.

"He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital; yet how many throw away those dry bones out of which themselves have suckt the marrow! It is as usual to see a young serving-man an old beggar as to see a light horse, first from the great saddle of a nobleman, to come to the hackney-coach, and at last die in drawing a carre. But the good master is not like the cruel hunter in the fable, who beats his old dogge because his toothlesse mouth let go the game; he rather imitates the noble nature of our Prince Henry, who took order for the keeping of an old English mastiffe which had made a lion run away. Good reason, good service in age should be rewarded. Who can, without pity and plea-

sure, behold that trusty vessel which carried Sir Francis Drake about the world?

"Hitherto our discourse hath proceeded of the carriage of masters toward free-covenant servants, not intermedling with their behaviour towards slaves and vassals, whereof we onely report this passage: when Charles the Fifth, Emperour, returning with his fleet from Algier, was extremely beaten with a tempest, and their ships overloaden, he caused them to cast their best horses into the sea, to save the life of many slaves, which, according to the market price, were not so much worth. Are there not many, that, in such a case, had rather save Jack the horse, than Jocky the keeper? And yet those who first called England the purgatory of servants, sure did us much wrong: purgatory, itself, being as false in the application to us, as in the doctrine thereof; servants, with us, living generally in as good conditions as in any other countrey. And well may masters consider how easie a transposition it had been for God, to have made him to mount into the saddle that holds the stirrup, and him to sit down at the table who stands by with a trencher."

The following character of the *good School Master* is admirable for its justness and good sense. Fuller seems to have set a proper value on the labours of this estimable class of men.

"*The good School Master.*

"There is scarce any profession in the common-wealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: first, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence school masters in the countrey, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it onely as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartned from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxie of the usher. But see how well our school master behaves himself.

"His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lieve be school boyes as school masters, to be tyed to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrick thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a school master's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

"He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced school masters may quickly make a grammar of boyes' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules.

"1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

"2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their school-fellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

"3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boyes are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewells of the countrey, and, therefore, their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That school master deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

"4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a rasour's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boyes he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanicks which will not serve for scholars.

"He is able, diligent, and methodical, in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

"He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their son's exemption from his rod, (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction) with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custome in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boyes from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

"He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a school master better answereth the name παιδολέθης than παιδαγωγὸς, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good

education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains "de insolenti carnificina" of his school master, by whom "conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos." Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

'From Paul's I went, to Eaton sent,
To learn straightwaies the Latine phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal,* see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.'

"Such an Orbilius marres more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

"He makes his school free to him who sues to him in forma pauperis. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast, who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, payes the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late school master of Eaton, who would never suffer any wandring begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his school boyes should be disheartned from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggery.

"He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad colledge, therein to teach his scholars logick. For besides that logick may have an action of trespess against grammer for encroaching on her liberties, syllogismes are solecismes taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

"Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latine, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

"To conclude, let this amongst other motives make school masters careful in their place, that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their school masters to posterity,

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* Nich. Udal, school-master of Eaton, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Doctor Whitaker. Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for any thing so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his school master, that first instructed him."

Nor is the next character inferior to either of the foregoing.

"*The general Artist.*

"I know the general cavil against general learning is this, that aliquis in omnibus est nullus in singulis. He that sips of many arts, drinkes of none. However we must know, that all learning, which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneal a body, that the parts thereof do with a mutuall service relate to, and communicate strength and lustre each to other. Our artist, knowing language to be the key of learning, thus begins.

"His tongue being but one by nature, he gets cloven by art and industry. Before the confusion of Babel, all the world was one continent in language; since divided into severall tongues, as severall ilands. Grammer is the ship, by benefit whereof we pass from one to another, in the learned languages generally spoken in no countrey. His mother-tongue was like the dull musick of a monochord, which, by study, he turns into the harmony of severall instruments.

"He first gaineth skill in the Latine and Greek tongues. On the credit of the former alone he may trade in discourse over all Christendome: but the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit and more pleasure. The joynts of her compounded words are so naturally oyled, that they run nimbly on the tongue; which makes them, though long, never tedious, because significant. Besides, it is full and stately in sound: onely it pities our artist to see the vowels therein rackt in pronouncing them, hanging oftentimes one way by their native force, and haled another by their accents which countermand them.

"Hence he proceeds to the Hebrew, the mother-tongue of the world. More pains than quickness of wit is required to get it, and with daily exercise he continues it. Apostacy herein is usual, to fall totally from the language by a little neglect. As for the Arabick, and other oriental languages, he rather makes sallies and incursions into them, than any solemn sitting before them.

"Then he applies his study to logick and ethicks. The latter makes a man's soul mannerly and wise; but as for logick, that is the armory of reason, furnisht with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogismes, long swords; enthymems, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain-shot: and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets with a pike in the middest of them, both to defend and oppose. From hence he raiseth his studies to the knowledge of

physicks, the great hall of nature, and metaphysicks the closet thereof; and is carefull not to wade therein so farre, till by subtill distinguishing of notions he confounds himself.

" He is skilful in rhetorick, which gives a speech colour, as logick doth favour, and both together beauty. Though some condemne rhetorick as the mother of lies, speaking more than the truth in hyperboles, less in her miosis, otherwise in her metaphors, contrary in her ironies; yet is there excellent use of all these, when disposed of with judgement. Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is musick in words; nor to musick, which is poetry in sound: both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor, that made them their meat.

" Mathematicks he moderately studieth to his great contentment. Using it as ballast for his soul, yet to fix it not to stall it; nor suffers he it to be so unmannerly as to justle out other arts. As for judicial astrology (which hath the least judgement in it) this vagrant hath been out of all learned corporations. If our artist lodgeth her in the outrooms of his soul for a night or two, it is rather to hear than believe her relations.

" Hence he makes his progress into the study of history. Nestor, who lived three ages, was accounted the wisest man in the world. But the historian may make himself wise, by living as many ages as have past since the beginning of the world. His books enable him to maintain discourse, who, besides the stock of his own experience, may spend on the common purse of his reading. This directs him, in his life, so that he makes the shipwracks of other sea-marks to himself; yea, accidents, which other start from for their strangeness, he welcomes as his wonted acquaintance, having found precedents for them formerly. Without history a man's soul is purblinde, seeing onely the things which almost touch his eyes.

" He is well seen in chronology, without which history is but an heap of tales. If, by the laws of the land, he is counted a natural, who hath not wit enough to tell twenty, or to tell his age; he shall not pass with me for wise in learning, who cannot tell the age of the world, and count hundreds of years: I mean not so critically as to solve all doubts arising thence; but that he may be able to give some tolerable account thereof. He is, also, acquainted with cosmography, treating of the world in whole joynts; with chorography, shredding it into countries; and with topography, mincing it into particular places.

" Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; onely he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in, I mean for that predominant profession of law, physick, divinity, or state-policie, which he intends for his principal calling hereafter."

In the biographical portion of the book, we meet with lives of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, Lord Burleigh, Cambden, Sir Francis Drake, Edward the Black Prince, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, Sir John Markham, Dr. Metcalf, Perkins, Bishop Ridley, Cardinal Wolsey, and Dr. William Whitaker. They are all good, some of them excellent. Our limits, unfor-

tunately, prevent us from giving a specimen. After the lives and characters follow what the author entitles general rules. The following Essay on *Recreation* is one of the best.

"*Of Recreations.*

"Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against the statutes; physician, as against health; divine, as against conscience.

"Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock-fighting, and bait bull and bear-baiting, because man is not to be a common barretour to set the creatures at discord; and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can he take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports; and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these, as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience sins with a witness.

"Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not therefore sauce to sauces; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; *this were to spare thine owne flock, and to sheere God's lamb.*

"Let thy recreations be ingenious, and bear proportion with thine age. If thou sayest with Paul, When I was a child I did as a child; say also with him, But when I was a man I put away childish things. Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

"Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oft times hath made good musick on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.

"Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count any thing a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they beat their wives. 'Tis no pastime with countrey clowns, that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs, tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think themselves not warm in their geeres, till they are all on fire; and count it but dry sport, till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physician's rule in exercises, *Ad ruborem,* but *non ad sudorem,* is too scant measure.

"Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied. If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of couzening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

"Yet recreations distastful to some dispositions rellish best to others. Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an houre as mute as the fish they mean to take: yet herewithall Dr. Whitaker was much delighted. When some noblemen had gotten William Cecill, Lord Burleigh and Treasurer of England, to ride with them a hunting, and the sport began to be cold; What call you this, said the Treasurer? Oh now, said they, the dogs are at a fault. Yea, quoth the Treasurer, take me again in such a fault, and I'le give you leave to punish me. Thus as soon may the same meat please all palats, as the same sport suit with all dispositions.

"Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises. And yet those are the best recreations, which besides refreshing, enable, at least dispose men to some other good ends. Bowling teaches men's hands and eyes mathematicks, and the rules of proportion; swimming hath saved many a man's life, when himself hath been both the wares, and the ship: tilting and fencing is warre without anger; and manly sports are the grammer of military performance.

"But above all shooting is a noble recreation, and an half liberal art. A rich man told a poor man that he walked to get a stomach for his meat: and I, said the poor man, walk to get meat for my stomach. Now shooting would have fitted both their turns, it provides food when men are hungry, and helps digestion when they are full. King Edward the Sixth, (though he drew no strong bow) shot very well, and when once John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, commended him for hitting the mark; you shot better (quoth the King) when you shot off my good uncle Protectour's head. But our age sees his successour exceeding him in that art, whose eye like his judgement is clear and quick to discover the mark, and his hands as just in shooting as in dealing aright.

"Some sports being granted to be lawful, more propend to be ill than well used. Such I count stage-plays, when made alwaies the actour's work, and often the spectator's recreation. Zeuxis, the curious picturer, painted a boy holding a dish full of grapes in his hand, done so lively, that the birds being deceived flew to peck the grapes. But Zeuxis, in an ingenious choller, was angry with his own workmanship. Had I (said he) made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch them. Thus two things are set forth to us in stage-playes: some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vitious examples; and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palats upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed out with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are: otherwise men would be deterred from vitious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them. But the main is, wanton speeches on stages are the devil's ordinance to beget badness; but I question whether the pious speeches spoken there be God's ordinance to increase goodness, as wanting both his institution and benediction.

"Choak not thy soul with immoderate pouring in the cordial of pleasures. The creation lasted but six dayes of the first week: prophane they, whose recreation lasts seven dayes every week. Rather abridge thyself of thy lawful liberty herein; it being a wary rule which S. Gregory gives us, 'Solus in illicitis non cadit, qui se aliquando et a licitis caute restringit.' And then recreations shall both strengthen labour and sweeten rest, and we may expect God's blessing and protection on us in following them, as well as in doing our work: for he that saith grace for his meat, in it prayes also to God to bless the sauce unto him. As for those that will not take lawful pleasure, I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and, by lacing themselves too hard, grow awry on one side."

The subsequent Essay is no less entertaining.

"*Of Books.*

"Solomon saith truly, 'Of making many books there is no end, so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them.' But we come to our rules.

"It is a vanity to perswade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built meerly for uniformity) are without chimnies, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning but full of books, flouted a library-less scholar with these words, *Salve doctor, sine libris:* but the next day the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, *Salvete libri,* (saith he,) *sine doctore.*

"Few books well selected are best: yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice; such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all they misse their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

"Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly auxiliary books, onely to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are meer pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look thorow them; and he that peeps thorow the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the lazinesse of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily passe over authors of consequence, and onely trade in their tables and contents. These like city-cheaters having gotten the names of all countrey gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authours they never seriously studied.

"The genius of the authour is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy: and from the dedication one may probably guesse at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus when once a gentleman admired so pithy, learned, and witty a

dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book; *In truth*, said another, *they may be well matched together, for I professe they are nothing a-kinne.*

"Proportion an houre's meditation to an houre's reading of a staple author. This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The King of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company, because he would not have them lie in uselesse clusters in his army, but so that every particular souldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thinne on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far greater libraries.

"Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. Arius Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible (commonly called the Bible of the King of Spain), much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, 'Pro tantorum laborum præmio vix veniam impetravit.' Likewise Christopher Plantin by printing of his curious interlineary Bible in Antwerp, through the unseasonable exactions of the King's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate. And our worthy English Knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed father in a silver print, was a loser by it.

"Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers. When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais', concerning physick, Rabelais, to make him recompence, made that his foolish scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *Finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it—

"'——— Nay, there thou li'st, my friend;
In writing foolish books there is no end.'

"And surely such scurrilous scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palats out of taste, that they can never after rellish any solid and wholesome writers: secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which, dryed on by continuance of time, can never after be washed off: thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next (because publickly uncontrolled), and what we laugh at our children may believe: fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this musick is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sinnes and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies than the satyrs of all truly religious.

"But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's complement may serve for my confession and conclusion:—'Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nesciant, tamen à scribendo temperare non possint.'"

The foregoing extracts are from the *Holy State*. From the

Profane State we shall only extract this curious Character of a Witch, in which Fuller displays more strikingly his quaint wit.

"*The Witch.*

"Before we come to describe her, we must premise and prove certain propositions, whose truth may otherwise be doubted of.

"1. Formerly there were witches. Otherwise God's law had fought against a shadow, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live:' yea, we read how King Saul who had formerly scoured witches out of all Israel, afterwards drank a draught of that puddle himself.

"2. There are witches for the present, though those night-birds flie not so frequently in flocks since the light of the Gospel. Some ancient arts and mysteries are said to be lost; but sure the devil will not wholly let down any of his gainful trades. There be many witches at this day in Lapland, who sell winds to mariners for money, (and must they not needs go whom the devil drives?) though we are not bound to believe the old story of Ericus, King of Swedeland, who had a cap, and as he turned it, the wind he wished for would blow on that side.

"3. It is very hard to prove a witch. Infernal contracts are made without witnesses. She that, in presence of others, will compact with the devil, deserves to be hanged for her folly as well as impiety.

"4. Many are unjustly accused for witches. Sometimes out of ignorance of natural, and misapplying of supernatural causes; sometimes out of their neighbours' meer malice, and the suspicion is increased, if the party accused be notoriously ill-favoured; whereas deformity alone is no more argument to make her a witch, than handsomeness had been evidence to prove her an harlot; sometimes out of their own causeless confession, being brought before a magistrate they acknowledge themselves to be witches, being themselves rather bewitched with fear, or deluded with fancy. But the self-accusing of some is as little to be credited, as the self-praising of others, if alone without other evidence.

"5. Witches are commonly of the feminine sex. Ever since Satan tempted our grandmother Eve, he knows that that sex is most licorish to taste, and most careless to swallow his baits. Nescio quid habet muliebre nomen semper cum sacris: if they light well, they are inferiour to few men in piety; if ill, superior to all in superstition. They are commonly distinguished into white and black witches. White, I dare not say good witches, (for woe be to him that calleth evil good) heal those that are hurt, and help them to lost goods. But better it is to lap one's pottage like a dog, than eat to it mannerly with a spoon of the devil's giving. Black witches hurt and do mischief. But in deeds of darkness there is no difference of colours: the white and the black are both guilty alike in compounding with the devil. And now we come to see by what degrees people arrive at this height of profaneness.

"At the first she is only ignorant, and very malicious. She hath usually a bad face, and a worse tongue, given to railing and cursing,

as if constantly bred on mount Ebal: yet speaking perchance worse than she means, though meaning worse than she should. And as the harmless wapping of a curs'd curre, may stir up a fierce mastiffe to the worrying of sheep; so on her cursing, the devil may take occasion by God's permission to do mischief, without her knowledge, and perchance against her will.

"Some have been made witches by endeavouring to defend themselves against witchcraft: for, fearing some suspected witch should hurt them, they fence themselves with the devil's shield against the devil's sword, put on his *whole armour*, beginning to use spels and charms to safeguard themselves. The art is quickly learnt, to which nothing but credulity and practice is required: and they often fall, from defending themselves, to offending of others, especially the devil not being dainty of his company, where he finds welcome; and being invited once, he haunts ever after.

"She begins at first with doing tricks, rather strange than hurtful, yea some of them are pretty and pleasing. But it is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in: yea they which play with the devil's rattles, will be brought by degrees to wield his sword, and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

"At last she indents down right with the devil. He is to find her some toyes for a time, and to have her soul in exchange. At the first (to give the devil his due) he observes the agreement to keep up his credit, else none would trade with him; though at last he either deceives her with an equivocation, or at some other small hole this Serpent winds out himself, and breaks the covenants. And where shall she poor wretch sue the forfeited bond? in heaven she neither can nor dare appear; on earth she is hanged if the contract be proved; in hell her adversary is judge, and it is woful to appeal from the devil to the devil. But for a while let us behold her in her supposed felicity.

"She taketh her free progress from one place to another. Sometimes the devil doth locally transport her: but he will not be her constant hackney, to carry such luggage about, but oftentimes to save portage, deludes her brains in her sleep, so that they brag of long journeys, whose heads never travelled from their bolsters, these with Drake sail about the world, but it is on an ocean of their own fancies, and in a ship of the same: they boast of brave banquets they have been at, but they would be very lean should they eat no other meat: others will perswade, if any list to believe, that by a witch-bridle they can make a fair of horses of an acre of besome-weed. O silly souls! O subtil Satan that deceived them!

"6. With strange figures and words she summons the devils to attend her; using a language which God never made at the confusion of tongues, and an interpreter must be fetched from hell to expound it. With these, or Scripture abused, the devil is ready at her service. Who would suppose that roaring lion could so finely act the spaniel? one would think he were too old to suck, and yet he will do that also for advantage.

"7. Sometimes she enjoyns him to do more for her than he is

able; as to wound those whom God's providence doth arm, or to break through the tents of blessed angels, to hurt one of God's saints. Here Satan is put to his shifts, and his wit must help him, where his power fails; he either excuseth it, or performs it, lengthening his own arm by the dimness of her eye, and presenting the seeming bark of that tree which he cannot bring.

"8. She lives commonly but very poor. Methinks she should bewitch to herself a golden mine, at least good meat, and whole clothes: But 'tis as rare to see one of her profession, as a hangman, in a whole suit. Is the possession of the devil's favour here no better? Lord, what is the reversion of it hereafter!

"9. When arraigned for her life, the devil leaves her to the law to shift for herself. He hath worn out all his shoes in her former service, and will not now go barefoot to help her; and the circle of the halter is found to be too strong for all her spirits. Yea, Zoroastes himself, the first inventor of magick (though he laught at his birth) led a miserable life, and died a woful death in banishment. We will give a double example of a Witch: first of a real one, out of the Scripture, because it shall be above all exception; and then of one deeply suspected, out of our Chronicles.

We have been rather diffuse in our quotations from this agreeable writer. We think, however, our extracts will be sufficient to excuse us. As Fuller greatly excels in striking and happy sentences, we will give a few of these at random from his book:—

"Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stayes longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent."—p. 45.

"Dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, which open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open Heaven for others, and shut themselves out."—p. 74.

"Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light."—p. 76.

"'Tis a shame when the Church itself is a cœmeterium, when the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath."—p. 85.

"Conjectures, like parcels of unknown ore, are sold but at low rates. If they prove some rich metal, the buyer is a great gainer; if base, no loser, for he payes for it accordingly."—p. 137.

"A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it."—p. 140.

"Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches."—p. 146.

"Good company is not only profitable whilst a man lives, but sometimes when he is dead; for he that was buried with the bones of Elisha, by a posthumous miracle of that prophet, recovered his life by lodging with such a grave-fellow."—p. 153.

"Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind."—p. 158.

"Generally Nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for an Hue and Crie to take him on suspicion, or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room."—p. 168.

"They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter."—p. 208.

"He that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one."—p. 9.

We must now conclude our remarks on this book; and we do, in fine, most seriously recommend it to those of our readers, who are not deterred by the appearance of a moderate-sized folio, as a treasure of good sense, information, and entertainment. It is only by contrasting the works of Fuller with the lumbering and heavy productions of his contemporaries that we can properly estimate the value of the former, or give due honour to the memory of one, who, in his most arduous and sterile undertakings, in the darkness of antiquities or the cloudy atmosphere of polemical divinity, never lost the vivifying spirit of his humour or the exhilarating play of his wit, or suffered his keenness of observation to be blunted by the blocks it had to work on. To him every subject was alike: if it was a dull one, he could enliven it; if it was an agreeable one, he could improve it; if it was a deep one, he could sound it; if it was a tough one, he could grapple with it. In him learning was but subsidiary to wit, and wit but secondary to wisdom; and, if his quaintness of humour gave something of the grotesque to his productions, it but added to the gloss of the admirable matter which it shone on. To him and to his pages may we always come, secure of entertainment and instruction—of finding an agreeable olio of humorous wit and diverting sense, which reciprocally relieve and play upon each other, the latter sobering and steadying the former, the former barbing and pointing the latter. In short, his works are an inexhaustible fund of sound and solid thought—a quarry, or rather mine, of good old English heartiness, where the lighter and less elaborate artificers of modern times may seek, and seek fearlessly, for materials for their own more fragile and graceful structures. Of Fuller himself we can only observe, that his life was meritoriously passed, and exemplary throughout; that his opinions were independently adopted and unshrinkingly maintained. In the darkest and gloomiest period of our national history he had the sense and the wisdom to pursue the right way, and to persevere in an even tenour of moderation, as remote from interested lukewarm-

ness as it was from mean-spirited fear. Unwilling to go all lengths with either party, he was of consequence vilified by both: willing to unite the maintainers of opposite and conflicting sentiments, he only united them against himself. Secure in the strength of his intellectual riches, the storms and hurricanes which uprooted the fabric of the constitution had only the effect of confining him more to his own resources, and of inciting him to the production of those numerous treatises and compilations for which he received from his contemporaries respect and reputation, and for which posterity will render him its tribute of unfailing gratitude.

ART. V. *Joannis Physiophili Specimen Monachologiæ, Methodo Linnæanâ. Augustæ Vindelicorum*, 1782.

No part of our labours is more congenial to our feelings than that which leads us to the consideration of the studies, the manners, and institutions of the middle ages. The pleasure attendant on such inquiries would be of the highest order, even though it should extend no farther than the gratification necessarily arising from a visit to those spots and scenes which witnessed the humble efforts of our forefathers in literature and science; where the rude Northman commenced his struggles for liberty and independence, or emerged from the gloom of barbarism to brighter prospects of freedom and civilization; where the great and good, who are now mingled with the dust, saw their sun of glory rise and set. Who does not feel his breast expand with the liveliest feelings of respect and veneration, at the mere recollection that he is treading on a spot, however barren, which was the witness of the triumphs or the joys of days that are passed and gone: and shall we need any apology for investigations, which bring to our remembrance the deeds and virtues of the warrior and saint; the lay of the minstrel, as it roused the mind to emulation and exertion; the interesting memorials of painting, of sculpture, and architecture; the proud walls of the baron; and the magnificent sublimity of church or abbey?

The field which these studies open to our view is as boundless as it is interesting. In their progress we are to behold the lamp of learning, smothering for a while in obscurity, only to burst forth with hundred-fold brilliancy; fed and nourished in its revival by institutions admirably calculated to ensure its permanence and general diffusion; gradually extending its influence to all classes and nations, and dazzling the world by a

galaxy of historians, poets, philosophers, and artists, starting, at once, into existence, and emulating each other in the brilliancy of their course, and their beneficial influence on the hopes and prospects of mankind. We are to explore the rise and progress of our most valuable political institutions—the ripening of apparently barbarous and arbitrary regulations into the refined and well cemented policy of feudal relations—wonderfully adapting themselves to the spirit of the times in which they had their birth and maturity, in contributing to rear up the fabric of well balanced power, curbing the encroaching influences of despotism, and in the fulness of time moulding themselves, by energies inherent in their formation, into institutions which experience has proved well adapted to all stages of society, when allowed to accommodate themselves to its progress. We are to watch the pure and lofty spirit of chivalry, the school of moral discipline, the embodier of those feelings which tempered the rugged habits and passions of unpolished barbarians, and mingled the fierce bravery of the warrior with the courteous honour of the blameless knight—which supplied an office capable of being performed, in those days, by no other earthly agent; that of a power which brought valour within the subjection of reason and justice—enforced the rules of plighted honour—showed injured innocence the promise of redress and protection—and which (when it had done these, its earliest and, perhaps, most eminently useful services to mankind) melted down into those finer feelings of honour and generosity that form the chain and cement of modern society, and continues, even now, to execute its most vaunted function of freeing the captive damsel, by restoring one-half of the human race to its birthright, and placing woman in the rank which nature designed her, not the slave or servant of man, (as in the boasted æras of civilized Greece and Rome) but his equal, the friend of his bosom, the soother of his griefs, and partaker of his joys.

But, in pursuing these speculations, we have, also, to weigh the effects of a yet more powerful "spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters," that of religion, the principle which established monastic institutions; which assembled, in the same field of warfare, the nations of the east and west, the followers of Mahomet and of Christ; and, by this collision, produced results of incalculable importance on the literature and political relations of Europe; which imparted the inspiration that warmed the painter and the sculptor, and raised the almost imperishable beauties of ecclesiastical architecture.

The work which appears at the head of this article naturally suggests a few brief observations on monastic institutions, for which we are not at all unwilling to stand forward to claim more consideration and esteem, than are popularly considered

to be their due—and we are not to be deterred from this design, because, in the progress of our inquiries, we may be obliged to admit the justice of many of those aspersions which were ungratefully cast, with no sparing hand in the day of their decay, on institutions which had, indeed, discharged their office and become superannuated by the progress of knowledge and information, and by a gradual change in all the relations of society, in the opinions and moral feelings of mankind; but were still eminently entitled to our gratitude for numberless valuable services. There is a time for all things; but let us not delight in "skimming, like the flesh-fly, over what is sound, to detect and settle on some spot which is tainted;" let us not join in one undiscriminating cry against persons and institutions, which must occupy an important position in history and furnish many topics for impartial speculation. Institutions, worn out by time, are not treated fairly, if they are considered only in those relations, and at those periods, when their decay was fast approaching; when numbers were leagued in a common endeavour to sacrifice the character and fortunes of the minority to the majority, and when abuses are apt to be placed as prominently as if they were original characteristics of the system, instead of mere blemishes incidental to almost all establishments, political or religious, in some stage or other of their existence. It is easy to exclaim, with the *Old Play*, in *The Monastery;*

> "O aye, the monks, the monks, they did the mischief,
> Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition
> Of a most gross and superstitious age!"

But to such charges we gladly answer, in the energetic language of the same poet,

> —"May he be prais'd who sent the healthful tempest,
> And scatter'd all these pestilential vapors!
> But that we owe them all to yonder harlot,
> —Thron'd on the seven hills, with her cup of gold,
> We will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,
> That old Moll White took wing, with cat and broomstick,
> And rais'd the last night's thunder."

It is impossible, we conceive, for instance, to deny the political advantage of establishments which gave refuge and sanctuary to the victims of lawless tyranny, supplied gratuitous ministration to the spiritual wants of their surrounding neighbourhoods, and often breathed the spirit of genuine religion, though clouded by the corruptions of a degenerate superstition; which professed, at any rate, as their ethical code, meekness,

self-denial, and charity, and supplied the wants of those whom the world had otherwise left destitute.—" Can we regret," (to borrow from the forcible observations of Mr. Hallam) " that there should have been some green spots in the wilderness where the feeble and the persecuted could find refuge? How must this right [of sanctuary] have enhanced the veneration for religious institutions! How gladly must the victims of internal warfare have turned their eyes from the baronial castle, the dread and scourge of the neighbourhood, to those venerable walls, within which not even the clamour of arms could be heard to disturb the chaunt of holy men, and the sacred service of the altar!"

While we admire, however, the political and, perhaps, in that point of view, temporary benefits which those foundations shed around them, our attention will be more permanently attracted to their literary influence on Europe. We shall perceive in the cloister not the tomb or charnel-house of learning, but its ayslum in times of external gloom and trouble, till a more genial sun should rise, in which the germ of science and literature might expand and blossom. We shall not always condemn the monastery as the parent and fosterer of idle superstition, but reflect, while the word of censure is on our lips, that the holy edifice alone preserved for ages the records of divine truth, the classic models of antiquity, the treasures of ancient philosophy;—that to its inhabitants we owe almost all we possess, for a long period, of historical information;—that even its superstitions, its legends, and idle controversies, supplied the place of patrons to the fine arts, to literature, and philosophy, enlisted, we may own, often in a bad cause, but still preserved by such an application to times when mankind should be better prepared for their culture and application. " Even then," in the beautiful language of Mrs. Barbauld, " the Muses with their attendant arts (in strange disguise, indeed, and antique trappings) were not idle in the cloister—Statuary carved a Madonna or a crucifix—Painting illuminated a missal—Eloquence made the panegyric of a saint—and History composed a legend:—still they breathed, and were ready at any happier period to emerge from obscurity with all their native charms and undiminished lustre."

The lovers of poetry will need no persuasion to engage *their* approbation of our views. The most expanded imagination has never found prouder, more ennobling subjects to heighten its conceptions or enrich its imagery, than the sublime fabrics of conventual pomp in every period of their existence, whether in the pride of their original magnificence, the interesting progress of gradual decay, or even the last, but most affecting stage of mouldering ruin—and the raptures of enthusi-

astic fancy, as well as the pensive breathings of the contemplative muse, owe their highest power over the mind, to the associations which the towering piles of ecclesiastical glory, and the gloomy honours of monumental devotion, have, at all times, kindled in the poet's head and heart.

To conclude these observations, we deprecate the imputation of appearing, in any way, the advocates of the superstitions, the tricks of imposture and fraud, which, more or less, disgraced monastic establishments in common with almost every other institution of an uncivilized age, or of the principles of religion or economy on which they were founded ;—we only protest against trying their merits by considerations and principles which owe much of their truth and expediency to a totally different order of society ;—we deprecate indiscriminate censure against foundations, merely because they may, with the light of the present age, be easily shown to be inconsistent with good government or sound policy, by those who choose to forget that one anomaly is often the most efficient counterbalance of another ;—and we call on all, before they pronounce a sweeping self-sufficient anathema on the weaknesses of their forefathers, to pause, and if they will not go as far as to admit the absolute wisdom of such institutions, at least to give some prominency of relief to the fairer parts of their results, and to allow us to trace the tendency of some even of the most obvious imperfections in the system to the production of great countervailing good.

"The sacred taper's light is gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar-stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceas'd to toll.

The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk ;
The holy shrine to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul !"

But that sacred taper, (we are proud to reflect) before it expired, lit the flame of a more pure and rational devotion—that altar-stone preserved and sanctified amidst barbarous nations and times, a worship corrupted, indeed, but under any shape conducive to the best and dearest interests of humanity—the holy image, in its rudest form, stimulated the humble devotee to the revival and cultivation of the fine arts—those long-ribbed aisles and holy shrines remain the wonder and admiration of posterity, the unrivalled models of majestic grandeur and sublimity —and many a pious monk has, indeed, deserved the blessing which we breathe over his remains, as the historian and philoso-

pher of his age, and the benefactor not only of his day and country, but of all time.

With all our esteem, however, for monastic institutions, and our desire to see ample justice done to their merits, we are not inclined to dispute that many of their failings, and we may add their innocent peculiarities, afford a legitimate mark for the arrows of ridicule. We have never refused to participate in the merriment, excited by the thousand humorous tales of well-directed satire which characterised the æra of the Reformation, as well as the two or three preceding centuries; and we shall not refuse to do justice even to the motives of those who exerted an equally powerful though less charitable talent, in convincing the world, that the time had arrived when such establishments, however advantageous they might have been in other stages of society, had lost almost all their usefulness, and were becoming only the cloaks of hypocrisy and vice. We need not call our reader's attention to these works: many of them must be fresh in every one's recollection; they have, like Don Quixote, survived the temporary purpose in which they originated: but the little work which heads this article has lately fallen in our way, and we have wished to introduce it to our readers, being as we believe very little known, though it has considerable merit, at any rate for the novelty of its conception.

The author, a German Baron, who exerted his talents in a work on Conchology, here deviates from the usual course of his researches into the treasures of nature, for the purpose of an excursion into the animal kingdom; and has conceived the notion of applying the Linnæan system to analyzing, classifying, and describing the nature, dress, and habits of the living lumber, by which he considered his country infested under the appellation of Monks.

With this view, he offers very modestly, not a complete system, but an attempt, a *Specimen Monachologiæ*, in which he endeavours to show the practicability of reducing, into a scientific form and nomenclature, a race of infinite variety and complexity.

His object is thus avowed, in a motto selected from *Linnæus de noxa insectorum.*

"I exceedingly rejoice, that in my country, considerable attention should have been excited, among other studies, to investigating, describing, and distinguishing (monastic) insects.—Unless so pleasing an idea misleads my judgment, I should foretell that in the result we shall every where perceive the most perfect skill and wisdom, even in the formation of the meanest things: and if with this pious view we bend our attention to the subject, it is my opinion, that we shall discover remedies for all the mischiefs that are occasioned by insects,

(monks) of every sort; moreover that we may hope to succeed in turning them, as well as other things, by the divine favor and assistance, to those uses, and which, if we could always discover them, would lead us to a conviction, that no part of creation exists otherwise, than for an useful and beneficent purpose."

Then follows a Latin address to the reader, which we shall thus translate.

"Ever since philosophy was purged from the sophisms of the peripatetics, and the trifling of the middle ages, and restored to that state of primitive dignity which becomes the mother of all the arts, the study of natural history has excited great attention. The ablest men have felt the attractions of this most delightful science, and have cultivated and freed it from the load of idle fable by which it was obscured: they have more accurately examined the various classes of natural productions, the substances which vegetate on the face of the earth, or form within its bowels; have communicated the progress of their discoveries to the world; and have so developed and illustrated, in philosophical treatises, the substances which nourish, protect, or heal us from our diseases, that little remains to be done, except, as at the conclusion of the harvest, to pick up here and there the scattered ears of corn that the reapers have left.

"This would be abundantly manifest, if I were merely to mention the men who have deserved well at our hands, for collecting, defining, and distributing the various works of nature, or indeed, only to enumerate the names of those who have handled a single class, or a solitary genus of organic bodies. But I will not conceal from the candid reader, that I (who have ever felt the strongest impulse towards similar pursuits) had made up my mind, that nearly all the materials for writing on the subjects were exhausted, and that there was scarcely any thing, with the whole detail of which we were not intimately acquainted; when by some accident I fell upon the memorable saying of Solon, *Know thyself!*

"Prompted by this golden precept, I directed my attention to man, and an inquiry into his nature and physiology: I compared with him the various anthropomorphic species, when, behold, I unexpectedly detected a new genus, which intimately connects man, the most perfect of created beings, with the ape, the most foolish of animals, and occupies the great hiatus between the two; I allude to the *Monk*, a genus which appears in the form of man, although widely different in essential particulars.

"I by no means wish to reflect on the inadvertency of those, who profess to cultivate the science of natural history, and yet have neglected, to the present hour, to examine the tribe of monks which every where swarms under their very noses; for the monks' assumption of the human countenance and figure easily excuses error, and when men, whose knowledge is acknowledged by all, have overlooked the subject, there will be no difficulty in obtaining pardon for a similar omission in the more humble votaries of science. I cannot, however, for-

bear congratulating myself, on having had the good fortune to crown my own studies by the opening of so ample a field, in which the lovers of nature may ramble and exercise their industry.

"I do not mean to arrogate to myself the power to digest all the materials, and to reduce into a compendious form the innumerable host of monks; especially, when I consider, that in the first place, the true characters of the genus, and its different species, are yet to be discovered, and all those particulars to be collected, which characterise each individual variety; and that the work can never be completed, till its cultivators have described the different monks, whom they have seen or heard of, according to the rules of some correct system.

"In the mean time, until the attention of physiologists is excited to the study of Monachology, I offer to the reader this specimen of a few species of monks, whom I have attempted to describe in the Linnæan method.

"Nor will he deem my labour useless or premature, when he considers, that princes, who formerly employed themselves in opposition to the whole œconomy of nature, in exterminating the wolf, the hawk, the sparrow, and other animals injurious to sporting or agricultural pursuits, now turn all their attention to extirpate the race of monks, so noxious to the human species; and that the writers of the present age would be accused by posterity of the grossest negligence, if they should omit to notice a race, which is fast disappearing from the earth; and if future ages, for want of an adequate knowledge of the characters of each species, should in vain seek, with the aid of the vague and contradictory descriptions which at present exist, to decipher and distinguish, by their proper names, those figures of monks, which might chance to be handed down by the medium of sculpture or painting."

Having thus opened his subject, and the plan he had in contemplation for its execution, the author, for the purpose of instructing those who should be inclined to collect materials for the new science, in the mode of classification and description, which he makes mainly to depend, not on arbitrary principles but on dress and habits, and having reached the scientific part of his work, we shall take the liberty of placing before our readers, what follows, which we quote in the original Latin, inasmuch as the main humour consists in the parody of a scientific phraseology to such a subject, and to translate it would be to invent a new nomenclature.

"Si Hierarchia universa ad methodum Mammalium Linnæi ordinanda esset, monachi ad *bruta* referendi mihi viderentur. Sed filo ariadneo munitum esse oportet eum, qui ex hoc labyrintho extricare sese posset; genus monachorum fors in familias tres, seu in monachos arcophagos, ichtyophagos, & phytiphagos distribuendum?

"Characteres specierum desumendi a capite, pedibus, ano, cucullo, vestitu.

"*CAPUT* est vel pilosum vel setosum, vel rasum; variat capillitio hemisphærico, corolla pilosa, sulcata, *mento* imberbi vel barbato.

"*PEDES* calceati, subcalceati, nudi.

"*CUCULLUS* aut versatilis, aut laxus, aut mobilis: & dein acuminatus, infundibuliformis, cordatus, brevis, elongatus, apice truncato, vel subulato, &c.

"*ANUS* nudus, semitectus, tectus.

"*VESTITUS. Vestis & tunica*, in qua adnotetur panni species, color, & an lata aut stricta. *Scapulare*, an latum, strictum, pendulum, ligatum, obtusum, laticaudum? *Collare*, adsutum tunicæ, latum, rigidum, nullum; *scutum* seu *appendix cuculli*, pectoralis & dorsalis, ejusque figura; *manica*, æqualis, angustata, larga, saccosa: *pallium*, longum, breve, plicatum, æquale. *Tegmenta interiora*, indusium, interula, &c. *Cingulum*, latum, teres, coriaceum, laneum, linteum, nodosum, &c.

"*Observetur porro: Clamor* seu *sonus*, an melodus vel ingratus, cantans vel orans; gutturalis vel nasalis; clamosus vel murmurans; flebilis vel hilaris; gruniens vel latrans? &c. *Incessus*, an tardigradus, festinans, ignavus, durus?—&c. *Habitus totius monachi:* num austerus vel lascivus, rusticus vel gracilis; gravis vel levis, modestus vel hypocrita, &c. *Mores:* tempus clamoris, silentii probationis, occupatio. *Victus et potus; odor; locus habitationis; metamorphoses; species hybridæ*, e. g. servita septentrionalis; *varietates sub diverso climate;* addatur *historia speciei, ortus, abolitionis, et differentiæ sexus.*"

To those, who, like us, have felt the labour of wading, for practical purposes, through the ponderous volumes of Helyer's *Histoire des Ordres Religieux*, or the folio records of Dugdale and his compeers, in order to acquire a mere outline of the dress, character, and habits of a particular order, it is no small discovery, to find a system capable of defining and classing every variety in a few comprehensive terms.

Three tables contain a nomenclature of the varieties into which the five points above enumerated divide themselves, and these are illustrated to the eye, by three ingenious sheets of engravings, which would do credit to the neatest botanical manual, and which it would give us pleasure to be able to exhibit to our readers.

The main portion of the work now opens with the scientific *definition* and *description* of the genus *Monachus*, its *difference* from *man*, and finally its apparent *use*. We believe this is tolerably translatable.

"*Monachus.*

"*Definitio.*—An animal, anthropomorphic—hooded—howling by night—thirsting.

"*Descriptio.*—Body, erect, biped—back curved—head depressed—always hooded, and clothed in every part, (si in speciebus quibusdam caput, pedes, anum, manusque nudas excipias)—covetous, fetid,

filthy, drunken, lazy, more patient of want than labour. At the rising and setting of the sun, and especially at night, they congregate, and when one cries out, all cry—run together at the sound of a bell—walk always in couples—are clothed in wool—live by rapine and plunder—assert that the world was made for them alone—carry on their amours clandestinely—do not marry—expose their young—fight with their own species—and attack their enemies unawares from ambushes.

"The female differs little from the male, except in having her head always veiled—is cleaner—less drunken, and never leaves her home, which she keeps clean. When young she grasps at all sorts of playthings, stares about her on all sides, and salutes the males by nodding. When older, she becomes spiteful and malignant; and when angry, agitates her jaw-bones incessantly with open mouth. When called, the females answer "*Ave.*" When allowed, they chatter promiscuously; and if a bell rings, are suddenly mute.

"*Differentia.*—*Man* speaks, reasons, wills. The *monk* is often mute, has no reason or will, is governed solely by the orders of his superiors. The head of *man* is erect,

> Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

The head of the *monk* is depressed, with the eyes turned to the ground —*man* seeks his bread by the sweat of his brow, the *monk* grows fat by laziness—*man* dwells among men, the *monk* seeks solitude and hides himself, avoiding the light.—Whence it follows, that the *monk* is a genus of mammalia distinct from *man*, intermediary between him and the ape, approaching nearest to the latter, from which it differs very little in voice or manner of living.

> 'Simia quam similis turpissima bestia vobis!'

"*Usus.*—An useless burthen to the earth.—

> 'Fruges consumere nati."

Having given this general description, the author proceeds to a particular account of several species of monks, and a few of these we shall in conclusion quote, recurring necessarily to the original tongue.

"*Monachus Benedictinus.*

"Monachus benedictinus: imberbis; Capite tonso, setoso, corolla lineari sulcato; Pedibus calceatis; Ano caligato: Veste nigra lanea, corpus totum & pedes circumambiente; Cucullo laxo, subrotundo, lato; Scapulari pendulo, plano, latitudine abdominis; Collari rigido, albo-emarginato; Cingulo lato laneo aut holosericeo; Pallio nigro descendente usque ad talos. Tegmentis internis plerumque nigris, indusio e manica, angustata ad radicem manus, prominulo.

"Habitus monachi Benedictini gracilis, incessus tardigradus, capite minus depresso.

"Clamat ter quaterve de die et media nocte, nonnunquam

primum ad cantum galli, sono profundo, tardo; & tum induitur tunica crispoplicata, lata, manicis largissimis; caput vero tegit bireto quadrangulari.

" Omnivorus; jejunat raro; hora quarta post meridiem sitit; & ad *haustum* convocatur; *Auri sacra fame* vexatur; nummos studiose conquerit, & in ærarium congerit. Nonnulli vegetant tantum, alii studiis delectantur, e. g. Congregatio Mauri in Gallia.

" Extra domum deponit cucullum* & scapulare cingulo ligat; caput contra aëris injurias pileolo cristato, & pileo biblicato tuetur.

" Fœmina caput velo, subtus albo, supra nigro, & frontem, genas, pectusque sudario albo abscondit.

" Varietates utriusque sexus infinitæ, in loco natali describendæ, ignotis veris characteribus.

" Habitat in collibus; *Colles Benedictus amabat.* Peregrinus in urbibus.

" Sequitur regulam Benedicti, patris monachismi in occidente."

The Dominican is less courteously handled, and it must be confessed, that it would do little credit to the feelings of our author, if he had not placed the merited stigma on the murderers of the innocent Albigenses, and the midnight torturers of the Inquisition.

" *Monachus Dominicanus.*

" Monachus Dominicanus: imberbis; Capite raso, corolla pilosa, lata, continua; Pedibus calceatis; Ano caligato; Tunica lanea textili alba, loro tres digitos lato, cincta; Cucullo versatili, versus cervicem gibboso, margine sinuato, ad apicem obtuse truncato; Appendice cuculli, seu scuto pectorali rotundato, dorsali acuminato, cum sutura longitudinali utrumque hoc scutum dividente; Manicis æqualibus latis, replicatis; Collari albo, quod vix apparet, cum potissimum mentum crassum & adeps nudæ cervicis in truncum corporis excurrat; In lucem prodiens pallio nigro laneo longo, cum cucullo scutoque pectorali & dorsali nigro, inferiorem album tegente, induitur. Tegmentis interioribus albis potissimum, manica interulæ stricta, infra latiorum prominente.

" Fratres laici, pallio destituti, cucullum & scapulare nigrum nunquam deponunt.

" Habitus monachi Dominicani hypocrita; incessus lascivus; facies perfida. Latrat media nocte, voce ingrata, rauca.

" *Eximio olfactu pollet, vinum & hæresin e longinquo odorat.* Esurit semper polyphagus. Juniores fame probantur. Veterani, relegata omni cura & occupatione, gulæ indulgent, cibis succulentis nutriuntur, molliter cubant, tepide quiescunt, somnum protrahunt, & ex suis diæta curant, ut esca omnis in adipem transeat, lardumque adipiscantur. Hinc abdomen prolixum passim præ se ferunt; senes

* Connectit ecclesiasticos cucullo destitutos cum monachis cucullatis; natura non agit per saltum.

ventricosi maximi æstimantur. Virginitatis sacræ osores in venerem volgivagam proni ruunt.

"Generi humano et sanæ rationi infestissima species, in cujus creatione non se jactavit auctor naturæ. Prædam e longinquo speculatur, et indicantibus aliis concurrit, eam nisu astuque adsequitur & in accensum rogum compellit; dum circumstans monachorum, sanguinem & mortem anhelantium, corona miseræ prædæ cruciatibus insultat, sibique ululatu horrendo et execrabili latratru applaudens, spolia inter se dividit. Crudelissimum omnium *inquisitorem* generalem dicunt, qui obtutu solo enecat. Pessimi in Hispania, Lusitania, & America meridionali. Sed nec nostrates veneno carent, lethales si in clima calidius transportentur. Versipelles, jam albo jam nigro colore vestitos, voluit natura, ut dubii omnes metuerentur ab omnibus; ne nimium sævirent, creator beneficus humano generi imperantes dedit, qui speciem hanc aut exterminent, aut excantationibus innocuam reddant.

"Monacha Dominicana præter velum nigrum & mores candidiores non differt a mare.

"Sequitur M. D. leges Dominici Hispani, qui primus in genus humanum, annuente summo pontifice, igne sæviit, & ne deessent, qui rabiem hanc exterminatricem propagarent, seculo 13tio ordinem instituit monachorum, igne & ferro doctrinam prædicantium.

"Simbolum speciei canis rabie perculsus, facem accensam præ se ferens, tormenta, rogum, mortemque minitans."

With regard to the Franciscan, we shall only quote the general summary of his character.

"Genuinus Francisci filius, & æternus, si fides habenda patri Franciscanorum, qui divino numine se afflatum putans, prædixit: interiturum prius genus humanum, quam hanc speciem; ne fors turbetur œconomia naturæ, cum, vel sublata unica cimicis specie, catena, qua creaturæ omnes cohærent rumperetur.

"Primum laborum Francisci socium porcum fuisse annales speciei narrant. Dubius enim Franciscus, qua ratione persuaderet Innocentio III. ut suam vivendi rationem approbet, suem vidit in luto se voluntantem, cujus exemplo tractus luto quoque se immersit; & derelicto comite lutosom sese summo sarcedoti ostendit; qui motus hac pietate legibus Francisci benedixit ad initium Sæculi 13ii. Ita *Sus Minervam.*"

The Trinitarian will be our next selection. In his observations on this variety, the author takes an opportunity of making no very candid reflection upon the objects of its institution.—The design of the founders of the order of Trinitarians, or Maturins as they are called in France, was to establish a fund for the redemption of captives from infidel powers during the wars with the Saracens; and though there may be some ground for supposing, that eventually the market which they created, directed the object of predatory warfare to slave-making rather

than plunder, it is impossible to deny the merit and utility of such institutions, at a time when religious enthusiasm was precipitating individuals into continual danger of that captivity, from which there could be no other hope of rescue, than what the charity of other individuals could afford. Abuse of such an order as this, is only another instance of the absurdity of blaming parts of an ancient system, without a comprehensive view of the whole; and of trying particular institutions, by principles adapted to a totally different state of society, from that in which they originated. We should not dismiss the Trinitarians, without reminding our countrymen, that the order owed its first establishment to two Englishmen, and that even at this day there exists a very large fund, left by some munificent spirit, for the same purpose, to the management of one of the London Companies, although the perusers of some late accounts of sufferers by shipwreck and captivity on the shores of the Sahara, will suspect that this bounty at present finds a less humane mode of appropriation.

"*Monachus Trinitarius.*

"Monachus Trinitarius, imberbis; Capite raso capillitio hemisphærico; Pedibus subcalceatis: Ano semitecto; Tunica pannea, alba, loro nigro, ad marginem scapularis prominulo, ligata; Cucullo laxo, albo, cum scuto pectorali brevi rotundato, dorsali vero longiori cuspidato. Scapulari stricto, tunica breviore, signato. Manicis æqualibus replicatis. Pallio fusco, femora versus demisso, cum cucullo fusco, cucullum album tunicæ absorbente. Scapulari & pallii latere sinistro cruce rubra et cærulea signatis; Indusio et prætexta lanea.

"Habitus monachi Trinitarii gravis; incessus properans; facies exotica. Clamat media nocte voce dissona, ingrata; domi ichtyophagus; extra septa monasterii, quamprimum aquam, sicco quamvis pede, transiit, polyphagus, intestinis animalium semper vescitur, & inde Gallis *mange trippes* audit. Carnem humanam appetit, nundinatione hominum occupatus. Europæos spoliat, prædamque piratis Africæ & Asiæ advehit, servos emturus. Ex oriente redux senectam, seu barbam, induit.

"Peregrinantium et nudinatorum more propria uxore caret—nisi fors in Hispaniæ æstuante climate—& aliena utitur. Maritus, cujus domum monachus Trinitarius subit, cornigeri cervi meminerit, qui patres speciei, Joannem de Matha et felicem a Valois, semper comitatur, omnesque imminentis periculi admonet. Patres hi, cervi hortatu, asseclas suos, utpote a reliquis monachis victu & moribus jam dissentientes, separarunt & in propriam speciem coegerunt, sæculo XII.

"Absoluta migratione hybernat in urbibus."

ART. VI. *Sethos, Histoire ou Vie, tirée des monumens anecdotes de L'Ancienne Egypte. Traduit d'un manuscrit Grec.* 3 *tomes*, 12*mo*. *Paris*, 1731.

The Life of Sethos, taken from Private Memoirs of the Ancient Egyptians. Translated from a Greek manuscript into French; and now faithfully done into English from the Paris edition. 2 *vol.* 8*vo*. 1732.

This Egyptian romance was written by the Abbé Terasson, in avowed imitation of *Telemachus* and *The Travels of Cyrus*. Gibbon justly characterised its author as a scholar and a philosopher, and the work itself as having more variety and originality than the former of these celebrated productions. A book so praised must be worth looking into, although no other point of comparison may be equally advantageous to it. The author's design was not merely to tell a tale and inculcate a moral, but to illustrate and recommend his favourite theory, that the mythological fables and sacred rites of Greece were all derived from Egyptian customs, and especially from the institutions and practices of the Egyptian priesthood. We have endeavoured to show how he pursues this object, in the brief epitome of the narrative which we now offer to our readers.

Although that miserable country, Egypt, may have for ages appeared as if given up to the dominion of devils, it was originally under the government of the gods. Seven of these reigned in succession, viz., "Vulcan, the Sun, Agathodemon, Osiris, Isis, and Typhon. By Vulcan, to whom they assign no beginning, their philosophers meant that elementary fire which is diffused every where. This same fire, reunited into one globe, is the Sun, the son of Vulcan. Agathodemon, defined by his very name, was their good genius or principle. Saturn, or Time, was the father of Osiris and Isis, brother and sister, husband and wife, the two sexes of nature. Typhon, their third brother, was always regarded by them as their evil principle. Horus was the son of Osiris and Isis, reason or human wisdom, and he began the reign of the demi-gods." Of these there were nine, of whom the last began the reign of men. "He was, indeed, looked upon but as a man in his life-time; but, after having ruled all Egypt alone by the name of Menes, he was, after his death, in consideration of his happy reign, numbered with the gods by the name of Jupiter. He had four sons—Thot or Mercury, Æsculapius, Athotes, and Curudes; of which the two first were, as well as himself, advanced to the skies. Menes, to render the succession to his states equal, divided Egypt into four kingdoms. Mercury reigned in Thebes,

Æsculapius at Memphis, Athotes at This, and Curudes at Tanis. This was the rise of the four great dynasties of Egypt, which were collateral or cotemporary for sixteen hundred years, to the time of the famous Sesostris, King of Thebes and conqueror of Asia." In spite of the supremacy which Sesostris naturally acquired over the other kings; the attempt of his descendant, Rameses, to incorporate all Egypt into one monarchy, and of the invasions of the shepherd kings, these states remained distinct and independent for three hundred years longer, when, about fifty years before the Trojan war, Sethos was born heir to the crown of Memphis, in very good time to be a hero at least, if not a demi-god. His mother, Nephte, was very wise and energetic, and his father, Osoroth, rather indolent and foolish; although it must be allowed that he showed some discretion in the choice of such a queen, and in confiding the reins of government to her hands. Business and anxiety soon caused the death of her majesty, to which melancholy event we are in some measure reconciled by the description which it serves to introduce of a royal Egyptian funeral. After the process of embalming, which is performed with such exquisite skill as to give the corpse all the ease, bloom, and freshness of life and health, a magnificent procession is formed, to conduct it to the labyrinths at the lake Mœris, the common receptacle of the sovereigns of Egypt. The deceased Queen, placed on a splendid car, decked with the insignia of her rank, profusely ornamented with flowers, preceded by joyous music, and surrounded with slaves in their festival habits, forms a striking contrast with the lugubrious appearance of the assembled thousands, amidst whose noisy lamentations she seems to sleep and smile. "This custom of the Egyptians was to signify, that, though the death of virtuous persons was a matter of sorrow to the surviving, it was to them the entrance into peace, a happiness and a triumph." On the borders of the lake the procession is stopped; for the rites of sepulture were not allowed indiscriminately even to monarchs, but depended on the favourable award of an incorruptible tribunal, composed of sixteen priests of the labyrinth, assisted by two judges, selected out of each of the ancient nomes. "The high priest who conducted the deceased having there made an harangue, the president of the tribunal gave leave to all the assistants to lay such charges against the deceased as they could prove. They then proceeded to judgment, by which the corpse was either sentenced to be delivered to their ferryman, whom they called Charon, or to be deprived of sepulture. This sentence passed by scrutiny, that is, by certain tickets, which the judges threw into that terrible urn, the very idea of which was powerful enough to keep the ancient kings within the bounds of justice." Nephte is honourably acquitted by this

august tribunal; and the chief officer of the second order of priests having touched her with the wand, of which the Grecian poets made Mercury's caduceus, she is received into the bark of Charon (not the classical shade of that name, but a real substantial Egyptian), who, being duly paid his fare, ferries her over to the labyrinth, of which the upper part was dedicated to the Sun, and the lower to the infernal deities, where she is finally deposited, and, in the conviction of her blessedness, the unfeigned lamentations for her death give place to demonstrations of extravagant joy. All is frolic and jollity. "All such as excelled in exercises of strength or ingenuity resorted thither in companies, and diverted the spectators with amusing sports on the land and upon the canal. Troops of satyrs and nymphs, an idea of whom the worship of the god Pan had cultivated in Egypt long before it passed into Greece, were seen sallying out of the thickets or rushing into the waters. The nights were more dazzling than the days, occasioned by the illuminations in the cities, which at a distance, and in the fields, made a more glorious appearance than in the cities themselves. Nor is it possible for painting to represent or words to express their lustre; especially on the banks of the lake Mœris, that sea of sweet water, the work of men's hands, which, according to our best authors, was one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, and where those illuminations were doubly represented by their reflections on the water. An infinite number of galleys, richly adorned, and illuminated like palaces, cruised from port to port, at the will of those who possessed them, sure always of meeting with some agreeable amusement, whichever way they directed their course. The prodigious concourse of people, the perpetual sound of musical instruments, and the frequent shouts of joy, left no room for complaint in this affluence of all manner of diversions, except it were for want of silence and sleep."

The young Sethos now enters on a course of public instruction, and we have a description of the "Theatre of the Arts and Sciences" at Memphis, founded on the very largest notions of the learning of the Egyptian priests. The Abbé leads us from the botanic garden to the library, through so many galleries, chymical, anatomical, mathematical, musical, &c., that, although an author's conscience is not soon touched on that score, he becomes rather alarmed at his own *lengthiness*, and charitably postpones a part to the end of the volume, as "une preuve et un exemple des égards que l'on a eus pour les lecteurs qui n'aiment pas de détails un peu longs." Mr. Lediard, however, by whom the work was, immediately on its publication, "faithfully done into English," and of whose doing we have availed ourselves in our extracts, unmercifully restores this supplementary matter to its original position. While the priests are

indoctrinating Sethos, Daluca, an artful woman, who had, even during the life of his late queen, gained some ascendancy over the pliable Osoroth, prevails on him to marry her, and intrust her with the administration of his affairs; a power which she abuses, in order to exclude Sethos from the succession, and secure it for one of her own sons. Her arts are counteracted by Amedes, a trusty counsellor of the former queen's, and the monitor of his child; although his rapidly growing wisdom soon renders that office a mere sinecure. Under his auspices, Sethos makes his first essay in heroism very successfully, upon a monstrous serpent. Although only sixteen, his extraordinary courage and prudence qualify him, in the opinion of his instructor, for the severe trials of the *initiation*, about which, therefore, as direct persuasion was strictly forbidden, he manages to excite his curiosity, and then guides him to the spot where it may be gratified. The secrets of this freemasonry of antiquity were well kept, and conjecture surrounded them with appalling circumstances.

"Some were of opinion they were to descend alive into hell, and not to return without the most frightful labours. Others imagined that all the initiates submitted to a real death; and, though they saw them afterwards risen again, they feared the agonies. They also knew that some, who were esteemed men of singular valour, never returned at all." Still, "as the initiates were in extraordinary repute among the people for the great virtues they had given proofs of, and especially for the incorruptible justice which was their characteristic; as they were respected by the kings themselves, who looked upon them not only as men intrepid in battle, but as the most experienced ministers they could be served with, and often as mediators between them and the priests, whose influence they were sometimes afraid of; and as nothing could be more agreeable to a private person than to enjoy almost all the privileges of the priesthood, without being tied down to their subjections and disciplines, there were always some who had resolution enough to expose themselves to any dangers for the sake of the initiation."

We shall now show how our author has filled up the outline, which is furnished by the hints of the ancients, of the ceremonies on this occasion. At night, Sethos is conducted by Amedes into the interior of the pyramid of Cheops (which by subterranean passages communicated with the great temple of Isis at Memphis), till they arrive at a well, which, after descending for some time by concealed steps in its side, they quit for a long passage hollowed in the rock, and terminated by a gateway, where the guide must leave the noviciate to pursue his course alone, which required some courage after reading the following inscription over it:—

"Whoever goes through this passage alone, and without looking behind him, shall be purified by fire, by water, and by air; and, if he can vanquish the fears of death, he shall return from the bowels of the earth, he shall see light again, and he shall be entitled to the privilege of preparing his mind for the revelation of the mysteries of the great goddess Isis."

"The first matter of astonishment to those who persisted in their design was the length of the way, for they were obliged to walk more than a league in this subterranean passage without seeing any thing new. At last they observed in the wall on the right hand, or on the south side, a small iron door shut, and two paces beyond it three men having helmets on, upon which was the head of Anubis. This gave occasion to Orpheus to make of these three men the three heads of the dog Cerberus, which admitted persons into hell, but suffered none to come out again. One of these three men said to the candidate, 'We are not posted here to stop your passage: go on, if the gods have given you the courage; but, if you be so unfortunate as to return, we shall then stop your passage. As yet, you may go back; but from this moment you will never get out of this place, unless you go on without turning or looking back.' If the candidate was not shocked at these words he was suffered to pass, and the three men followed him at a distance. A moment afterwards the candidate perceived, at the end of this passage, the light of a very white but lively flame, just kindled. Sethos mended his pace to come at it. At the end of this passage was a vaulted room, of above one hundred feet square. At the entrance into it were, on the right and on the left, two piles of wood, or rather pales of wood planted in the ground upright, and very near to one another, twined about like vines, with branches of Arabian palm, Egyptian thorn, and tamarinds—three sorts of wood very pliant, fragrant, and combustible. The smoke went out through long pipes made for that purpose; but this flame, which easily reached to the top of the vault, and bore down again in waves, gave the space it possessed all the resemblance of a burning furnace. But, what was yet more terrible, Sethos observed upon the ground, between the two piles, a grate of red-hot iron, eight feet broad and thirty feet long. This grate was formed of bars, which were so close to one another, that there was only room for a man to set one foot between them. He perceived there was no other passage but this, and he went through it with as much agility as circumspection. Sethos, having, with joy, passed this trial, saw at some paces distant a canal of more than fifty feet broad, which came in on one side of this subterraneous room through grates of iron, and went out again in the same manner on the other side. This canal, which came out of the Nile, before it entered through the grates made a great noise, as of a waterfall, which Sethos mistook for the noise of the flames he had just escaped. By the light of these flames, though they were considerably lowered, he perceived on the other side of the canal an arch, in the inside of which were steps, the highest whereof were involved in darkness. Sethos imagined there was the gate through which he was to pass into the open air, and the rather because the passage was marked out in the canal by two bal-

lustrades of iron, which arose from the bottom of the water, on the right and on the left. Being apprehensive that the light of the flames might fail him before he reached the other side, he made use of one of the firebrands to light up his lamp, which the rarefaction of the air had extinguished amidst the flames. He undressed himself, put his clothes upon his head, and tied them with a girdle, which passed under his arms, across his breast. In this manner he swam across the canal, holding his lamp burning in one hand. He quickly got his clothes on again, and, ascending the steps of the arch which was before him, he came to a landing-place six feet long and three broad. The bottom was a draw-bridge, which hung by very strong irons to rings fastened to the uppermost step of the arch; so that this draw-bridge seemed to be let down to receive him. The walls on each side of him were of brass, and served as supporters for the naves of two great wheels, of the same metal; one on the right, and the other on the left. The lower half of them went down behind the walls; and on the upper parts, which were in sight, lay a great iron chain. The top or roof of the landing-place discovered, at the height of fifteen feet, three dark concavities, which resembled the inside of three large hollow statues, looked into from below. Before him was a door covered all over with the whitest ivory, adorned in the middle with two mouldings of gold; which showed that this door, that had no scutcheons on the outside, opened inwards with two leaves. Sethos, having set his lamp on the floor, tried twice or thrice in vain to push open this door, which had resisted the force of much stronger men than he: but to the lintel of the door which was raised about seven feet above the threshold, and to which the ends of the draw-bridge seemed to be suspended by two strong chains, were fastened two great rings of polished steel, which by the light of the lamp, shone like the finest diamond. The candidate could not avoid laying hold of them, to try if by this means he might open the door: and here began his last trial, the most difficult for an astonished imagination; for the very first motion which he gave to these rings raised the triggers of the two wheels, which, being turned by a prodigious weight hanging to their chains, produced several very frightful effects. The draw-bridge began to raise itself at that end which was nearest the door; so that the candidate was obliged either to recover the steps, and so turn back again, contrary to the law prescribed him, or to hold fast by the rings: but the very lintel of the door was likewise raised up, with the candidate hanging at it. The lamp, which slid upon the draw-bridge, was soon overset, and left him in the dark, in the midst of a horrid noise made by the two wheels; such, that the most courageous would hardly forbear thinking that a hundred machines of iron and brass were breaking in pieces about his ears. This motion, which lasted almost a minute, raised the candidate to the height of a quarter of a circle: but lest the lintel, which was then loosened from the great wheels, might fall again with too great violence, being borne downwards by its own weight and that of the candidate, it was fastened with ropes, which went through several pulleys, to another wheel, made up of flies or fanes of iron plates, which broke the fall, and prevented the candidate from being hurt.

But at the same time this wheel, which was placed opposite to him in a large open place above the ivory doors, by its motion made him feel a violent agitation of the air. The candidate being in this manner let down again to the place from whence the machine had lifted him up, the two leaves of the ivory door opened by the motion of the lowermost trigger, and presented to his view a place where it was broad day, or, if in the night-time, was illuminated with lamps, which caused a light equal to it."

When Sethos thus emerged from what was in fact the hollow pedestal of the triple statue of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, he was received by the high priest, who administers to him the waters of forgetfulness and the draught of Mnemosyne, and then solemnly consecrates him to the great goddess of the Egyptians. After this his mental trials commence, which last fourscore and one days, during which he is obliged to observe a fast, in different degrees of austerity. This probation is described as severe enough; but in all its varieties, in solitude or society, in observing an enjoined silence or answering proposed questions, Sethos acquits himself to admiration. He is then instructed in the esoteric doctrines, and taught that there is but one First Cause; though "to comply with the frailty of mankind, they were allowed to adore the different attributes of his essence, and the different effects of his goodness, under the symbols of the stars, as the sun and the planets; of renowned personages, as Osiris, Jupiter, Mercury; and even of terrestrial bodies, as animals and plants;" and the physical and historical origins of these secondary deities are explained to him. At length his curiosity is fully satisfied by a discovery of the sacred mysteries of the Egyptian priesthood; and, after a tremendous oath of secresy, he visits their subterraneous mansions, gardens, and temples, or, in classical language, descends into hell. Here he beholds the original Tartarus, where a mortal Sisyphus rolled his stone, living Danaïdes drew water, and vultures gnawed the heart of the Prometheus who had divulged their secrets. Here too he walked in Elysian fields, open to the day, but on which their depth made the light fall weak and softened, while the lofty wall that fenced the opening above seemed to support the heavens on its entablature. And here was the Pantheon of Egypt, where the priests and initiates performed their holiest ceremonies. The induction being now complete, the new initiate is exhibited in a public procession through the city, in which is borne in state the tabernacle of Isis, "a large coffer, covered with a veil of white silk, embroidered with hieroglyphics in gold, over which was a black gauze, to signify the secret of the mysteries of the goddess." Priestesses dance before it, and the smoke of perfumes envelopes it in a cloud of incense.

The measures of Daluca having involved Memphis in a war

with the kingdoms of Thebes and This, Sethos commences his military career very brilliantly, by the assistance which he renders to the governor of Coptos, to which the enemy had laid siege. By his own ardent valour, and the treachery of the Memphian general, who was a creature of the queen's, he is placed in a situation of extreme peril, left for dead on the field of battle, and revives to find himself the prisoner of some Ethiopian soldiers. Resolving to consult his safety and seek for glory, by leaving Memphis and Egypt for awhile, he conceals his rank, takes the name of Cheres, and is sold at the nearest port for a slave to some Phœnicians, who present him to Astartus, the commander of an expedition fitted out to relieve the Phœnician colony at Taprobane (Ceylon) from the attacks of the native sovereigns, who menaced its destruction. His exhaustless knowledge and consummate wisdom soon made him the friend rather than the slave of Astartus, whom he conducts, by his counsels and valour, first to a complete victory over the Taprobane fleet, and then to an honourable and advantageous accommodation. Having thus won the gratitude and confidence of both parties, who are emulous of recompensing him, he seizes the opportunity to gratify a long-cherished desire of verifying the geographical discoveries, or speculations, of some Egyptian priests, by sailing along the eastern coast of Africa, practically refuting the prejudice that the torrid zone was a barrier of separation between the two hemispheres divided by the equinoctial line, doubling the Cape, and returning to Egypt by the pillars of Hercules. The kings of Taprobane and the Phœnician commander join to fit out a fleet for him, leaving his impartiality to assign their proportion of the spoils of the expedition, and he departs on his voyage of discovery, conquest, and civilization, in which he becomes acquainted with much more of Africa than the ancients ever knew; founds very flourishing colonies, which perished before any historian told their tale; and introduces amongst the natives many radical reforms of church and state, which might be beneficially applied to their present laws and practices. In Guinea he finds a horrible corruption of the mysteries, in which the initiates were brutally tortured, and not recompensed by any secret worth knowing. The priests "led them into a grove, where they furrowed their bodies with sharp stones, or with scourges of cord, which made the blood flow from every part, and left scars never to be effaced. They were next obliged to undergo horrid fasts, of which some of the first were for three whole days, in which they were not allowed the least food or drink. The priests' wives made the females undergo pretty nearly the same: but whereas the young men were obliged to suffer all their trials with a steady and even countenance, the maidens were allowed to make wry faces and contor-

tions, provided they did not cry out." These rites were brought back, by his interference, to the standard of Egyptian orthodoxy. His discoveries end with a visit to the Hesperides, the Utopia of the work, where all was simplicity, peace, and enjoyment; where their cattle and their fruits were so beautiful as to occasion the fable of the golden fleece and the golden apples; where the public purse paid all the bills of strangers; where every citizen in his turn feasted with his sovereign; where the priests were not, as they had been in former and less happy times, "too holy;" where the laws made people play when they were not at work, and appointed magistrates to superintend their public merriment, "that the citizens, being unemployed, might not give themselves up to slandering one another, or censuring the government;" where the wife of the king was not queen; and where nobody studied politics, because there was no occasion. Our hero soon leaves this highly-favoured country, to become the deliverer of Carthage from an unjust, but successful, invasion; and, having rendered the name of Cheres sufficiently illustrious, he begins to think of resuming that of Sethos, when he finds it already occupied by an adventurer, formerly his slave, who by its aid had raised an army of Arabians, and invaded Egypt, for the purpose of placing himself on the throne of Memphis. Without discovering himself, Sethos repulses this attack, and takes his counterfeit prisoner, for which public benefit the four kings confer on him the title of Conservator of Egypt, and General of the Egyptian forces in foreign wars, and the King of Tanis offers him his daughter's hand. He now hastens to Memphis, and re-appears in his own character; Daluca, whose sons proved too virtuous to enter into her plans, poisons herself in despair, and Osoroth resigns to him the crown. But the King of Tanis is so careful of the independence of his kingdom, that he had resolved never to marry his daughter to a monarch, or the heir to a crown; a resolution of which unfortunately the disguised Sethos was ignorant till he had become deeply enamoured of the princess. This resolution compels him to sacrifice either the hand of the lady or the sovereignty of Memphis; while the jealousy of the other kings of Egypt makes his possession of either inconsistent with his new and glorious office of Conservator. Patriotism is completely triumphant; the sons of his step-mother had shown themselves worthy of his esteem, and, having bestowed his kingdom on one brother, and his mistress on the other, he retires to the college of priests, and devotes himself to the general good of Egypt.

The tale is needlessly complicated by the introduction of an Alexandrian Greek of the second century as its author, and of the *Egyptian Anecdotes* (probably written by the priests who accompanied Sethos) as his authority. We like not such go-

betweens. It is well if a writer can manage his hero so as to excite and keep alive our sympathies, without incumbering himself with an intermediate biographer. The contrivance required more dramatic power than the Abbé Terasson possessed; and those who have it may use it in a thousand ways more interesting to their readers. Matthews playing *Macheath* in the manner of Incledon was a much easier and pleasanter thing than a Frenchman telling an Egyptian tale in the character of a Greek. Even when such imitations are most successful, they do not blend well with the legitimate enjoyment of romance or drama. The more deeply we are affected by a tale, the less we think of the narrator. It is quite enough that in *Sethos* we are so often reminded of the Abbé himself; the additional intrusion of the Greek is intolerable. Indeed the latter seems to be aware that we have no very strong impression of his share in the work before us, and so he deems it necessary to make himself seen and heard. All at once, when nobody could be further from our thoughts, he bustles in, with his *Egyptian Anecdotes* under his arm, to tell us something about our good Emperor Aurelius, or the present state of the arts amongst us Greeks; as if he were imitating the reasoning of Descartes, and, by speaking, demonstrating his existence. His impertinent fit does not last long, however; he makes his remarks, and then makes his exit: Sethos reappears, and we forget him. Not so the Abbé: he is much more visible than he intended. Nobody but a Frenchman could, or would, have given so much the air of "la bonne compagnie" to the Memphian court. The description of the Egyptian assemblies is quite enchanting. He says, in his dedication of the work to Madame la Comtesse de ——, "les personnes choisies, qui ont l'avantage de fréquenter votre maison, y reconnoîtront aisément votre caratère;" and she might safely believe him. Who else would have aggravated the severity of the initiatory trials by the agency of the wives and daughters of the priests? In three several ways was Sethos afflicted by these amiable ladies during his noviciate. At first, when he met them in the gardens and galleries of the temple, he was prohibited taking any notice of them, however intimate they might have been at court; "and what will appear, without doubt, mortifying to well-bred gentlemen, these ladies, who were most of them of singular beauty, never passed by him without paying him their respect, and he was not suffered to make the least show of a return." His fortitude was next tried by their ceasing to notice him: and at last, when the restriction is removed from his own politeness, it is transferred to theirs, and to all his bows and civil speeches they are dumb and motionless. "This was the unkindest cut of all." Sethos is French in his diplomacy, and has no scruples about performing something like the *ko-tou* to the King of Congo.

His Phœnician colleagues remonstrated on behalf of "the dignity of their kings, and even that of their own persons, which they esteemed far preferable to all the species of animals they had met with in Africa;" but on his assuring them that "the true honour of an embassy was to succeed in the business proposed, and disputes about precedency ought never to be a hinderance to a design which is really advantageous," they submitted, and made the required prostrations to a half-naked savage. All this, and much more of the same sort (besides the confirmatory references to classical authors, which are really valuable), make the Frenchman share our attention with the Egyptian, and render the inartificial obtrusion of the Greek very annoying. The author, like many others, adopted this expedient, to give an air of authenticity to the narrative. The execution must be excellent indeed, not to produce an opposite effect; and, even when most excellent, it is superfluous. The novelist, who can interest us in the scenes, persons, and transactions, which he invents or describes, needs no better claim upon all the credence which the nature of his work requires. We resign ourselves to his dictation with implicit faith. He is the creator of his heroes; and, as to them, omnipotent and omniscient. He knows their motives, and decides their destiny. Antiquity of time or distance of country are nothing to him: his power is as plenary as ever was claimed by the holy father, and we devoutly rely on his infallibility. We believe as firmly in Isaac the Jew as if he had lent us money upon bond; we have no more doubt of the excellence of Parson Adams' sermon on vanity than if we had actually heard it; the autograph of the Judge's minutes would nothing increase our knowledge of Mac Ivor's trial; nor have we the least occasion for extracts from the parish registers to certify us of the births, marriages, or deaths, of any of the natural children of the Deucalions, who have peopled the world of fancy. They are magicians, whose wand is as much the type of absolute sway as the conqueror's sword or despot's sceptre. We should as soon think of asking the Autocrat of the North for his title-deeds as of calling on them to produce their verifying documents, and bring their witnesses into court. There is also another kind of evidence, which renders needless the contrivance in question—our personal knowledge of the heroes and heroines, with their friends, enemies, attendants, &c., of all real masters of their art. They have a substantial and permanent existence in our minds. We have the evidence not only of faith, but of sight. We have seen the noble-minded Don, with Mambrino's helmet on his head, glittering in the sunshine; and ourselves fished up a pullet or so from the mighty kettle at Camacho's wedding. We have revelled many a night at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap,

and walked home by the light of Bardolph's nose. We have had our fortunes told by Meg Merrilies, and have given alms to Edie Ochiltrie. These wondrous creatures are become independant of their creators: they were formed, but cannot be annihilated. We know them as well as he that made them: seldom a day passes without our having intercourse with some of them. A certificate of their existence is as wanton a waste of words to us as would be a proof of that of our brothers and sisters, of our debtors and creditors, of radicals and tax-gatherers. Had Sethos been of their kindred, the French translator need not have referred to his Greek author, nor the Greek author to his *Egyptian Anecdotes:* one touch of nature would have done the business more effectually. But while our author was well qualified to imitate and rival Fenelon in whatever depended on learning and ingenuity, and is not behind his master in a pure and elevated tone of morals, there are two charms in *Telemachus,* of which he knew nothing—feeling and imagination.

A specimen is afforded by our extracts of the manner in which the author expounds the mythology and mysteries of antiquity. He pursues a similar course through a very extensive range of poetic fable. All, according to him, originated in facts, and those frequently not of the most heroic or imposing description. The Hesperian dragon was a winding river; the mother earth of Antæus, whose touch gave him strength, was his own dominions, in which his army was easily recruited after a defeat; the suffering giant Tityus, was the nine-acre "field of tears," which served as a sacerdotal penitentiary at Memphis; iniatory trials and funeral ceremonies were the tangible reality of all the fearful and glorious visions of poesy; the crowned shades, that held their high conclave on Olympus, become as fleshly as the ghosts of the theatre; and we are prepared to admit that Pluto was only a clever undertaker; Mercury, perhaps, a king's messenger; and Iris a pretty milliner. This is turning the wrong end of the telescope to the eye. His theory is the reverse of the philosopher's stone; it transmutes all the gold of antique song into lead. We must correct the Iliad by a gazette account of the Siege of Troy, with authentic returns of the killed and wounded; and read the descent of Æneas into hell, with a plan of the cellars of the temple in which it was performed, accompanied by a scale of feet and inches, and certified by the surveyor's report or builder's receipt. Of all theories, this, surely, is the worst; the most fatal to our enjoyment of the sweet sounds which float to us down the stream of ages. Much rather would we, with Bacon, trace in them hidden truths of sublime philosophy or inspired doctrine; with Bryant, deem them memorials of that dread catastrophe which made shipwreck of the world; with Warburton, assign

them to legislative invention consecrating the designs of patriotism to religious reverence; or with Gibbon, make speculation only the handmaid of taste, care little about the distant and undiscoverable source of the waters which refresh us, and say that "far better 'tis to bless the sun, than reason why he shines." Nor has this theory more pretension to truth than to beauty. If the Greeks themselves were not indigenous, much of their mythology and poetry was. The faculty of invention never rusted in their hands for lack of use. Their home manufactory was far too good for them to depend upon importation. And meanly should we think of Egyptian wisdom not to assign some higher origin to the legends, which that mother of nations taught her rising children, than is here indicated. Historical fact was doubtless often sublimated into heroic fable; but the philosophy of the heavens, of nature, of man, contributed, also, to the mythological treasure; and imagination stamped its own glorious form upon the whole, and bade it pass current through the world.

Yet is *Sethos*, with all its defects, a monument of learning, industry, and ingenuity, which cannot be contemplated without gratification. It was published before the *Divine Legation of Moses*, and disproves the vaunted originality of the mighty theologian, in his dissertation on the mysteries and interpretation of the sixth book of the *Æneid*. His ardent love and liberal use of the historians, poets, orators, and philosophers of Greece and Rome, cannot but recommend him. We may dissent from the arrangement, but the materials look well any way, and he has employed them unsparingly. "Whatever may be the fortune of the chace, we are sure it leads us through pleasant prospects and a fine country." He has formed them into fantastic constellations, but still there are the stars, whose light always gladdens us. We may wish he had not broken it to pieces, in order to re-arrange its colours, but yet we can walk pleasantly amid "atoms of the rainbow fluttering round." A curious theory, acutely and learnedly supported, repays the trouble of wiping the dust off his three little volumes; besides that they contain very much less questionable and highly interesting matter, illustrative of Egyptian and Phœnician manners, government, and religion.

Who thinks not with interest and with reverence of Egypt? that theatre of strange vicissitude, whose very name suggests the discordant recollection of all that most elevates and most degrades our nature; that nation of sages, and of savages; the source of philosophic illumination, and the sink of barbarous ignorance; the mistress of the mightiest and the tributary of the meanest; earth's palace of splendour, and her hospital of wretchedness;—who would not delight in a well-told tale, which might

combine whatever can be gleaned of the mysterious science of her priests, the gorgeous pomp of her monarchs, the customs and superstitions of her inhabitants, and all that constituted her primeval greatness, with what belongs to man in all times and countries, and must be found in any work that can permanently command his attention?—Such a tale *Sethos* certainly is not; but it contains materials "rich and rare," and of boundless variety, from which such a tale might be framed. It is the discovery and description of a noble country: but nothing more. Would that some bold adventurer would steer for this "unploughed, untrodden shore," and subject it to the despotism of genius. We suggest the enterprise, although, should it be ever so successful, we may neither reward nor partake the triumph, for our habitation is among the tombs: but the retrospectives of a future generation should adorn his bust with their brightest laurels.

ART. VII. *The Araynment of Paris, a Pastorall. Presented before the Queene's Majestie, by the Children of her Chappell. Imprinted at London, by* Henrie Marsh, 1584, 4*to.*

The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his Returne from the Holy Land. Also the Life of Lluellen, Rebell in Wales. Lastly, the Sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing Cross and rose again at Pottershith, now named Queenhith. London, 1593, 4*to.*

The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Peeres of France. As it was plaid before the Queene's Majestie. 4*to. London,* 1594.

Sixe Court Comedies. Often presented and acted before Queene Elizabeth, by the Children of her Majestie's Chappel and the Children of Paule's. Written by the only rare poet of that time, the wittie, comical, facetiously-quick, and unparalleled John Lilly, *Master of Arts.*

Decies repetita placebunt.

London, printed by William Stansby, *for* Edward Blunt, 1632, 12*mo.*

We are glad to meet our readers once more on dramatic ground. It will be recollected that we have, in our preceding numbers, given a hasty sketch of the rise and progress of the English drama, from those very curious old compositions *The*

Chester Mysteries, to the time of George Peele and Robert Greene, illustrated with such quotations as were characteristic of the writers or of the times, or distinguished for their poetical excellence. We propose, in the present article, to continue the inquiry, taking for our subject the age of the last-named authors—an age as remarkable for the peculiarities of its dramatic productions, as for the manners and habits of the writers of them. Greene, Peele, Nash, and Marlowe, formed a choice band of scholars and poets; and if some of the stories told of Greene, or the small pamphlet entitled *The merrie, conceited jests of George Peele*, may be relied on, the two former, at least, were as nimble-witted in bilking mine host and shirking a tavern bill, as they were quick in their compositions and joyous in their lives. They were careless of every thing, but "to have a spell in their purses to conjure up a good cup of wine with, at all times." Their money, however, was of the true quicksilver kind, sliding through their fingers almost at the very instant it blessed their palms. Many a tavern in London and its neighbourhood could testify its fugitive qualities and their jovial meetings—their merry jests and mad pranks. They made wine the whetstone of their minds, and as it went round wit flashed out in sparkling coruscations, as if

> "All their lives should gilded be
> With mirth, and wit, and gaiety."

High fellows were they, and as poor as they were proud, bold, pleasant, and resolute. Poverty, indeed, griped them sometimes with a wintry shake of the hand, although it could not paralyse their minds. Nash, in his *Pierce Penilesse, his supplication to the Divell*, gives a very feeling account of his own struggles with this rugged acquaintance.

"Having," he says, "spent many years in studying how to live and liv'de a long time without money; having tired my youth with follie, and surfetted my mind with vanitie, I began, at length, to looke backe to repentance, and addreste my endeavors to prosperitie: but all in vaine, I sate up late and rose early, contended with colde and conversed with scarcitie: for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded or slightly rewarded, and I myselfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie."

The generic character of the dramatic poetry of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, is the same, and is referable to the same causes. What these causes were, is a matter of nice and curious speculation. The proprieties and beauties of the drama were unknown to their predecessors, who were content to narrate dry facts without embellishment and without feeling. With the ex-

ception of *Gorboduc*, which was not likely to excite to imitation men who considered poetry "the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrowe of all wittes, and the very phrase of angels," there was nothing in the English language like a regular tragedy. Having no models, therefore, before them, except the compositions of classical antiquity, which were not applicable to the species of writing most interesting to the general taste of the age, they were restrained by no apprehension of offending the feelings of their auditors—on the contrary, it was necessary that the dramatist "should compose his parts after the vulgar form—be new with men's new affections: he must not counter-course out from the scent of those humours the times approved."

Disgusted with the feeble and imperfect attempts of the tragic muse, they thought they could not make a flight too far beyond them. The imagination had been locked up, until, by a lucky experiment, the secret spring was discovered, and, at the very first touch, it burst out of its prison and became intoxicated with its new acquired liberty. The irradiation which streamed forth, like the flash of the lightning, converted the brain from sober reality to high-toned insanity. As the Indian mistook a watch for a god, did they mistake madness for inspiration, and the precincts of Bedlam* for the court of Apollo and the Muses. They seized the lyre of Melpomene, and, being ravished with the delightful tone which emanated from it, they swept the strings with wild ecstatic haste, and produced a strange, original, and unnatural air. Intimately connected with the stage, and some of them actors, they were very likely to be infected with the turgid demeanour and mock dignity of Blackfriars or the Globe; and, although, in a more advanced state of the dramatic art, the affections and sufferings of natural humanity, instead of the fantastic tricks of stilted braggadocios, would be necessary to excite any deep sympathy, yet the very ricketyness and rampant gestures of infant tragedy were calculated to rouse the astonishment and admiration of unripe judgments. The natural course of the authors was to cross over rather than fall short of the boundaries of propriety and truth.

Their individual characters, too, had no small influence on their writings. Sack and claret were the inspirers of their imaginations, and the tavern the hot bed of their poetry—and, in such a state of excitement, they sat down for the purpose of supplying the next night's revel. It is said of Greene, by one of his confraternity, "in a night and a day would he have yarkt up a pamphlet as well as in seven years, and glad was the printer

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* Greene was buried in the church-yard near this place.

that he might be so blest as to pay his dear for the very dregs of his wit." They wrote not for fame but bread, and of the former they were as careless, as of their wit and purses they were prodigal.

That the strange insanity of their poetry did not originate from the poverty, but from the superabundance of their imagination, will be manifest to all who read their plays. Brilliant images and poetic expressions are profusely scattered throughout them, but they are frequently out of place—they are good in themselves, but become extravagant and absurd by their application or juxta-position. Their minds appear like a spring, the serenity of whose service has been broken, and which reflects the surrounding country in a loose, disjointed, and confused landscape, where trees, hills, and sky, are commixed in gay disorder. There is in these authors, and more particularly in Peele, an accumulation of ornament, and a gorgeousness of diction approaching to oriental exuberance. But these seem partly the result of design, and partly of the haste with which some of their dramas were undoubtedly written, rather than of a vitiated taste. For that they could write better is obvious from insulated passages in their plays, and from the lyrical poems of both Greene and Marlowe, some of which are composed with uncommon harmony of numbers and felicity of expression. Of these three authors, Greene is, we think, inferior, in point of dramatic skill and power, to Peele; and Marlowe, whose works will form the subject of a future article, infinitely superior to both.

There is, in Peele's dramas, a voluptuousness of imagery, a pomp and stateliness of style, with a richness and amenity of versification, which distinguishes them from those of Greene and every other author, as will be observed from his *David and Bethsabe*, from which we made copious extracts in the first article on this subject, and, in a less degree, perhaps, in the *Arayn-ment of Paris*, which we are about to notice.*

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* There seems to be a very considerable difference of opinion as to Peele's merits, but it is somewhat extraordinary, that Dr. Drake should place him a degree below mediocrity. On the other hand, Mr. Campbell describes his *David and Bethsabe* as the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry, and he quotes the same passage from it, in terms of praise, as Mr. Charles Lamb has given in his dramatic specimens, and to which he has subjoined in a note, "there is more of the same stuff, but I suppose the reader has a surfeit." Our readers will be able, from the extracts we have given from this drama and from those which occur in the present article, to form their own judgment of the merits of Peele.

The chief defect of Greene is a want of circumstance—he is ignorant of the winding passages which lead to the portals of passion—of those repeated strokes which mark the progression of emotion, and in the end produce a pathetic effect. We do not find in him any of those casual expressions which escape from the bitterness of the soul—any of those slight indications of the storm within, more effective than a cento of extravagant hyperboles. There is spirit enough to produce effervescence, but it rises into bombast or sinks into flatness. These remarks are, of course, made with reference to his dramatic works, not to the capabilities of his mind, which was quick and inventive. In addition to his plays, he was the author of a great variety of works—some of a satirical description which manifest great power of wit and humour; and his paltry novel, as it has been termed, of *Dorastus and Faunia*, on which, as is well known, Shakspeare founded his *Winter's Tale*, is an interesting and well related story. Indeed, if his novels had not possessed merit of some kind, they would hardly have obtained the popularity they undoubtedly enjoyed. For that they were bought up with eagerness and read with admiration, appears not only from the authority of Nash before quoted, but even from the testimony of his coward enemy Gabriel Harvey, in the foul and disgusting four letters, which he published against Greene after his death. After saying that not only the fine comedies of the daintiest attic wit were become stale, he proceeds; "even Guicciardini's silver historie, and Ariosto's golden cantoes, grow out of request, and the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia* is not *greene* enough for queasie stomackes, but they must have Greene's *Arcadia*, and I believed most eagerly longed for Greene's *Faerie Queene*." And we learn from Sir Thomas Overbury, that he was popular amongst one class of females; for that author, in his Character of a Chambermaid, tells us she reads Greene's works over and over.

The first production which we shall now introduce to our readers, is Peele's *Araynment of Paris*, a pastoral, on the mythological story of the golden apple to be awarded, by Paris, to the most beautiful of the three goddesses, Juno, Venus, and Minerva. This, as well as the other dramas of Peele (with the exception of *David and Bethsabe*, which was reprinted in Hawkins's collection) is of excessive rarity. From this pastoral we will make a few extracts, selecting, as we generally do, the most favourable specimens; which, of course, chiefly illustrate the eulogistic portion of our criticisms. The *Araynment of Paris* is written in a variety of measures, partly in rhyme, and partly in verse, and is not divided into acts.

In the preparation of the festival in honour of Diana, Flora

is introduced as taking a conspicuous part in the decoration of the sylvan scene; of which, she gives a description in a sweet vein of poetry.

" *Flor.* Not Iris in her pride and braverie,
Adornes her arche with such varietie:
Nor doth the milke-white way in frostie night,
Appeare so faire and beautiful in sight:
As done these fieldes, and groves, and sweeter bowres,
Bestrew'd and deckt with partie-collor'd flowres.
Alonge the bubling brookes and silver glyde,
That at the bottome doth in sylence slyde,
The waterie flowres and lillies on the bankes,
Like blazing comets burgen all in rankes:
Under the hawthorne and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primerose and the purple hyacinthe,
The dayntie violet and the holsome minthe.
The double daisie, and the couslip, queene
Of sommer flowres, do overpeere the greene:
And rounde about the valley as ye passe,
Ye may ne see, for peeping floures, the grasse:
That well the mighty Juno and the reste,
May boldly thinke to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills, when to approve this thing,
The queene of flowres prepares a second spring.
Sil. Thou gentle nymphe, what thankes shall we repaie
To thee, that makest our fields and woodes so gaie?
Flor. Silvanus, when it is thy hap to see
My workemanship, in portraying all the three,
First, stately Juno, with her porte and grace,
Her robes, her lawnes, her crownet, and her mace:
Would make thee muse this picture to beholde,
Of yellow ox lips bright as burnisht golde.
Pom. A rare device, and Flora, well perdie,
Did paint her yellow for her jellozie.
Flor. Pallas in flow'rs, of hue and collours red,
Her plumes, her helme, her launce, her Gorgon's head,
Her trayling tresses that hang flaringe rounde,
Of Julie-flowers so graffed in the grounde,
That trust me, sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.
Pom. Good Flora, by my flocke 'twere verie goode,
To dight her all in red resembling blood.
Flor. Faire Venus of sweete violetts in blue,
With other flow'rs infixt for chaunge of hue,

Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her ringes,
Her daintie fan and twentie other thinges:
Her lustie mantle wavinge in the winde,
And everie parte in collour and in kinde:
And for her wreath of roses she nil dare,
With Flora's cunning counterfet compare.
So that what living wight shall chaunce to see
These goddesses, eche placed in her degree,
Portray'd by Flora's workmanshipe alone,
Must say that arte and nature met in one.

Sil. A daintie draught to lay her downe in blue,
The collour commonly betokeneth true.

Flor. This peece of worke compact with many a flow'r,
And well layde in at entrance of the bow'r,
Where Phœbe meanes to make this meetinge royall,
Have I prepared to welcome them withall.

Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora saye:
That wee maye wende to meet them on the waye.

Flor. That shall not neede: they are at hand by this,
And the conductour of the traine, hight Rhanis.
Juno hath left her chariot long agoe,
And hath return'd her peacocks by her rainebowe.
And bravelie, as becomes the wife of Jove,
Doth honour, by her presence, to our grove.
Fair Venus, she hath let her sparrowes flie
To tende on her and make her melodie:
Her turtles and her swannes unyoked bee,
And flicker neere her side for companie.
Pallas hath set her tygers loose to feede,
Commanding them to waite when she hath neede.
And hitherward with proude and statelie pace
To doe us honour in the silvan chase,
They marche like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno the wife and sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Quieene of Love.

Pom. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherdes sing,
Shall never age forget this memorable thing.

Flor. Clio, the sagest of the sisters nine,
To doe observance to this dame divine,
Ladie of learning and of chyvalrie,
Is here aryved in faire assemblie,
And wand'ring up and downe th' unbeaten wayes,
Ring through the woodes, sweet songes of Pallas' prayse.

Pom. Harke Flora, Faunus, here is melodie,
A charme of birdes and more than ord'narie."

The three rival deities thus disclose their pretensions and promises to the shepherd Paris.

" *Juno.* Nay, shepherde, looke upon my stately grace,
Because the pompe that longs to Junoe's mace,
Thou mayst not see: and thinke Queene Junoe's name,
To whom old shepherds title workes of fame,
Is mightye and maye easily suffize,
At Phœbus' hands, to gaine a golden prize.
And for thy meede, sythe I am Queen of Riches,
Shepherde, I will reward thee with greate monarchies,
Empires and kingdomes, heapes of massye golde,
Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,
Riche robes of sumptuous workmanship and cost,
And thousand things whereof I make no boast.
The moulde whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sandes,
And Xanthus shall runne liquid gold for thee to wash thy handes:
And if thou like to tende thy flocke, and not from them to flie,
Their fleeces shall be curled gold to please their master's eye.
And last to sett thy heart on fire, give this one fruite to me,
And shepherde, lo, this tree of golde I will bestowe on thee.

Hereuppon did rise a Tree of Golde, laden with diadems and crowns of golde.

The ground whereon it growes, the grasse, the roote of golde,
The body and the barke of golde, all glistninge to beholde,
The leaves of burnisht gold, the fruites that thereon growe
Are diadems set with pearle in golde, in gorgeous glistninge showe.
And if this tree of gold in lue may not suffize,
Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno beares the prize.
[*The tree sinketh.*

Pall. Me list not tempt thee with decoyinge wealthe,
Which is embas'd by want of lustie healthe:
But if thou have a mind to fly above,
Ycrown'd with fame neare to the seate of Jove:
If thou aspire to wysdome's worthines,
Whereof thou mayst not see the brightnes;
If thou desire honour of chyvalrie,
To bee renown'd for happy victorie,
To fight it out and in the champain fielde,
To shrowd thee under Pallas' warlike shielde,
To praunce on barbed steedes, this honour loe,
Myselfe for guerdon shall on thee bestowe.

And for encouragement, that thou mayst see
What famous knightes dame Pallas' warriors bee,
Beholde in Pallas' honour here they come,
Marching alonge with sounde of thund'ring drom.
Ven. Come, shepherde, come, sweete shepherde looke on me,
These bene too hot alarams these for thee:
But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,
Cupide, my boy, shall ha't to playe withall,
That whenso 'ere this apple he shall see,
The god of love himself shall thinke on thee,
And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will wounde,
Whereso thy fancye's object shall be founde,
And lightlie, when he shootes, he doth not misse:
And I will give thee many a lovelie kisse,
And come and play with thee on Ida here,
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peere,
A gallant girle, a lustie minion trull,
That can give sport to thee thy belly full,
To ravish all thy beating veines with joye,
Here is a lasse of Venus' court, my boy."

Juno and Minerva are dissatisfied with the judgment, and make a formal appeal to the Upper House. Paris is brought to the bar, and makes a defence both wise and eloquent.

"*Paris.* Sacred and just, thou great and dreadfull Jove,
And you thrice reverende powers, whom love nor hate
May wrest awry, if this to me a man,
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade
For safe excusall of my giltless thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the lesse,
That I a man must pleade before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the worlde's amisse,
For her, whose beautie how it hath entic't,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith not that, nor this may doe me boote,
And for myself, myself must speaker bee,
A mortal man amidst this heavenley presence:
Let me not shape a longe defence to them,
That bene beholders of my giltless thoughtes.
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence
I did upon commande: if then I er'de,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.

And if in verdict of their formes divine,
My dazled eye did swarve or surfet more
On Venus' face, than anie face of theirs,
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his
Belike, whose eye-sight not so perfect was,
As might decerne the brightnes of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men
(Ye gods) to parlé with your amourous thoughtes,
There bene that sit upon that sacred seate,
That would with Paris erre in Venus' praise.
But let me cease to speake of errour here:
Sith what my hande, the organ of my hearte,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is 'ray'd with process to maintaine.

Pluto. A jolly shepherde, wise and eloquent.

Paris. First then arraign'd of partiallitie,
Paris replies ungiltie of the fact.
His reason is, because he knew no more
Faire Venus' cestus, than Dame Junoe's mace,
Nor never sawe wise Pallas' cristall shielde.
Then as I look'd, I lov'd and lik'd att once,
And as it was refer'd from them to me,
To give the prize to her, whose beautie best
My fancy did commend, so did I praise
And judge as might my dazl'd eye decerne.

Neptune. A peece of art, that, cunninglie pardie,
Refers the blame to weakenes of his eye.

Paris. Now (for I must add reason for my deede)
Why Venus rather pleased me of the three:
First in the intrayles of my mortall eares,
The question standing upon beauties blaze,
The name of her that hight the Queene of love,
Me thought in beauty should not be excelled.
Had it bene destyned to majestie,
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace,)
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
Had it to wisdome bene entituled,
My human wit had given it Pallas then.
But sith unto the fairest of the three,
That power that threw it for my farther ill,
Did dedicate this ball: and safest durst
My shepherde's skill adventure, as I thought,
To judge of forme and beautie, rather than
Of Junoe's state or Pallas' worthines,
That learn'd to ken the fayrest of the flocke,

And praysed beautie but by nature's aime:
Behold to Venus, Paris gave this fruite,
A dayesman chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers shall not repent their deedes.
Where it is said, beyond desert of hers,
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize;
(Yee Gods) what can a mortall man
Decerne, betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven.
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus:
Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beautie's prayse alone:
I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,
And tempted more than ever creature was,
With wealth, with beautie and with chyvalrie:
And so prefer'd beautie, before them all,
The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealthe:
A shell of salte will serve a shepherde swaine,
A slender banquet in a homely skrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For armes, they dread no foes that sit so lowe,
A thorne can keepe the wind from off my backe,
A sheep-coat thatch'd's a shepherd's pallace high.
Of tragicke Muses shepherdes con no skill,
Enough for them, if Cupid be displeased,
To sing his prayse on slender oaten pipe.
And thus, thrice reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soule
To me be measured by my faultless thought.
If warlike Pallas, or the Queene of heaven,
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeale,
Be it as please your majesties divine,
The wronge, the hurte not mine, if anie be,
But her whose beauty claim'd the prize of me."

The famous Chronicle of Edward the First, by the same author, is a most crude and tedious performance, and has not even the merit of being poetical. It is a tissue of most gratuitous extravagances. One of the notable contrivances to terrify women and children is this.—Queen Eleanor demands a boon of Longshanks, which he grants without hesitation. She instantly requests, that all the long beards of the kingdom of England may suffer amputation; and that the right breasts of all the female part of the population, may undergo the same dolorous

process. Skilful barbers are introduced without delay, and the King proposes, that execution shall be first done upon himself and his ferocious spouse. This, however, is not very palatable, and the Queen drops her design. But, although she relinquishes her dire intent to erase the men's beards, she still preserves her hatred against the breasts of the women, and in a subsequent part of the play, orders the Lady Mayoress of London to be brought into the presence, and intimates her intention to bestow upon her the office either of nurse or laundress. The Mayoress selects the former, whereupon she is, without rhyme or reason, tied down in a chair, and an adder is placed on her breast, the Queen exclaiming, "Suck on, sweet babe." The serpent, in obedience to this sovereign command, is very assiduous in its application, until the poor Mayoress expires.

The following lines, addressed by Edward to this Spanish fury, are worth quoting. The two last lines might have been a couplet of Pope's.

> "This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's Prince;
> Milde is the mind where honor builds her bow're,
> And yet is earthly honor but a flow're;
> Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
> Pleas'de with thy sweetnes, angry with thy pride."

In the course of the piece, Lluellen, Prince of Wales, assumes the character of Robin Hood of the great mountains, and his followers take corresponding titles. Friar David becomes Friar David ap Tuck. There is a good deal of humour in the contrivance of this jolly Friar, as described in the following scene.

"*Farmer.* 'Tis an olde saide saying, I remember I redde it in *Catoe's Pueriles,* that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.* A man's purse pennilesse may sing before a thiefe, true as I have not one pennie, which makes me so peartly passe through these thickets, but, indeede, I receave a hundred markes, and al the care is how I shall passe againe; well, I am resolved either to ride twentie miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these ruffelers.

Frier. Did ever man play with such uncircumcised handes, six ace to eleven and lose the chance.

Farmer. God speed, good fellow, why chafest thou so fast, ther's nobody will win thy money from thee.

Frier. Sounds, you offer me injury, sir, to speake in my caste.

Farmer. The frier, undoubtedly, is lunaticke; I pray thee, good fellow, leave chaffing, and get some warme drinke to comfort thy braines.

Frier. Alasse, sir, I am not lunaticke, 'tis not so well, for I have lost my money, which is farre worse; I have lost five gold nobles to

St. Francis, and if I knew where to meete with his receaver I would paye him presently.

Farmer. Would'st thou speak with St. Francis' receaver?

Frier. O Lord, ay sir, full gladlie.

Farmer. Why man, I am St. Francis' receaver, if you would have anie thing with him.

Frier. Are you St. Francis' receaver, are you St. Francis' receaver, and how does all?

Farmer. I am his receaver and am now going to him, abides St. Thomas a Waterings to breakfast this morning to a calfe's head and bacon.

Frier. Sir, I beseech you carrie him these five nobles, and tell him I deale honestlie with him as if he were here present.

Farmer. I will of my word and honestie, Frier, and so farewell.

* * * * *

Farmer. Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, doe not venture through this mountaine, here's such a coile with Robin Hood and his rabbell, that everie crosse in my purse trembles for feare.

Longsh. Honest man, as I saide to thee before, conduct us through this wood, and if thou beest rob'de, or have anie violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will repaire it againe.

David. How much money hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faithe, sir, a hundred markes, I receaved it, even now, at Brecknocke, but out, alasse, we are undone, yonder is Robin Hood, and all the strong theeves in the mountain; I have no hope left but your honour's assurance.

Longsh. Feare not, I will be my word's maister.

Frier. Good maister, and if you love the frier, give aime a while I you desire: and as you like of my device, so love him that holds the dice.

Farmer. What frier, art thou still laboring so hard, will you have anie thing more to St. Francis?

Frier. Good Lord, are you here, sweet St. Francis' receaver, how doth his holines and all his good familie?

Farmer. In health faith, Frier, hast thou anie nobles for him?

Frier. You knowe the dice are not partiall, an St. Francis were ten, sir, they wil favour him no more than they would the devil if he playe at dice; in verie truth, my friend, they have favored the Frier, and I have won a hundred markes of St. Francis; come, sir, I praye, sirra, draw it over; I knowe, sirra, he is a good man and never deceaves none.

Farmer. Draw it over, what meanest thou by that?

Frier. Why *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paye me my winnings.

Farmer. What asse is this, should I paye thee thy winnings?

Frier. Why art thou not, sirra, St. Francis' receaver?

Farmer. Indeede, I doe receave for St. Francis.

Frier. Then I'le make you paye for St. Francis, that's flat.

[*bustling on both sides.*

Farmer. Helpe, helpe, I am rob'de, I am rob'de.

Longsh. Villain, you wrong the man, hands off.

Frier. Maisters, I beseech you leave this brawling and give me leave to speak; so it is, I went to dice with St. Francis and lost five nobles: by good fortune his cashier came by, receaved it of me in readie cash. I, being verie desirous to trie my fortune further, playde still, and as the dice, not beinge bound prentice to him or anie man, favored me, I drew a hand and won a hundred markes; now I refer it to your judgements whether the Frier is to seeke his winnings.

Longsh. Marrie, Frier, the Farmer must and shall paye thee honestlie ere he passe.

Farmer. Shall I, sir? why will you be content to paye halfe as you promist me?

Longsh. Ay, Farmer, if you had beene rob'de of it, but if you be a gamester I'le take no charge of you."

Peele was also the author of a comedy, called *The Old Wives' Tale;* and a play never printed, as appears from his merry conceited jests, under the title of *The Turkish Mahomet, and Hyren the faire Greeke;* besides pageants, for his talent in which he was much celebrated.*

We shall now proceed to Greene's *Orlando Furioso,* taken from *Ariosto,* an irregular piece not divided into acts. It does not appear to us, to be worth while to give any account of this play, and we shall, therefore, merely observing that the madness of Orlando is nearly as sane as the rest of the scenes, make two or three extracts, to show the style in which it is written. Amongst the several pretenders to the hand of Angelica, Orlando urges his claims.

" *Orlando.* Lords of the southe, and princes of esteeme,
Viceroyes unto the state of Africa:
I am no king, yet I am princely borne,
Decended from the royall house of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnam'de Orlando, the Countie Palatine.
Swift fame that sounded to our western seas
The matchless beautie of Angelica,
Fairer than was the nymphe of Mercurie,
Who when bright Phœbus mounteth up his coach,
And tracks Aurora in her silver steps,

* In the play of the *Puritan,* in which he is conjectured, by Mr. Steevens, to be represented under the character of *George Pieboard,* he is described as " an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask." There can be no doubt, that the conjecture is correct;—one of the incidents in the play is taken with but a slight variation from Peele's jests. And a baker's *pye-board* is still called a *peele.*

Doth sprinkle from the folding of her lap,
White lilies, roses, and sweete violettes.
Yet thus believe me, princes of the south,
Although my countrie's love, dearer than pearle
Or mynes of gold, might well have kept me backe,
The seas by Neptune hoysed to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flawes might well have kept me backe;
The savage Mores and Anthropagei
Whose landes I past might well have kept me backe;
The doubt of entertainment in the court
When I arriv'de might well have kept me backe:
But so the fame of faire Angelica,
Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,
Could by dispairing keepe Orlando backe.
I list not boaste in notes of chivalrie,
(An humor never fitting with my minde)
But come there forth, the proudest champion
That hath suspicion in the Palatine,
And with my trustie sword Durandell
Single I'le register upon his helme,
What I dare doe for faire Angelica.
But leaving these, such glories as they bee;
I love, my Lord!
Angelica herselfe shall speake for me."

There is some animation in the soliloquy of Sacripant, a lover of Angelica, or rather of the crown.

"*Sacripant.* Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:
For when I come and sit me downe to reste,
My chaire presents a throne of majestie:
And when I set my bonnet on my head,
Methinks I fit my forehead for a crowne:
And when I take my truncheon in my fist,
A sceptre then comes tumbling in my thoughts.
My dreames are princely, all of diadems.
Honor: methinks the title is too base.
Mightie, glorious, and excellent:
Aye, these my glorious genius sounds within my mouth,
These please the eare, and with a sweete applause,
Make me in tearmes coequall with the gods.
Then these, Sacripant, and none but these."

The following is a favourable example of the manner in

which Greene lavishes gorgeous expressions on things, to which the application is extravagant.

" *Orlando.* Thanks, my good lords; and now, my friends of France,
Frollicke, be merrye, we will hasten home,
So soone as King Marsilius will consent,
To let his daughter wend with us to France.
Meanwhile wee'le richly rigge up all our fleete,
More brave than was that gallant Grecian keele,
That brought away the Colchian fleece of gold.
Our sailes of sendal spread into the winde,
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest silke,
Fetcht from the native loomes of labouring wormes,
The pride of Barbarie and the glorious wealthe,
That is transported by the western bounds:
Our stems cut out of glassy ivorie,
Our planks and sides fram'de out of cypresse wood,
That bears the name of Cyparissus' change,
To burst the billows of the ocean sea,
Where Phœbus dips his amber-tresses oft,
And kisses Thetis in the daye's decline,
That Neptune proud shall call his Trytons forth,
To cover all the ocean with a calme."

How many plays Greene wrote it is impossible to ascertain; Nash says, "he was chief of the company, for he writ more than four others; (how well I will not say, but sat cito si bene sat)." There are, however, five plays which are known to have been written by him; the two of which we have already given an account in this and the preceding article; *The comical historie of Alphonsus King of Arragon*, and *The Scottish Story of James the Fourth*, both printed in 1599, seven years after his death; and *The History of Jobe*, which was never printed.

We have already intimated, that Greene could write in a purer and chaster spirit of poetry, than he thought it necessary or politic to do in his plays. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume, that the latter pieces were designedly written in an extravagant and braggart style to catch the fleeting admiration of a vulgar and unlettered audience. We shall make two extracts from his "*Never too late*," in illustration of the above remark, both of which are put into modern orthography.

The following ode of the penitent Palmer, allowing for a slight inaccuracy of metaphor, possesses beauty both of thought and versification.

" Whilom in the winter's rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,

Sat and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and hearts' ruth,
Being all with cares y-blent,
When he thought on years mispent;
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind
And wrapp'd him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasure's shows;
Then he sigh'd and said, 'alas,
Man is sin and flesh is grass.'
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their lockes my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrapped me in vain delight:
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin.

* * * *

Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love were meet:
But love is folly: this I know:
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
O why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide?
When these supposes touch'd my thought,
That world was vain, and beauty nought,
I 'gan to sigh, and say, alas,
Man is sin and flesh is grass."

The next is in a deeper and more sedate spirit of moral feeling.

" With sweating brows I long have plough'd the sands;
My seed was youth, my crop was endless care,
Repentance hath sent home with empty hands,
At last, to tell how rife our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approve,
The gain is grief to those that traffick love.

The silent thoughts of my repentant years
That fill my head, have call'd me home at last:
Now love unmask'd a wanton wretch appears,
Begot by guileful thought with over haste:
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minute's joy, pays endless meed.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Allied to wit, by want and sorrow brought:

Farewell, fond youth, long foster'd in deceit,
Forgive me Time disguis'd in idle thought!
And Love, adieu, lo, hasting to my end,
I find no time too late for to amend!"

Reserving Marlowe for future consideration, we shall proceed to the discussion of the merits of John Lilly or Lyly, who was contemporary with the poets whose works we have been contemplating. He was born in the Weald of Kent, studied at Oxford, and took his degree of Master of Arts in 1575. He afterwards removed to Cambridge, and thence to court, where he gained considerable reputation as a wit and a poet. John Lilly, however, was poor, and had not wit and poetry sufficient to keep him from penury. He had, it seems, or thought he had, reason to expect that the office of Master of the Revels would be bestowed upon him; and there are still extant in manuscript, two petitionary letters to Queen Elizabeth on this subject, in the last of which he describes his great poverty and disappointment of this preferment, for which he had been waiting thirteen years. Blunt, however, who collected six of his plays, says that Queen Elizabeth heard, graced, and rewarded him. The first publications of Lilly were two works in prose, called *Euphues; or, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England;* which appeared in 1581 and 1582. These productions were intended to improve and purify the English language, and obtained high celebrity in the court of Elizabeth; but there were not wanting, both at that time and since, those who loaded them with the contemptuous epithets of jargon, affectation, and obscurity. How far Lilly really improved the English language or deserved the reproaches which are generally attached to him, we may probably examine more at length, in a future article on these once famous works. What we shall have to say on his plays will, however, in a great measure, apply to his other publications.

Lilly presents a remarkable contrast to the poets whom we have been considering—he is, in all respects, different, and at the same time every whit as extravagant. The subjects of his dramas are almost all of classical origin, and were, it is presumed, selected to suit the taste of the court of Elizabeth, before whom most of them were acted. The six plays collected and published by Edward Blunt, in 1632, are all in prose, with the exception of the songs with which they are interspersed. Lilly was, undoubtedly, a man of genius and of wit, but the former was circumscribed by his peculiar manner of composition and the latter, under the same system, was as wild and extravagant. His plays are exhibitions of subtle reasoning and scholastic sophistry. He analyzes and classifies the qualities

of love like those of a mineral, and describes the emotions of the heart as a botanist would the component parts of a herb or flower.

Ought his characters to be passionate, they immediately turn casuists :

> "Talking of stones, stars, plants, fishes, flies,
> Playing with words and idle similies."

His scenes are, in truth, illustrations of natural history, mineralogy, or botany:—animals and their various dispositions—gems and minerals, and their several virtues—flowers, plants, and trees, and their different qualities, unceasingly rise up before us with all that truth has discovered, or superstition or tradition delivered, concerning them. But he never brings himself down to the level of vulgar men, nor speaks in the ordinary way of common life. He will not be familiar, lest it should take away respect; and he cannot be natural, for the very essence of his style is contrast and antithesis. To such a degree does he carry his love of opposition, that there is hardly a sentence to be found in his comedies that is not framed on an exact balance of sentiment or diction—that is not rounded, polished, and weighed with the greatest care, so that there may not be found a scruple more in one scale than the other. He is like a tight-rope dancer, who, whenever he leans to one side, counteracts his position by a corresponding declination on the other, and, by this means, keeps himself in a most self-satisfied equipoise. He would not, for the world, say a single word without having something, by way of make-weight, to fill up the sentence. The goddess of justice herself, never enounced a sentence with more undeviating scrupulosity than he does. He laughs, and is merry on system, and never makes love, or is melancholy, but according to the strict rules of logic. He hunts after a brilliant point, like a boy after a butterfly, merely to put it to the torture, by a minute examination of the fineness of its texture or the variety of its colours. As for his wit, he is a jocose logician and recondite punster—he feeds on a quibble and is in ecstacy over a jest, which he invests with the solemnity of a moral axiom. His passion for pun-hunting is as invincible as that of his *Midas* for gold, or *Endymion* for *lunary*. In short, he is the most loving of pedants and the most pedantic of lovers, an encomiast of princes and the very prince of coxcombs. Such is the only rare poet of that time, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and unparalleled John Lilly.

Lilly wrote, on the whole, nine plays. *Alexander and Campaspe*, the subject of which is taken from Pliny, one of the earliest and best of them, was published in 1584. In order to

give an accurate idea of Lilly's dramatic talents, it will be necessary to select from his plays a few scenes, or rather speeches, for some of the latter occupy nearly as much space as a moderate scene.

Hephestion reasons with Alexander against his passion for the fair captive, Campaspe.

"*Hephest.* I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shamefull to be heard, or the cause sorrowful to be believed? What! is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that minde, whose greatnes the world could not containe, drawn within the compasse of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules, when you should shake the speare with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute, the neighing of barbed steeds, whose lowdnes filled the aire with terrour, and whose breathes dimmed the sun with smoake, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander! that soft and yielding minde should not bee in him, whose hard and unconquer'd heart hath made so many yield. But you love, ah griefe! but whom? Campaspe, ah shame, a maid forsooth unknowne, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant. Ay, but shee is beautifull, yea, but not therefore chaste: Ay, but she is comely in all parts of the bodie: but shee may bee crooked in some part of the minde: Ay, but shee is wise, yea, but shee is a woman: beautie is like the black-berry, which seemeth red, when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honie, which the smoother they looke, the sooner they breake. It is thought wonderfull among the seamen, that Mugill, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the Bret, of all the slowest: and shall it not seeme monstrous to wise men, that the heart of the greatest conquerour of the world, should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature? of a woman? of a captive? Hermyns have faire skins, but foul livers; sepulchres fresh colours, but rotten bones; women faire faces, but false hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a campe to governe, not a chamber; fall not from the armour of Mars to the armes of Venus, from the fierie assaults of warre, to the maidenly skirmishes of love, from displaying the Eagle in thine ensigne, to set downe the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may bee in Campaspe, a haire curling by nature, not art: sweete alluring eyes; a faire face made in despite of Venus, and a stately port in disdaine of Juno; a wit apt to conceive, and quicke to answere; a skinne as soft as silke, and as smooth as jet; a long white hand, a fine little foot, to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part: what of this: though she have heavenly gifts, virtue and beautie, is shee not of earthly metall, flesh and bloud? You, Alexander, that would be a god, show your selfe in this worse than a man, so soone to be both overseene and over-taken in a woman, whose false teares know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharpe swords.

There is no surfet so dangerous, as that of honie, nor any poyson so deadly, as that of love; in the one physicke cannot prevaile, nor in the other counsell."

There is a good deal of point in the dialogue of Alexander and Diogenes.

"*Diog.* Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as farre from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then, doest thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex Why so?

Diog. Because they be no gods.

Alex. They be gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy minde.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would have none of Diogenes' minde, but Diogenes.

Alex. If Alexander have any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from mee that you cannot give mee, the light of the world.

Alex. What doest thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog. But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learne to bee content?

Diog. Unlearne to covet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to bee Diogenes.

Hephest. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharpe, with a kinde of sweetnes, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way againe, I will both see thee, and confer with thee.

Diog. Doe."

It is somewhat extraordinary, that notwithstanding the elaborate and recondite style of Lilly in his dialogues, there is great freedom, grace, and animation, in his lyrical pieces. Take, for example, the song of Apelles.

"Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cardes for kisses, Cupid payd;

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teame of sparows,
Loses them too; then downe he throwes
The corall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
With these, the cristall of his brow,
And then, the dimple of his chinne:
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last hee set her both his eyes;
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has shee done this to thee?
What shall (alas!) become of mee?"

In the same year appeared *Sapho and Phaon*. The Sybil's advice to Phaon, who is represented as having, in the first instance, conceived a passion for Sappho, although followed by a subsequent disgust, is worth quoting.

"*Sybil.* Take heed you doe not as I did. Make not too much of fading beautie, which is faire in the cradle, and foule in the grave, resembling Polyon, whose leaves are white in the morning, and blue before night, or Anyta, which being a sweet flowre at the rising of the sun, becometh a weede, if it be not pluckt before the setting. Faire aces have no fruites, if they have no witnesses. When you shall behold over this tender flesh a tough skinne, your eyes, which were wont to glance at others' faces, will be sunk so hollow, that you can scarce look out of your owne head, and when all your teeth shall wagge as fast as your tongue, then will you repent the time which you cannot recall, and bee forced to beare what most you blame. Lose not the pleasant time of your youth, than the which there is nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Beautie is a slipperie good, which decreaseth whilst it is increasing, resembling the medlar, which in the moment of his full ripenes, is knowen to be in a rottennesse. Whilst you looke in the glasse it waxeth old with time; if on the sun, parcht with heate; if on the winde, blasted with colde. A great care to keepe it, a short pause to enjoy it, a sodaine time to lose it. Bee not coy when you are courted; fortune's wings are made of time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them. Be affable and curteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roses that lose their colours, keepe their savours, and pluckt from the stalke, are put to the stil. Cotonea, because it boweth when the sun riseth, is sweetest when it is oldest: and children, which in their tender years sow curtesie, shall in their declining states reap pitie. Bee not proud of beautie's painting whose colours consume themselves, because they are beautie's painting."

We shall, also, take leave to quote Sappho's song from the same play.

"O cruell Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blinde the day
Never may sleepe with velvet hand
Charme thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jaylours shall be hopes and feares,
Thy prison-mates, groanes, sighes, and teares;
Thy play, to weare out weary times,
Phantasticke passions, vowes, and rimes,
Thy bread bee frownes, thy drinke bee gall;
Such, as when you Phaon call
The bed thou lyest on by despaire,
Thy sleepe, fond dreames, thy dreames long care.
Hope (like thy foole) at thy bed's head
Mocke thee, till madnesse strike thee dead,
As, Phaon, thou dost mee with thy proud eyes:
In thee poore Sapho lives, for thee shee dies."

The story of *Gallathea* turns on a lustral sacrifice of the fairest and chastest virgin on the banks of "Humber flouds," as a peace-offering to Neptune for the sacrilege of the inhabitants in the raising of his temple. The evasion of this customary propitiation by Gallathea and Phillida, the two fairest and chastest virgins in the country, by assuming the dress of shepherds, occasions the offering up of Hæbe; but Neptune being angry at this deceit, does not, as usual, send his agent, "the monster Agar," for the victim. Hæbe breaks out, whilst bound and in instant expectation of the sacrifice, into a passionate soliloquy, of which there is no parallel in Lilly. The latter part, beginning "Farewell the sweet delights of life," is more especially beautiful and pathetic.

"*Hæbe.* Miserable and accursed Hæbe, that being neither faire nor fortunate thou shouldest bee thought most happy and beautiful. Curse thy birth, thy life, thy death, being borne to live in danger, and having liv'd, to die by deceite. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune, and satisfie the custome, the bloodie custome, ordained for the safety of thy country? Ay, Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will have it so, whose forces command our weake natures; nay, the gods will have it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Ægyptians never cut their dates from the tree, because they are so fresh and greene. It is thought wickednes to pull roses from the stalkes in the garden of Palestine, for that they have so lively a red: and whoso cutteth the incense tree in Arabia before it fall, committeth sacriledge.

"Shall it onely bee lawfull amongst us in the prime of youth, and pride of beautie, to destroy both youth and beautie: and what was honoured in fruits and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But alas! destiny alloweth no dispute. Die Hæbe! Hæbe die!

wofull Hæbe and onely accursed Hæbe. Farewell the sweete delights of life, and welcome now the bitter pangs of death. Farewell you chast virgins, whose thoughts are divine, whose faces faire, whose fortunes are agreeable to your affections; enjoy and long enjoy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiableness of your wished looks, the sweetnesse of your tuned voices, the content of your inward thoughts, the pompe of your outward showes, onely Hæbe biddeth farewell to all the joyes that she conceived and you hope for—that shee possessed, and you shall; farewell the pompe of princes' courts, whose roofes are imbosst with golde, and whose pavements are decked with faire ladies, where the dayes are spent in sweet delights, the nights in pleasant dreames, where chastitie honoreth affections and commandeth—yieldeth to desire and conquereth.

"Farewell the soveraigne of all virtue, and goddesse of all virgins, Diana, whose perfections are impossible to be numbred, and therefore infinite; never to be matched, and therefore immortall. Farewell sweet parents, yet to be mine, unfortunate parents. How blessed had you beene in barrennes! how happy had I beene if I had not beene! Farewell life, vaine life, wretched life, whose sorrowes are long, whose end doubtfull, whose miseries certaine, whose hopes innumerable, whose feares intolerable. Come death! and welcome death! whom nature cannot resist, because necessitie ruleth, nor defer because destiny hasteth. Come Agar, thou unsatiable monster of maidens' blood, and devourer of beauties' bowels, glut thyselfe till thou surfet, and let my life end thine. Teare these tender joynts with thy greedy jawes, these yellow locks with thy blacke feete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abatest thou thy wonted swiftnesse? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come Agar, thou horrible monster! and farewell world, thou viler monster."

The following scene, from the same play, between an Astrologer and a Serving-Man out of place, is a pleasant piece of extravagance.

"*Rafe.* But what have we yonder? What devout man? he will never speake till hee be urged: I will salute him. Sir, there lieth a purse under your feet; if I thought it was not yours, I would take it up.

Astrol. Doest thou not know that I was calculating the nativitie of Alexander's great horse?

Rafe. Why, what are you?

Astrol. An astronomer.

Rafe. What one of those that makes almanackes?

Astrol. Ipsissimus. I can tell the minute of thy birth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. I can tell thee what weather shall bee betweene this and Octogessimus octavus mirabilis annus, When I list I can set a trap for the sun, catch the moone with lyme-twigs, and goe a bat-fowling for stars. I can tell thee things past, and things to come, and with my cunning, measure how many yards of cloudes are beneath the skie. Nothing can happen which I foresee not, nothing shall.

Rafe. I hope you, sir, you are no more than a god.

Astrol. I can bring the twelve signes out of their zodiacks, and hang them up at tavernes.

Rafe. I pray you, sir, tell mee what you cannot doe, for I perceive there is nothing so easie for you to compasse as impossibilities. But what be those signes?

Astrol. As a man should say, signes which govern the bodie. The Ram governeth the head.

Rafe. That is the worst signe for the head.

Astrol. Why?

Rafe. Because it is a signe of an ill ewe.

Astrol. Tush, that signe must bee here. Then the Bull for the throate, Capricornus for the knees.

Rafe. I will heare no more signes, if they be all such desperate signes: but seeing you are, (I know not who to terme you) shall I serve you? I would fain serve.

Astrol. I accept thee.

Rafe. Happy am I, for now shall I teach thoughts, and tell how many drops of water goes to the greatest showre of raine. You shall see me catch the moone in the chips like a cony in a pursnet.

Astrol. I will teach thee the golden number, the epact, and the prime.

Rafe. I will meddle no more with numbring of gold, for multiplication is a miserable action; I pray, sir, what weather shall we have this houre threescore yeere?

Astrol. That I must cast by our judicials astronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou shalt see every wrinkle of my astrologicall wisdome, and I will make the Heavens as plaine to thee as the highway; thy cunning shall sit cheeke by jole with the sunne's chariot: then shalt thou see what a base thing it is, to have others' thoughts creepe on the grounde, when as thine shall bee stitched to the starres.

Rafe. Then I shall be translated from this mortality.

Astrol. Thy thoughts shall be metamorphosed, and made haile-fellows with the gods.

Rafe. O fortune! I feel my very braine morallized, and as it were a certaine contempt of earthly actions is crept into my minde, by an ætheriall contemplation. Come, let us in."

The songs form so beautiful a variation in Lilly's plays, that we are tempted to add one from this play also, which is sung by the Nymphs of Diana, to whom Cupid had done a shrewd turn.

" O yes! O yes! if any maid,
Whom leering Cupid has betraid
To frownes of spite, to eyes of scorne,
And would in madness now see torne
The boy in pieces, let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.

O yes! O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost,
Is any cozened of a teare,
Which (as a pearle) disdaine does weare?
Here stands the thiefe, let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.
Is any one undone by fire,
And turn'd to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weepe,
Being cheated of her golden sleepe,
Stolne by sicke thoughts? the pirate's found,
And in her teares hee shal be drown'd,
Reade his inditement, let him heare
What hee's to trust to: boy, give eare."

The essence of Lilly's elaborate wit is not, in general, extracted from an acute discrimination of the nice, yet striking, difference or resemblance of things, or from the real similarity of words, but from the determined misconception and wilful distortion of both. His wit is too far-fetched and too violently contrasted. He is, in consequence, learnedly humorous and not naturally witty—gravely jocose and not riantly playful. We will make two more extracts to show the nature of Lilly's humorous and punning qualifications.

The following is from *Midas*.

"*Licio.* Thou servest Mellacrites, and I his daughter; which is the better man?

Petulus. The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine. Therefore Licio, backare.

Li. That is when those two genders are at jarre, but when they belong both to one thing, then.

Pet. What then?

Li. They then agree like the fiddle and the sticke.

Pet. *Pulchrè sanè.* God's blessing on thy blue nose; but Licio, my mistresse is a proper woman.

Li. Ay, but thou knowest not her properties.

Pet. I care not for her qualities, so I may embrace her quantitie.

Li. Are you so peart?

Pet. Ay and so expert, that I can as well tell the thoughts of a woman's heart by her eyes, as the change of the weather by an almanacke.

Li. Sir boy, you must not be saucie.

Pet. No, but faithfull and serviceable.

Li. Locke up your lips, or I will lop them off. But sirra, for thy better instructions I will unfold every wrinkle of my mistresse' disposition.

Pet. I pray thee doe.

Li. But for this time I will only handle the head and purtenance.

Pet. Nothing else?

Li. Why, will not that bee a long houre's work to describe, that is almost a whole daye's worke to dresse.

Pet. Proceed.

Li. First, she hath a head as round as a tennis ball.

Pet. I would my bed were a hazard.

Li. Why?

Pet. Nothing, but that I would have her head there among other balls.

Li. Video, pro intelligo. Then hath she an hawke's eye.

Pet. O that I were a partridge head.

Li. To what end?

Pet. That she might tire with her eyes on my countenance.

Li. Would'st thou be hanged?

Pet. Scilicet.

Li. Well, shee hath the tongue of a parrot.

Pet. That's a leaden dagger in a velvet sheath, to have a blacke tongue in a faire mouth.

Li. Tush, it is not for the blacknesse, but for the babling, for every hour, she will cry, Walke, knave, walke.

Pet. Then I will mutter, a rope for parrot, a rope.

Li. So maist thou be hanged, not by thy lippes, but by thy neck. Then, sir, hath she a calve's tooth.

Pet. O monstrous mouth! I would then it had beene a sheepe's eye and a neate's tongue.

Li. It is not for the bignes, but the sweetnesse: all her teeth are as sweet as the sweet tooth of a calfe.

Pet. Sweetly meant.

Li. She hath the eares of a want.

Pet. Doth she want eares?

Li. I say the eares of a want, a mole; thou dost want wit to understand mee. Shee will heare though shee bee never so low on the ground.

Pet. Why then if one aske her a question, it is likely that she will hearken to it.

Li. Hearken thou after that: she hath the nose of a sow.

Pet. Then belike there she weares her wedding ring.

Li. No, shee can smel a knave a mile off.

Pet. Let us go farther, Licio, she hath both us in the wind.

Li. She hath a beetle brow.

Pet. What, is she beetle browed?

Li. Thou hast a beetle head. I say, the brow of a beetle, a little flie, whose brow is as blacke as velvet.

Pet. What lips hath she?

Li. Tush, the lips are no part of the head, only made for a double leafe-dore for the mouth.

Pet. What is then the chin?

Li. That is onely the threshold to the dore.

Pet. I perceive you are driven to the wall that stands behind the

dore, for this is ridiculous; but now you can say no more of the head, begin with the purtenances, for that was your promise.

Li. The purtenances, it is imposible to reckon them up, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, earerings, borders, crippins, shadowes, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them: these be but a few notes.

Pet. Notes quoth you, I note one thing.

Li. What is that?

Pet. That if every part require so much as the head, it will make the richest husband in the world ake at the heart."

The next is from *Mother Bombie*, and is in a pleasant vein enough.

"*Sergeant.* I arrest you.

Dromio. Mee, sir; why then didst not bring a stoole with thee, that I might sit downe?

Hackneyman. He arrests you at my suite for a horse.

Risio. The more asse hee, if he had arrested a mare instead of an horse, it had beene a slight oversight; but to arrest a man that hath no likenesse of a horse, is flat lunasie or alecie.

Hack. Tush, I hired him a horse.

Dromio. I sweare then he was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two days hee was never baited.

Halfpenny. Why was it a beare thou ridest on?

Hack. I meane hee never gave him baite.

Licio. Why he tooke him for no fish.

Hack. I mistake none of you when I take you for fooles; I say thou never gavest my horse meate.

Dro. Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am sure hee had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

Serg. Nothing else; thou shouldst have given him provender.

Ris. Why he never askt any.

Hack. Why, doest thou thinke an horse can speake?

Dro. No, for I spurr'd him till my heeles ak't, and he said never a word.

Hack. Well, thou shalt pay sweetly for spoyling him; it was as lustie a nag as any in Rochester, and one that would stand upon no ground.

Dro. Then he is as good as ever h e was, I'le warrant hee'le doe nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I restored him so gently, that he neither would cry wyhie, nor wag the taile.

Hack. But why didst thou boare him through the eares?

Lic. It may be he was set on the pillorie, because he had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would never tire, it may be he would be so weary, hee would goe no further, or so.

Dro. Yes, he was a notable horse for service, he would tire, and retire.

Hack. Do you think I'le be jested out of my horse? Sergeant, wreake thine office on him.

Ris. Nay, let him be bailde.

Hack. So he shall when I make him a bargaine.

Dro. It was a very good horse, I must confesse, and now hearken of his qualities, and have patience to heare them, since I must pay for him: he would stumble three houres in one mile; I had thought I had rode upon addices between this and Canterbury: if one gave him water, why he would lie downe and bathe himselfe like a hawke: if one ranne him, hee would simper and mumpe, as though hee had gone a wooing to a malt-mare at Rochester: hee trotted before and ambled behind, and was so obedient, that he would doe dutie every minute on his knees, as though every stone had beene his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Dro. A little rheume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horse have wee here; I canot stay, thou must with me to prison.

Lic. If thou be a good Hackneyman, take all our foure bonds for the payment; thou knowest we are towne-borne children, and will not shrink the citie for a pelting jade.

Half. I'le enter into a statute marchant to see it answered. But if thou wilt have bonds, thou shalt have a bushell full.

Hack. Alas, poore Ant, thou bound in a statute marchant: a browne threed will binde thee fast enough: but if you will be content all foure joyntly to enter into a bond, I will withdraw the action.

Dro. Yes, I'le warrant they will. How say you?

Half. I yield.

Ris. And I.

Lic. And I.

Hack. Well, call the Scrivener.

Serg. Here's one hard by, I'le call him.

Ris. A Scrivener's shop hangs to a Serjeant's mace, like a burre to a frieze coat.

Scri. What's the matter?

Hack. You must take a note of a bond.

Dro. Nay, a pint of courtesie puls on a pot of wine; in this taverne wee'le dispatch.

Hack. Agreed.

Ris. Now if our wits bee not in the waine, our knaverie shall bee at the full, we will ride them worse than Dromio rid his horse, for if the wine master their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies."

The piece from which the last extract is taken is a regular comedy, and does not derive its subject from a classical origin like his other comedies, from which it also differs, in being

much more dramatic and less pedantic, although it does not possess any high degree of excellence. This, as well as the other comedies of Lilly, is divided into acts and scenes.

We must now leave our facetious Euphuist, only observing, in conclusion, that he was a man of assiduous application and great knowledge, and that because he has not, in his comedies, exhibited much creative power, we are not, therefore, to infer that he was destitute of this, the omnipotent faculty of the poet. He was a courtier in a pedantic court—poor and an anxious expectant of preferment, and it was necessary, in order to please the taste of his mistress, that he should confine his genius within the narrow bounds of classical subjects. Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding his nicely folded compliments and ingenious flattery, of which he gives abundant and skilful proof in his plays, he died, like most, if not all, of his contemporary poets, in poverty and obscurity; at what time, however, is not known, although it appears, from Wood, that he was alive in 1597; but a hard matter it is, as the same author says of Peele, to trace a poor poet to his grave. Neither the gross and undisguised flattery of Peele,* nor the classical pedantry —the myriads of sparkling conceits, and the highly polished diction and insinuating compliments of Lilly, nor the fecundity of invention and glowing imaginations of other poets, seem to have soothed the dull cold ear of the Maiden Queen to gratitude or liberality.

We shall, in our next article, consider the dramatic works of Marlowe, and having gleaned up a few stray pieces which have dropped in our progress, we shall have arrived at the age of Shakspeare.

ART. VIII. *The Anatomie of Abuses: containing a Discoverie, or briefe Summarie of such notable vices and corruptions, as nowe raigne in many Christian countreyes of the worlde: but [especially] in the countrey of Ailgna: together, with most fearfull examples of God's judgements, executed upon the wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late, as in other places elsewhere. Very godly, to be read of all true Christians every where: but most chiefly to be regarded in England. Made dialogue-wise by* Phillip Stubbes. *And now newly revised, recognised, and augmented the third time by the same author. London,* 1585, *black letter,* 264 *pp.*

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* At the conclusion of his *Araynment of Paris.*

The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses: containing the Display of Corruption, with a perfect description of such imperfections, blemishes, and abuses, as now reigning in everie degree, require reformation for feare of God's vengeance to be poured upon the people and countrie, without speedie repentance and conversion unto God. Made dialogue-wise by Phillip Stubbes. *London,* 1583, *black letter.*

This is the most amusing and diversified of the many splenetic works which have been levelled, by the sour spirit of puritanism, against the gaieties and the elegancies, as well as the vices and follies of life. It shows us "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," seen, it is true, with a jaundiced eye, but delineated with spirit and effect. Alas, poor Stubbes! How would it have tortured thy querulous spirit, could'st thou have anticipated that thy writings would, one day, be valued as a record of the pomps and vanities which thou didst so boldly and perseveringly denounce; that thy book should be laid under contribution by the remorseless antiquary; thy anathemas be pressed into the service of the vain historian of church-ales and May-games, of ruffs and fardingales; and thy pious effusions be dismembered to grace the margins of "profane stage-plaies and enterludes." To such base uses have thy labours been applied, and so powerful is the contagion of bad example, that even we (with shame and sorrow we speak it) recur with equal, if not greater relish, to thy descriptions of the frivolities of the day, than to thy moral precepts, thy fearful examples, or thy climaxes of execration.

The object and scope of the *Anatomie of Abuses* is pretty clearly expressed in its wordy title-page: it is little more than a *catalogue raisonnée* of the vices of the age, or of the gaieties which were deemed such by the dark sect which was now extending its ramifications throughout the country, and which, in the succeeding century, overturned the altar and the throne, proscribed cheerfulness and refinement, and perverted the very language into a jargon of enthusiasm. Stubbes, however, does not go the same lengths as the redoubted Mar-prelate, and some of his turbulent brethren. He seldom attacks existing institutions, but confines himself to the abuses which have crept into them. His style is well adapted to his subject and his sect; it is coarse, familiar, and forcible, and generally seasoned with scurrility: it exhibits that incongruous mixture of solemnity and buffoonery, which, even in the present day, characterises the declamations of some of the more enthusiastic sectarians, and which has always been found effective "to warp and wield the vulgar will." He is not unfrequently betrayed by his zeal and his subject into a grossness of expression which could hardly

be exceeded by the "hethnical pamphlets" which he reviles. His work appears to have been a great favourite with those of his own persuasion, and went through several editions between 1583 and 1595. Its extreme scarcity, and the exorbitant prices obtained for copies of it, have induced us to devote an article of some length to the examination of this once-popular book.*

The *Anatomie of Abuses* is dedicated to Philip Earl of Arundel, and is ushered into the world by four copies of commendatory verses, and by a metrical dialogue between the Author and his "seely Booke," in which the former coquets it very prettily with his diminutive, but ambitious, offspring. The two concluding verses will suffice for a specimen of "the keen encounter of their wits."

"*Author.*—Well, sith thou wouldst so faine be gone,
I can thee not withholde:
Adieu, therefore; God be thy speede,
And blesse thee an hundred folde.

The Booke.—And you also, good maister mine,
God blesse you with his grace—
Preserve you still, and graunt to you
In Heaven a dwelling-place."

The work is written in the form of a dialogue between Philoponus, who, doubtless, is intended for honest Philip himself, and Spudeus, a very useful personage, who, like a confidant in a French play, duly rails, weeps, and goes mad along with his hero. Philoponus relates to his companion his visit to "a certaine famouse island, once named *Ainabla*, after *Anatirb*; but now presently called *Ailgna*."

"*Philoponus.*—A pleasant and famous island, immured about with the sea, as it were with a wall, wherein the air is temperate, the

* We are not aware of the existence of any authentic particulars of the life of Philip Stubbes. Wood states that he was of genteel parentage, and received an university education. He is of opinion that he was either the son or brother of John Stubbes, who had his right hand cut off for writing a satirical work on the Queen's intended marriage with the Duke of Anjou. Nash, in his *Almond for a Parrot, or Cuthbert Curry-knave's Almes*, thus alludes to our author:—"I can tell you *Phil. Stu.* is a tall man also for that purpose; and that his *Anatomie of Abuses*, for all that, will serve very fitly for an antispast before one of *Egerton's Sermons*. I would see the best of your *Traverses* write such a treatise as he hath done against short-heeled pantofles. But one thing, it is a great pity for him, that, being such a good fellow as he is, he should speake against dice as he doth."

ground fertile, the earth aboundyng with all things either necessarie to man or needful for beast, [inhabited by] * * * a strong kinde of people, audacious, bolde, puissant, and heroicall, of great magnanimitie, valiance, and prowess, of an incomparable feature, of an excellent complexion, and in all humanitie inferior to none under the sunne."

The first count in the indictment preferred against the people of Ailgna is for their pride and ostentation of dress, in which they are said to excel all other countries: this, indeed, is the "head and front of their offending," in the estimation of Stubbes. No less than eighty-eight pages are devoted to a vituperative description of the fashions and abuses of apparel—a greater space than is allotted for the whole of the seven deadly sins. As this is amongst the most amusing parts of the book, we shall not quarrel with our moral anatomist for his malicious partiality.

"But now there is such a confuse mingle-mangle of apparell in Ailgna, and suche a preposterous excesse thereof, as every one is permitted to flaunt it out in what apparell he lusteth hymself, or can get by any kinde of means; so that it is very hard to know who is noble, who is worshipfull, who is a gentleman, who is not: for you shall have those, which are neither of the nobilitie, gentilitie, or yeomanrie, no, nor yet any officer or magistrate in the commonwealth, go daiely in silkes, velvets, satens, damaskes, taffeties, and suche like; notwithstanding that they be both base by birthe, meane by estate, and servile by callyng: and this I coumpt a great confusion, and a general disorder. God be mercifull unto us!"

Then follows a detail of all the extravagant minutiæ of dress, from the feather in the cap to the spangle on the pantofle.

"Sometymes they use them [the hats] sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standyng up a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heads, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstante mindes. Other some be flat, and broad in the croune, like the battlementes of a house. Another sorte have round crounes, sometymes with one kinde of bande, sometymes with another; now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellow; now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an ende. And thus in vanitie they spend the Lorde his treasure, consumyng their golden yeres and silver daies in wickedness and sinne. And as the fashions be rare and straunge, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes be made divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffetie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and, which is more curious, some of a certaine kind of fine haire. These they call *bever* hattes, of twentye, thirtye, or fortye shillinges price, fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a great

sorte of other vanities doe come besides: and so common a thing it is, that every servyng-man, countrieman, and other, even all indifferently dooe weare of these hattes; for he is of no account, or estimation amongst men, if he have not a velvet or taffatie hatte; and that must be pincked, and cunnyngly carved of the beste fashion. And good profitable hattes be these; for, the longer you weare them, the fewer holes they have."

And some are not content with these extravagant hats, without a "greate bunche of feathers, of divers and sundrie colours, peakyng on top of their heades." But the zeal of the author is kindled to tenfold rage as he comes in contact with the manifold abominations of THE RUFF, and its diabolical auxiliary, STARCH.

"They have great and monstrous ruffes, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stande a full quarter of a yarde (and more) from their neckes, hanging over their shoulder-points, insteade of a vaile. But if Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chaunce to hit upon the crasie barke of their brused ruffes, then they goeth flipflap in the winde, like ragges that flew abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dishcloute of a slut. But, wot you what? The devil, as he, in the fullnesse of his malice, first invented these great ruffes, so hath he now found out also two great pillers to beare up and maintaine this his kyngdome of greate ruffes (for the devil is kyng and prince over all the children of pride.) The one arche or piller, whereby his kyngdome of greate ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffes well; which, beyng drie, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. The other piller is a certain device made of wiers, crested for the purpose, whipped over either with gold, thred, silver, or silke; and this he calleth a supportasse, or underpropper. This is to bee applied round about their neckes, under the ruffe, upon the outside of the bande, to beare up the whole frame and bodie of the ruffe from fallyng and hangyng doune.

"Their shirtes, whiche all in a maner doe weare (for, if the nobilitie or gentrie onely did weare them, it were some deale more tollerable), are either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of the finest cloth that maie be got: and of these kindes of shirtes every one nowe doeth weare alike; so as it maie be thought our forefathers have made them bandes and ruffes (if they had any at all) of grosser clothe and baser stuffes than the worst of our shirtes are made of now-a-daies. And these shirtes (sometimes it happeneth) are wrought throughout with needleworke of silke, and such like, and curiously stitched with open seame, and many other knackes besides, more than I can describe: insomuch I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillynges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie

nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pounde a piece: yea, the meanest shirt that commonly is worne of any doeth cost a crowne, or a noble at the least; and yet this is scarsly thought fine enough for the simplest person that is.

* * * * *

"Their dublettes are no lesse monstrous than the reste, for now the fashion is to have them hang downe to the middle of their thighes, being so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, as they can neither woorke, nor yet plaie, in them, through the excessive heate thereof; and therefore are forced to wear them loose about them, for the most part; otherwise they could very hardly either stoupe or decline to the grounde, so stiff and sturdie they stand about them. Certaine I am, there was never any kinde of apparell ever invented that could more disproportion the body of man than these dublettes with great bellies hangyng downe, and stuffed with four, five, or sixe pound of bombast at the least. I saye nothyng of what their dublettes bee made —some of saten, taffetie, silke, grograine, chamlet, gold, silver, and what not: slashed, jagged, cut, carved, pinked, and laced with all kinde of costly lace, of divers and sundrie colours; for, if I should stande upon these particularities, rather tyme than matter would be wantyng.

"Then have they hozen, which as they bee of divers fashions, so are they of sundrie names. Some bee called French hose, some Gallic, and some Venetians. The French hose are of two divers makynges, for the common French hose (as they list to call them) containeth length, breadth, and widenesse sufficient, and is made verie sounde. The other containeth neither length, breadth, nor widenesse; being not past a quarter of a yard wide, whereof some be paned, cut and drawn out with costly ornamentes, with canions annexed, reachyng doune beneathe their knees. The Gally-hozen are made very large and wide, reachynge doune to their knees onely, with three or foure guardes a peece laid doune along either hose. And the Venetian hozen, they reckon beneath the knee to the garterynge place of the legge beneathe the knee, where they are tied finely with silke pointes, or some such like, and laied on also with rowes of lace or gardes, as the other before. And yet, notwithstandyng all this is not sufficient except they be made of silke, velvet, satin, damaste, and other like precious thinges beside: yea, every one, servyng-man, and other inferior to them in every condition, will not stick to flaunt it out in these kinde of hozen, with all other their apparell sutable thereunto. In times past, kynges (as olde historiographers in their bookes, yet extant, do recorde) would not disdain to wear a pair of hozen of a noble, tenne shillynges, or a marke price, with all the rest of their apparell after the same rate: but now it is a small matter to bestow seventie nobles, tenne pounde, twentie pounde, fortie pounde, yea, a hundred pounde of one paire of breeches; (God be mercifull unto us,) and yet is this thought no abuse neither.

"Then have they nether-stockes to these gai hozen, not of cloth, (though never so fine,) for that is thought too base, but of jamsey, worsted, crewell, silke, thred, and such like; or else at the least of the

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finest yearne that can be got, and so curiously knitte with open seame downe the legge, with quirks and clocks about the ancles, and sometyme (haply) interlaced with golde or silver threds, as is wonderful to beholde.

"To these their nether-stockes, they have corked shooes, pinsnets, and fine pantoffles, which bear them up a finger or two from the ground; whereof some be of white leather, some of blacke, and some of red; some of blacke velvette, some of white, some of red, some of greene, laced, carved, cut, and stitched all over with silke, and laid on with golde, silver, and suche like: yet, notwithstanding, to what good uses serve these pantoffles, except it be to weare in a private house, or in a man's chamber to keepe him warme: (for this is the only use whereto they best serve in my judgement) but to goe abroade in them as they are now used altogether, is rather a let or hinderance to a man than otherwise, for shall he not be fain to knocke and spurne at every wall, stone or poste to keepe them on his feete: wherefore to disclose even the bowelles of my judgement unto you; I think they be rather worne abroad for niceness, than either for any ease which they bring (for the contrary is most true,) or any hansomnesse which is in them. For how should they be easie, when a man cannot go steadfastly in them, without slipping and sliding at every pace ready to fall doune: Againe, how should they be easie when as the heele hangeth an inche or two over the slipper from the grounde. Insomuche as I have knoune divers menne's legges swell with the same And handsome should they be, when as with their flipping and flapping up and doune in the dirte, they exaggerate a mountaine of mire, and gather a heape of claie and baggage together, loding the wearer with importable burthen.

"Their coates and jerkins as they be divers in colours, so be they divers in fashions, for some be made with collars, some without; some close to the bodie, some loose, covering the whole bodie doune to the thigh, like bagges or sackes that were drawne over them, hidyng the dimensions and lineaments of the bodie: some are buttened doune the breast, some under the arme, and some doune the backe; some with flappes over the breast, some without; some with great sleves, some with small, and some with none at all; some pleated and crested behinde, and curiously gathered, some not; and how manie daies, (I might saie hours in the yeare,) so manie sortes of apparell, some one man will have, and thinketh it goode provision in faire weather, to laie up against a storm.

"They have clokes there also in nothing discrepant from the rest, of divers and sundrie colours, white, red, tawnie, blacke, greene, yellowe, russet, purple, violet, and infinite other colours: some of clothe, silk, velvette, taffatie, and such like, whereof some be of the Spanish, French, and Dutch fashions; some shorte, scarcely reachyng to the girdlesteade, or waste, some to the knee, and other some trailing upon the grounde, (almost liker gownes than clokes.) Then are they garded with velvette gardes, or els laced with costly lace, either of golde, silver, or at the leaste of silke three or fouer fingers broade doune the back, about the skirtes and every where els. And nowe of late they use to garde their clokes round about the skirtes with (bables,) I

should saie bugles, and other kinde of glasse, and all to shine to the eye. Besides all this, they are so faced and withall so lined, as the inner side standeth almost in as muche as the outside: some have sleeves, othersome have none, some have hoodes to pull over the heade, some have none, some are hanged with pointes and tasselles of gold, silver, or silke, some without all this.

"To these have they their rapiers, swordes, and daggers, gilt, twise or thrise over the hiltes with good angell golde, or els argented over with silver both within and without: and, if it be true as I heare say it is, there be some hiltes made all of pure silver itself, and covered with golde. Other some, at the least, are damasked, vernished, and ingraven marveilous goodly; and, least any thyng should be wantyng to set forth their pride, their scaberdes and sheathes are of velvette, or the like."

What a poor unfledged animal does the best accoutred dandy of these degenerate days appear by the side of the *exquisite* of the sixteenth century, with his spherical hat surmounted by a gallant plume of party-coloured feathers; his neck defended by a broad *chevaux de frise* of ruff, with its buttresses of starch and wire; his curving sweep of doublet, well padded, pinked and slashed; his damask hosen; his nether-stocks curiously knit with quirks and clocks; his cork-heeled pantofles, embroidered with silk and gold; equipped with his cloak of fine cloth, bordered with gold lace; and armed with rapier and dagger, with silver hilts and velvet scabbards!

This ungallant puritan shows little mercy to the frivolities and vanities of the fair sex, which, he observes,

"If I should endeavour myself to express, I might with like facilitie number the sands of the sea, the starres in the skye, or the grasse upon the earth, so infinite and innumerable be their abuses. For, were I never so expert an arithmetician, or never so skillfull a mathematician, I were never capable of the one half of them, the devil brocheth so many newe fashions every daie."

He draws up all the fathers of the church in battle-array against the practice of colouring the face "with certaine oyles, liquors, unguents, and waters, made to that end;" and denounces it, in a marginal anathema, as blasphemous, idolatrous, and what not. The iniquity of false hair is not forgotten; and starch and ruffs come in for a second castigation. We are next regaled with a delectable story of "a faire gentlewoman of Eprautna," who, being invited to a wedding, decked herself out in her finest array, dyed her hair and painted her face; but her attendants could not please her in starching and setting her ruffs. On this she began to "sweare and teare, to curse and ban," wishing the devil might take her if she wore any of those ruffes and neckerchers again. That gentleman immediately stepped in, in

the shape of a proper young man, to pay his devoirs; and, seeing the lady in such a "peltyng chafe," inquired the cause of her perturbation. On being informed of the obstinacy of the ruffs, he gallantly offered his services, and adjusted them so much to her heart's content, that she permitted him to salute her, and in so doing he took the liberty of wringing her neck asunder. The body immediately changed to all manner of colours, "most ugglesome to behold;" and, when placed in a coffin, the strength of all the assistants was insufficient to lift it. On opening the coffin, to discover the cause of this phenomenon, they found the body was gone, and "a black catte, verie leane and deformed, sittyng in the coffin, settyng of great ruffes and frizling of haire, to the greate feare and wonder of all beholders."—We cannot follow our anatomist in his account of perfumes, nosegays, ringes, bracelettes, amlettes, and velvet maskes to ride abroad with, which are severally condemned, as well as looking-glasses, which are designated as "the devil's spectacles:" we must, however, find room for such an article of dress as the gown.

"Their gounes be no lesse famous than the rest, for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of grograine, some of taffatie, some of scarlet, and some of fine clothe, of ten, twentie, or fortie shillynges a yard. But if the whole goune be not silke or velvet, then the same shall be laied with lace, two or three fingers broade, all over the goune, or els the moste parte. Or if not so, (as lace is not fine enough sometymes) then it must be garded with greate gardes of velvet, every gard fouer or sixe fingers broade at the least, and edged with costly lace, and as these gounes be of divers and sundrie colours, so are they of divers fashions, changying with the moone: for some be of the newe fashion, some of the old, some of this fashion, some of that, some with sleeves hanging downe to their skirtes trailyng on the ground, and cast over their shoulders, like cowe-tailes. Some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arme, and poincted with silke ribbons verie gallantly, tied with true loves' knottes (for so they call them.) Some have capes reachynge doune to the middest of their backes, faced with velvet or els with some fine wrought silke taffatie, at the least, and fringed about verie bravely; and (to shut up alle in a woord) some are pleated and riveted doune the backe wonderfully with more knacks than I can declare. Then have they petticoats of the best clothe that can be bought, and of the fairest dye that can be made. And sometimes they are not of clothe neither, for that is thought too base, but of scarlet, grograine, taffatie, silke, and such like, fringed about the skirtes with silke fringe, of changable colour. But which is more vaine, of whatsoever their petticoats be, yet must they have kirtles (for so they call them) either of silke, velvett, grograine, taffatie, satten, or scarlett, bordered with gardes, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what besides. Soe that when they have all these goodly robes upon them, women seeme to be the smallest part

of themselves, not natural women but artificial women, not women of fleshe and blood, but rather puppits or maumets, consysting of ragges and cloutes compact together. Soe farr hath this cancker of pride eaten into the bodie of the common-wealth, that every poore yeoman his daughter, every husbandman his daughter, and every cottager his daughter, will not spare to flaunt it out, in such gounes, petticoats, and kirtles, as these. And notwithstanding, that their parents owe a brase of hundred poundes more than they are worthe, yet will they have it, *quo jure qua injuria*, either by hooke or by crooke, by right or by wrong, as they say: wherby it cometh to passe, that one can scarsly knowe, who is a noble woman, who is an honourable or worshipful woman, from them of the meaner sorte. * * * The women also there have dublettes and jerkins, as men have here, buttoned up the breast, and made with winges, weltes and pinions on the shoulder-pointes, as manne's apparell is for alle the worlde."

The sin of incontinence is next reprehended, and the punishment inflicted in different countries is detailed. Death is recommended as the most appropriate punishment, or branding on the face if a more lenient course were preferred. The gluttony and drunkenness of the people of Ailgna, with examples of divine judgment, are duly recorded. The following passage is written with considerable force.

"A man once dronke with wine, or strong drinke, rather resembleth a brute beaste than a Christian man: for do not his eyes beginne to stare, and to bee red, fierie, and bleared, blubbering forthe seas of teares: Doeth he not frothe and fome at the mouth like a bore? Doeth not his tongue faulter and stammer in his mouthe? Doeth not his hedde seem as heavie as a milstone, he not beeyng able to beare it up? Are not his wittes and spirites as it were drowned? Is not his understanding altogether decaied? Doe not his handes and all his bodie evibrate, quaver, and shake, as it were with a quotidian fever? Besides these, it castest him into a dropsie or pluresie nothyng so sore: it enfeebleth the senewes, it weakeneth the natural strength, it corrupteth the bloode, it dissolveth the whole man, at the length, and finally maketh him forgetfull of hymself altogether, so that what he doeth beeing dronke, he remembreth not beeing sober. The dronkard in his dronkennesse killeth his freend, revileth his lover, discloseth secretes, and regardeth no man; he either expelleth all feare of God out of his minde, all love of his freendes and kinsfolkes, all remembrance of honestie, civilitie, and humanitie: so that I will not feare to call dronkerdes beastes and no men, and much worse than beastes, for beastes never excede in any such kinde of excesse or superfluitie, but alwaie *modum adhibent appetitui*. They measure their appetites by the rule of necessitie, whiche, would God, we woulde doe."

Under the head of "Covetousnesse in Ailgna" are detailed the racking of landlords, the inclosing of commons, the fleecing of lawyers, and the frauds of merchantmen. The taking of

interest for money and imprisonment for debt are condemned. Scriveners are called "the devil's agents;" and an usurer, we are told, is "worse than a Jew—than Judas—than Hell—than death—than the devil." Profane swearing and neglect of keeping holy the sabbath are next denounced, and the Papists are introduced for the purpose of being pointed out to abhorrence and extermination. The zeal of our reforming Puritan, as might be expected, burns with added fury as he approaches the subject of "Stage plays and enterludes with their wickednesse," and a formidable battalia of authorities is marshalled to encounter the "harlotry players." It must have cost our author some pains to have strung together so many vituperative epithets as he has accumulated in the following extract.

"Then, saying that playes were first invented by the devill, practised by the heathen Gentiles, and dedicate to their false idols, gods, and goddesses: as the house stage, and apparell to Venus; the music to Apollo; the pennyng to Minerva and the Muses; the action and pronunciation to Mercurie and the rest; it is more than manifest, that they are no fitt exercises for Christian men to followe. But if there were no evill in them, save this, namely, that the argumentes of tragedyes are, anger, wrathe, immunitie, crueltie, injurie, inceste, murther, and suche like: the persons or actors are gods, goddesses, furies, fiends, hagges, kynges, queenes, or potentates. Of commedies, the matter and grounde is, love, bawdrie, cozenage, flatterie, adulterie. The persons or agents, queanes, bawdes, scullions, knaves, curtezans, letcherous olde men, amorous young men, with such like of infinite varietie. If I say there were nothing els but this, it were sufficient to withdraw a good Christian from the usyng of them. For so often as they goe to those houses where players frequent, they go to Venus' palace and Sathan's sinagogue, to worshippe devills and betraye Christ Jesus.

"And whereas, you saie there are goode examples to be learned in them: truely so there are: if you will learne falsehood: if you will learne cozenage: if you will learne to deceive: if you will learne to play the hipocrite: to cogge, to lye and falsifie: if you will learne to jest, laugh, and fleere, to grinne, to nodd, and mowe: if you will learne to play the dice, to sweare, teare, and blaspheme both heaven and earth: if you will learne to become * * * * * uncleane, and to diverginate maides, to deflowre honest wives: if you will learne to murther, slaie, kill, picke, steale, robbe, and rove: if you will learne to rebell against princes, to commit treasons, to consume treasures, to practise idlenesse, to sing and talke of love and venerie: if you will learne to deride, scoffe, mocke, and flowte, to flatter and smooth: if you will learne to plaie the rake, the glutton, drunkard, or incestuous person: if you will learne to become proude, hautie, and arrogant: and finally, if you will learne to contemne God and all his lawes, to care neither for Heaven nor Hell, and to commit all kinde of sinne and mischiefe, you neede to goe to no other schoole, for all these

good examples maie you see painted before your eyes in enterludes and plaies."

The Abbot has recently introduced "the Lord of Misrule" into polished society. His portrait by the crabbed Puritan does not differ essentially from that given by the great Novelist.

"Firste, all the wilde heades of the parishe, conventyng together, chuse them a graund capetaine (of all mischeef) whom they innoble with the title of my Lord of Misserule, and him they croune with great solemnitie, and adopt for their kyng. This kyng anointed, choseth forth twentie, fortie, three-score, or a hundred lustie guttes like to hymself, to waite uppon his lordely majestie, and to guard his noble persone. Then every one of these his menne, he investeth with his liveries, of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not (baudie) gaudie enough, I should saie, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribons, and laces hanged all over wyth golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles: this doen, they tye about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with riche handkercheefes in their hands, and sometimes laied acrosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the moste parte of their pretie Mopsies and loovyng Bessies, for bussyng them in the darcke. Thus all thinges sette in order, then have they their hobbie-horses, dragons and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers, and thunderyng drommers, to strike up the Deville's daunce withall: then marche these heathen companie towardes the churche and churcheyarde, their pipers pipyng, their drommers thunderyng, their stumpes dauncyng, their belles jynglyng, their handkercheefes swyngyng about theire heades like madmen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishyng amongest the throng; and in this sorte they goe to the churche (though the minister bee at praier or preachyng) dauncyng and swingyng their handkercheefes over their heades, in the church, like devilles incarnate, with suche a confused noise, that no manne can heare his own voice. Then the foolishe people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mounte upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageauntes, solemnized in this sorte. Then after this, aboute the churche they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the churchyarde, where they have commonly their sommer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banquettyng houses set up, wherein they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabbaoth daie."

In spite of the imputed wickednesses of "Maie-games in Ailgna," we shall venture to regret the disuse of those freshening out-of-door festivities—those periodical overflowings of healthful mirth, which swept away the accumulating cares and forms that narrowed and dulled the gentle current of social feeling, and left it to pursue its kindly course, "making sweet musick with its amourous banks."

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"The maner of Maie-games in Ailgna.—

"The order of them is thus: Against Maie, Whitsondaie, or some other tyme of the yeare, every parish, towne, and village, assemble themselves together, bothe men, women, and children, olde and yong, even all indifferently: and either goyng all together, or devidyng themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, some to another, where they spende all the nighte in pleasant pastymes, and in the mornyng they returne, bringyng with them birch-bowes, and braunches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall: and no marvaile, for there is a great lord present amongst them, as superintendent and lord over their pastymes and sportes: namely, Sathan Prince of Hell: but their cheefest jewell they bryng from thence is their Maie-pole, whiche they bryng home with greate veneration, as thus. They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nose-gaie of flowers, placed on the tippe of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this Maie-pole, (this stinckyng idoll rather) whiche is covered all over with flowers, and hearbes bounde rounde aboute with strynges, from the top to the bottome, and sometyme painted with variable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children, followyng it, with greate devotion. And this being reared up, with handkercheefes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes aboute it, sett up sommer haules, bowers, and arbours hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feast, to leape and daunce aboute it, as the heathen people did, at the dedication of their idolles, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

Church-ales, wakes, and feasts, are treated with as little remorse as Maie-games. "The horrible vice of pestiferous dauncing" is denounced as an incentive to lust; though the dancing recorded in the Scriptures is a stumbling-block, which he is puzzled to remove: he, however, compromises the question, by admitting the lawfulness of the sport when not used for the idle purpose of recreation, and when one sex only is permitted to join in it. Music, we are told, "allureth the auditorie to effeminacie, pusillanimitie, and lothsomness of life, much like unto honey." Cards, dice, tennis, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting, are successively interdicted. Hawking and hunting share the same fate. "Esau was a greate hunter, but a reprobate; Ismaell a greate hunter, but a miscreant; Nemrode a greate hunter, but yet a reprobate and a vessell of wrath." The profanation of the Sabbath by markets, fairs, and sports, is duly commented on. The concluding charge is, the "Readyng of wicked bookes:" the author laments the disuse into which that excellent work, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, has fallen, and the preference given to "prophane schedules, hethnical pamphlets of toyes and baberies, invented and excogitat by Beelzebub, written by Lucifer, licenced by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set

abroach to sale by the infernal furies themselves, to the poisoning of the whole world."

The work concludes with describing the signs of the approaching dissolution of the world, and earnest admonitions to the people to repent.

The *Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses*, like almost all continuations, is greatly inferior in spirit and freshness to the preceding part. After having reaped a plentiful harvest of abuses, the author sallies forth again to glean the refuse of iniquity, and to collect every straggling peccadillo. The work is dedicated, like the former one, to the Earl of Arundel, and the increased and increasing wickedness of the age is assigned as the reason for the author's taking the field again. An address to the reader apologizes for the author's and the printer's errors, and a supplicatory and an adulatory address, by J. F. and J. S. are added. Theodorus and Amphilogus succeed Spudeus and Philoponus, and *Ailgna* is transformed into *Dnalgne*, with its capital *Nodnol*. A dissertation on the situation and state of England introduces a string of invectives against the "bloodthirsty papists," and the machinations of "that man of sinne, the first-borne of Satan, that Italian Antichrist," the Pope. Hyperbolical encomiums are lavished on "a noble Queene, a chaste maide and pure virgin." "Princes," we are told, "are to be obeyed in everie thing not contrarie to the lawe of God and goode conscience." * * * There is no power but of God. If the prince be a godly prince, then is he sent as a great blessing from God, and if he be a tyrant, then is he raised of God for a scourge to the people for their sins. And therefore, whether the prince be the one or the other, he is to be obeid as before." The litigious spirit of the people, and the folly and wickedness of going to law, are expatiated upon, and the "cheverell consciences of the lawyers" are not overlooked. The discussion of the state of education introduces the abuses in the Universities by the admission of the rich to the exclusion of the poor. The professional knaveries of the merchant, the draper, the goldsmith, the vintner, the butcher, the tanner, the shoemaker, the broker, the chandler, and the farmer, are successively exposed. The tailor, it may be easily supposed, receives his due modicum of abuse, and the unfortunate knights of the thimble are declared responsible for the vanities to which they administer gratification. The abomination of ruffs, we are told, is become more intolerable than ever, and starching-houses have been erected for their use, "consecrate to Beelzebub and Cerberus, arch-divels of greate ruffs, * * wherein they tricke up these cart-wheeles of the divel's charet of pride." The description of his trusty ally, the barber, is the most amusing passage in the *Second Part*.

XUM

"*Amp.* There are no finer fellows under the sunne, nor experter in their noble science of barbing than they be. And therefore in the fulnes of their overflowing knowledge (oh, ingenious heads, and worthie to be dignified with the diademe of follie and vain curiositie) they have invented such strange fashions and monstrous maners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one maner of cut, called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the newe cut, another the old; one of the bravado fashion, another of the meane fashion; one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one out of the court, another of the country, with infinite the like vanities which I overpasse. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable, and therefore when you come to be trained, they will aske you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enimie, or aimiable to your friend, grime and sterne in countenance, or pleasant and demure (for they have divers kinds of cuts, for all these purposes, or els they lie.) Then when they have done all their feats, it is a world to consider, how their mowchatowes must be preserved and laid out, and from one cheke to another, yea almost from one ear to another, and turned up like two hornes towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the haire, what snipping and snapping of the eyeers is there, what tricking and triming, what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and clawing, what tricking and toyling, and all to tawe out money you may be sure. And when they come to washing, oh how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather or fome that riseth off the balles (for they have their sweet balles wherewithall they use to washe) your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers ful bravely, God wot. Thus this tragedy ended, comes me warme clothes to wipe and dry him withall, next the eares must be picked and closed again artificially forsooth. The haire of the nostrils cut away, and every thing done in order comely to behold. The last act in this tragedie is the payment of monie. And least these cunning barbers might seeme unconscionable in asking much for their paines, they are of such a shamefast modestie, as they will aske nothing at all, but standing to the curtisie and liberalitie of the giver, they will receive all that comes how much soever it be, not giving anie againe I warrant you: for take a barber with that fault and strike off his head. No, no, such fellowes are *Raræ aves in terris, nigrisque similimæ cygnis*, Rare birds on the earth, and as geason as blacke swans. You shall have also your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall all to besprinkled: your musicke again and pleasant harmonie shall sound in your eares, and all to tickle the same with vain delight. And in the end your cloke shall be brushed, and God be with you, gentleman."

The faculty are very roughly handled: the physicians and surgeons are accused of keeping the rich ill, and of killing the poor out of the way, and the apothecaries of the adulteration and substitution of drugs. The number of ignorant quacks and

quacking old women is lamented, and it is proposed that none such be allowed to prescribe or poison, except gratis; and that all candidates for the profession be examined touching their skill, "as also for godliness, christian zeale, pure religion, compassion and love to their brethren"—qualifications, we are afraid, not considered quite indispensable in the College of Surgeons. Our author has sense enough to despise the astronomers, prognosticators, and almanack-makers, with their trumpery science, which he declares "standeth upon nothing else but mere conjectures, supposals, likelihoods, guesses, probabilities, observations of times and seasons, conjunctions of signes, starres and planets, with their aspects and occurants and the like; and not upon anie certaine ground, knowledge, or truth, either of the word of God or of natural reason." Having almost exhausted the high crimes and misdemeanours of the laity, our anatomist enters upon the "Corruption and Abuses of the Spiritualitie," to which he devotes a considerable portion of his *Second Part*. As we have no wish to follow him in his discussion of the evil of pluralities and non-residence, or of the difference between a reading and a preaching ministry, we shall here take our leave of Philip Stubbes, with a feeling of gratitude for the information and amusement he has afforded us, and of respect for the perseverance and hardihood with which he stood forth to combat the real and supposed enormities of the age.

ART. IX. *Franc. Baconis de Verulamio Summi Angliæ Cancellarii Novum Organum Scientiarum.*

Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia.

Lugd. Bat. 1645. *pp.* 457.

The most valuable, but the most neglected, of Lord Bacon's works, is the *Novum Organum*.

His *Essays* upon subjects of such general interest as Friendship, Love, Marriage, Parent and Child, Goodness and Goodness of Nature, Adversity and Prosperity, full of thought from his philosophic mind, and of beauty from his sweet fancy, have been, as he predicted, the most current of all his works: "they come home," he says, "to men's business and bosoms, and, like the late new half-pence, the pieces are small and the silver is good."—When we read in his Essay on Adversity, that

"The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many herse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

And when we read, in his essay on Goodness and Goodness of Nature, that

"The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shews he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shews that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shews that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash."

When we read such interesting subjects so beautifully treated, we are not astonished at his prediction, that his essays "*would last as long as books last.*" The whole, indeed, of this little volume may be described in the words of Ben Jonson, who, when speaking of Bacon's eloquence in parliament, says, "*No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idlenesse in what he uttered.* My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours: but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his works, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

The *Advancement of Learning* was, as Bacon well knew, likely to possess a temporary ascendancy over his more abstruse works. Within its outline is included the whole of science. After having examined all the objections to learning;

all the advantages of learning; the places of learning, or universities; the books of learning, or libraries; *the shrines where all the relicks of the antient saints, without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed;* after having thus cleared the way, and, as it were, made silence to have the true nature of learning better heard and understood, he investigates all knowledge relating to the *Memory*, or every species of

History { 1. Natural
2. Civil
3. Ecclesiastical;

and to the *Imagination*, or every species of

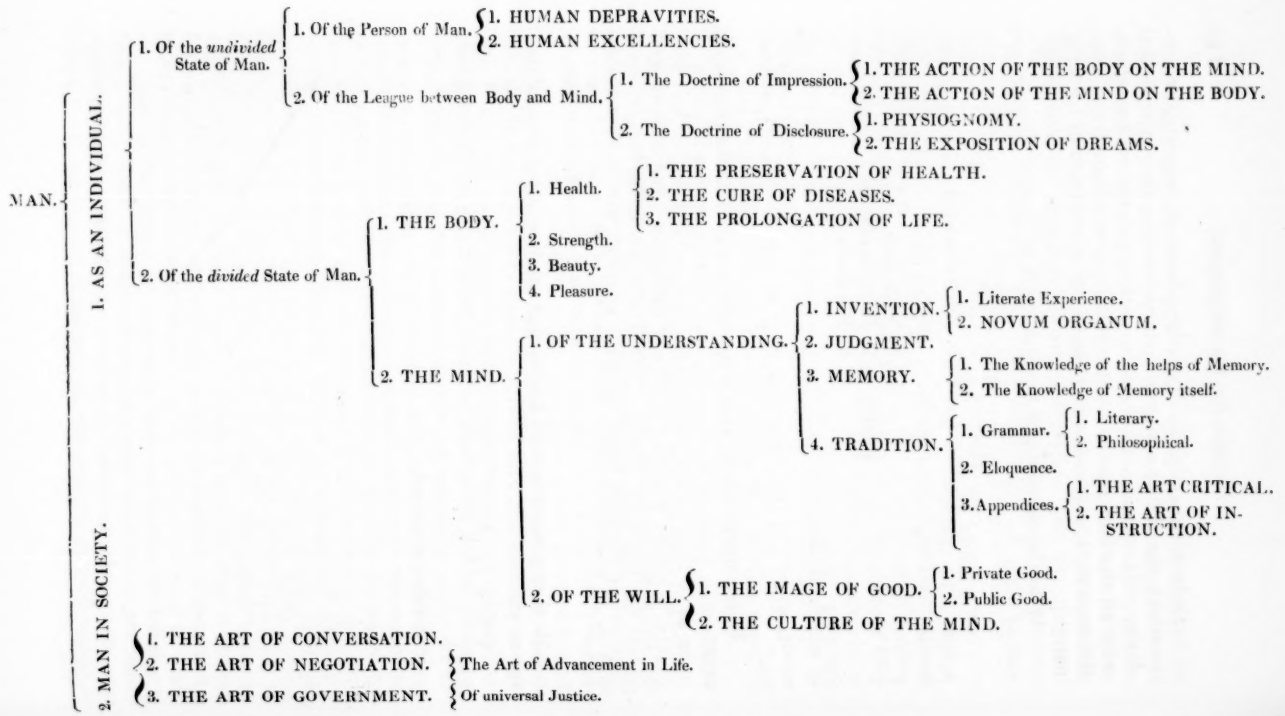
Poetry { 1. Narrative
2. Representative
3. Parabolical;

of which he says:

"Being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind: but to ascribe unto it that which is due, for the expression of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to the philosophers' works: and for wit and eloquence, not much less than to orators' harangues. But it is not good to stay too long in the theatre. Let us now pass to the judicial place or palace of the mind, which we are to approach with more reverence and attention."

He then proceeds to all knowledge relating to the *understanding* or philosophy, and having classed every species of *natural philosophy*, he thus arranges *human philosophy*, or the knowledge of man; which we select, because, being more easily detached, it affords a specimen by which his analysis may be most conspicuously exhibited.

XUM


MAN.
1. AS AN INDIVIDUAL.
1. Of the *undivided* State of Man.
1. Of the Person of Man.
1. HUMAN DEPRAVITIES.
2. HUMAN EXCELLENCIES.
2. Of the League between Body and Mind.
1. The Doctrine of Impression.
1. THE ACTION OF THE BODY ON THE MIND.
2. THE ACTION OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.
2. The Doctrine of Disclosure.
1. PHYSIOGNOMY.
2. THE EXPOSITION OF DREAMS.
2. Of the *divided* State of Man.
1. THE BODY.
1. Health.
1. THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.
2. THE CURE OF DISEASES.
3. THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE.
2. Strength.
3. Beauty.
4. Pleasure.
2. THE MIND.
1. OF THE UNDERSTANDING.
1. INVENTION.
1. Literate Experience.
2. NOVUM ORGANUM.
2. JUDGMENT.
3. MEMORY.
1. The Knowledge of the helps of Memory.
2. The Knowledge of Memory itself.
4. TRADITION.
1. Grammar.
1. Literary.
2. Philosophical.
2. Eloquence.
3. Appendices.
1. THE ART CRITICAL.
2. THE ART OF INSTRUCTION.
2. OF THE WILL.
1. THE IMAGE OF GOOD.
1. Private Good.
2. Public Good.
2. THE CULTURE OF THE MIND.
2. MAN IN SOCIETY.
1. THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
2. THE ART OF NEGOTIATION. The Art of Advancement in Life.
3. THE ART OF GOVERNMENT. Of universal Justice.

Such is the outline. It is not, however, the mere outline to which the *Advancement of Learning* is indebted for its ascendancy. It includes a system minutely arranged and adorned with all the beauties of composition, the happiness of familiar illustration, the power of words, and the splendour of imagination.

When speaking of the truth which is elicited from the pursuit of error, he says:

"Yet surely to alchemy this right is due, that it may be compared to the husbandman whereof Æsop makes the fable; that, when he died, told his sons, that he had left unto them gold buried under ground in his vineyard; and they digged over all the ground, and gold they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following; so assuredly the search and stir to make gold hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful inventions and experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature, as for the use of man's life."

When speaking of the proper ascendancy of intellect, he says:

"The honest and just bounds of observation, by one person upon another, extend no farther, but to understand him sufficiently, whereby not to give him offence, or whereby to be able to give him faithful counsel, or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution, in respect of a man's self: but to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous."

When speaking of one of the advantages of learning, he says:

"Neither is certainly that other merit of learning, in repressing the inconveniences which grow from man to man, much inferiour to the former, of relieving the necessities which arise from nature, which merit was lively set forth by the ancients in that feigned relation of Orpheus's theatre, where all beasts and birds assembled, and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature: wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained: but if these instruments be silent, or that sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion."

And, when speaking of one of the errors of learning, he says:

"But the greatest errour of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of man: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terras, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale, and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."

Such is the extent of the outline, such the symmetry in the arrangement, such the beauty of the style. They have been, as Bacon foresaw they would be, causes, and only temporary causes, of the preference which has been given to the *Advancement of Learning*. He was too well acquainted with what he terms the idols of the mind, to be diverted from the truth either by the love of order or by the love of beauty. He knew the charms of theories and systems, and the necessity of adopting them to insure a favourable reception for abstruse works, but he was not misled by them. It did not require his sagacity to predict such observations as, two centuries after his death, have been made upon his classification by the philosophers of our times. The scaffolding which he raised, may, without danger, now be removed.

Professor Stewart, after various observations upon the arrangements of Bacon and D'Alembert, says, "If the foregoing strictures be well founded, it seems to follow, that not only the endeavours of Bacon and D'Alembert to classify the sciences and arts according to a logical division of our faculties, is altogether unsatisfactory, but that every future attempt of the same kind may be expected to be liable to similar objections."—Bentham in his *Chrestomathia*, speaking of Bacon's arrangement, says, "Of the sketch given by D'Alembert the leading principles are, as he himself has been careful to declare, taken from that given by Lord Bacon. Had it been entirely his own, it would have been, beyond comparison, a better one. For the age of Bacon, Bacon's was a precocious and precious fruit of the union of learning with science: for the age of D'Alembert, it will, it is believed, be found but a poor production, below the

author as well as the age."—The *Chrestomathia* then contains various objections to these systems of arrangement, and suggests another system which, perhaps, after the lapse of two more centuries, will share the same fate.

No man was, for his own sake, less attached to system or ornament than Lord Bacon. A plain, unadorned style in aphorisms, in which the *Novum Organum* is written, is, he invariably states, the proper style for philosophy. In the midst of his own arrangement, in the *Advancement of Learning*, he says:

"The worst and most absurd sort of triflers are those who have pent the whole art into strict methods and narrow systems, which men commonly cry up for the sake of their regularity and style."

In another part, he says:

"It is of great consequence to consider whether sciences should be delivered by way of aphorism or of method. For it is a thing worthy to be precisely noted, that it hath been often taken into custom, that men, out of a few axioms and observations upon any subject, have made a compleat and solemn art, filling it with some discourses of wit, illustrating it with examples, and knitting it together by some method. But that other way of delivery by aphorisms brings with it many advantages whereto delivery by method doth not approach. For *first*, it tries the writer whether he be superficial or solid in knowledge: for aphorisms, except they should be altogether ridiculous, cannot be made but out of the pyth and heart of sciences: for illustration and excussion are cut off; variety of examples is cut off; deduction and connexion are cut off; description of practice is cut off; so there remaineth nothing to fill the aphorisms, but a good quantity of observations. And therefore no man can suffice, nor in reason will attempt to write aphorisms, who is not copiously furnished and solidly grounded. But in methods,

> ———Tantum series, juncturaque pollet:
> Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

As oftentimes they make a great shew of I know not what singular art, which if they were disjointed, separated, and laid open, would come to little or nothing. *Secondly*, methodical delivery is more fit to win consent or belief; but less fit to point to action; for they carry a shew of demonstration in orb or circle, one part illuminating another; and therefore do more satisfy the understanding; but being that actions in common course of life are dispersed, and not orderly digested, they do best agree with dispersed directions. *Lastly*, aphorisms representing certain portions only, and as it were fragments of sciences, invite others to contribute, and add something; whereas methodical delivery carrying shew of a total and perfect knowledge, forthwith secureth men as if they were at the furthest."

And again:

XUM

"The advancement of Learning is impeded by the over early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods, which, once done, commonly sciences receive small or no augmentation. For as young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature: so knowledge, whilst it is dispersed into aphorisms and observations, may grow and shoot up; but once entered and comprehended in methods, it may, perchance, be farther polished and fashioned and accommodated for use and practice, but increaseth no more in bulk and substance."

His opinion of the use of ornament for philosophical composition is of the same nature;

"The studying words and not matter is," he says, "so justly contemptible, that, as Hercules when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus's minion, in a temple, said, in disdain, *nil sacri es:* so there are none of Hercules's followers in learning, that is, the more severe and laborious sort of enquirers into truth, but will despise those delicacies and affectations as capable of no divineness. Indeed it seems to me, that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity: for words are but the images of matter, and, except they have life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one, as to fall in love with a picture. But yet, notwithstanding, it is a thing not hastily to be condemned, to clothe and adorn the obscurity, even of philosophy itself, with sensible and plausible elocution."

Such is the nature of this extraordinary work, which we quit with reluctance in the words of Bacon, who, when looking back at the conclusion of his labours, says:

"Thus have we made, as it were, a small globe of the intellectual world, as faithfully as we could, together with a designation and description of those parts which I find not constantly occupate, or not well converted by the industry and labours of men. In which work, if I have any where receded from the opinion of the ancients, I desire that posterity would so judge of my intentions, as that this was done with a mind of further progression and proficience *in melius;* and not out of a humour of innovation or transmigration *in aliud:* for I could not be true and constant to myselfe, or the argument which I have in hand, if I had not resolvedly determined to adde to the inventions of others, so farre as I was able. And I am as willing, and as sincerely wish, that later ages may goe beyond me hereafter, as I have endeavoured to goe beyond others now. And how faithfully I have dealt in this businesse may appeare even by this, that I have propounded my opinions every where naked and unarmed, not seeking to prejudicate the liberty of others by the pugnacity of confutations. For in anything which I have well set downe, I am in good hope that it will come so to passe, that if in the first reading a scruple or objection be moved, in the second reading an answer will be ready made; and in those things wherein I have chanc't to erre, I am sure I have not

prejudiced the right by litigious arguments, which commonly are of this nature, That they procure authority to error, and derogate from good inventions; for from dubitation error acquires honour, truth suffers repulse. And now I call to mind an answer Themistocles made, who, when an ambassador in a set speech had boasted great matters of a small village, takes him up thus, Friend, your words would require a citty. Surely I suppose it may be justly objected to me, that my words require an age, a whole age perchance to prove them, and many ages to perfect them. Notwithstanding, seeing the greatest matters are owing unto their principles, it is enough to me that I have sowen unto posterity and the immortall God, whose divine Majesty I humbly implore through his Son and our Saviour, that he would vouchsafe gratiously to accept these and such like sacrifices of humane understanding, seasoned with religion as with salt, and incensed to his glory."

Without any of the advantages of arrangement or ornament, the *Novum Organum* appeared "naked and unarmed" in the year 1620, when Bacon was Chancellor. It is written in aphorisms, and thus begins:—

"1. Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no farther than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature.

"2. Neither the hand without instruments, nor the unassisted understanding, can do much; they both require helps to fit them for business: and as instruments of the hand either serve to excite motion, or direct it; so the instruments of the mind either suggest to, or guard and preserve, the understanding."

In this style, without any appeal except to the understanding, he proceeds through the whole work: unless, indeed, in his Inquiries *upon the grounds of hope for the further advancement of science*, he may be considered as having deviated for a moment from the path which he had prescribed for his progress. It is when speaking of himself he says—

"We judge also that mankind may conceive some hopes from our example, which we offer, not by way of ostentation, but because it may be useful. If any one, therefore, should despair, let him consider a man as much employed in civil affairs as any other of his age—a man of no great share of health, who must therefore have lost much time; and yet, in this undertaking, he is the first that leads the way, unassisted by any mortal, and steadfastly entering the true path, that was absolutely untrod before, and submitting his mind to things, may somewhat have advanced the design."

Although the *Novum Organum* was published, it was not composed when Bacon was Chancellor. In his letter to the King, dated 12th October, 1621, he says, "There be two of

your council, and one Bishop of this land, that know I have been about some such work these thirty years:" and his secretary, Rawley, says, "His *Instauration* (which, in his own account, was the chiefest of his works) was the production of many years' labour and travel. I myself have seen at the least twelve copies revised year by year, one after another, and every year altered and amended."

The high estimation by Bacon of the *Novum Organum* may be collected from various parts of his works. He never mentions it but with the consciousness of its superiority, and the conviction that, in future ages, its worth will be duly appreciated. He speaks of it, as of himself, in his will, "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to distant ages." In his *Advancement of Learning* he says, "Now for the Novum Organum we say nothing, nor give any foretaste there; being we have projected in our minds, by the assistance of the divine favour, to make a perfect entire work of that subject: seeing it is a matter of higher consequence than all the rest."

In a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, dated 1622, he says, "Having lately published a part of my *Instauration*, which is the work that, in my own judgment, I most esteem, I think to proceed in some new parts thereof. And though I have received from many places abroad such testimonies, with relation to that work, as I could not expect at first in so abstruse an argument; yet I have just cause to doubt that it flies too high over men's heads." And in his dedication to James he says, "I may, perhaps, when I am dead, hold out a light to posterity by this new torch set up in the obscurity of philosophy."

The *Novum Organum* is a treatise on the part of invention. Upon the defective state of this art the different works of Lord Bacon abound with lamentations. In his *Advancement of Learning*, he says—

"The art of inventing arts and sciences I report to be wholly deficient, which seemes to me to be such a deficience, as if in the making of an inventory, touching the estate of a defunct, it should be set downe, *Of ready money, nothing;* for, as money will fetch all other commodities, so all other arts are purchased by this art. And as the West Indies had never bin discovered if the use of the mariner's needle had not first bin discovered, though these regions be vast, the versor is a small motion: so it cannot be found strange if, in the discovery and advancement of arts, there hath not bin made greater progression, seeing the art of invention and perlustration hitherto was unknown."

Again he says—

"We are more beholden to a wild goat for surgery, to a night-

ingale for the modulation of music, to the ibis for clysters, to a potlid that flew open for artillery—in a word, to chance, or any thing, than to art: so that it is no marvel (the manner of antiquity being to consecrate inventions of things profitable) that the Ægyptians, an ancient nation, to whom many arts owe their first beginnings, had their temples full of brutes, but almost empty of the idols of men; and we now have no other method of invention propounded than that of which brute beasts are capable, which is a most intentive solicitude and constant practice upon some one thing imposed upon them by the necessities of their natures."

The defective state of "the Art of Invention" cannot have originated in any opinion of its inutility. "If," to use Bacon's own words, "the utility of any particular invention can affect mankind so much as to make them think him more than human who could, by any single benefit, oblige the whole species, how much more noble must it appear to discover some one thing, by which all others may readily be discovered?" Nor can it be ascribed to want of interest or to public indifference. Invention has ever been a source of pleasure to the noblest minds—to such minds as Galileo, as Locke, as Newton, and as Bacon. "The things," says Boyle, "for which I think life valuable, are the satisfaction which accrues from the improvement of knowledge, and the exercise of piety." The discovery of the different properties of creatures and the imposition of names, was the occupation of Adam, in paradise. Inventors, too, have, in all ages, and particularly in the infancy of society, been, as it were, deified.

"Founders of states," says Bacon, "lawgivers, extirpers of tyrants, fathers of their country, and other eminent persons in civil merit, were honoured with the title of worthies only, or demi-gods; such as were Theseus, Minos, Romulus, and the like: on the other side, such as were inventors and authors of new arts, and such as endowed man's life with new commodities and accessions, were ever consecrated among the greater and entire gods; which happened to Ceres, Bacchus, Mercury, Apollo, and others, which indeed was done justly and upon sound judgment; for the merits of the former are commonly confined within the circle of an age or a nation, and are not unlike seasonable and favouring showers, which, though they be profitable and desirable, yet serve but for that season only wherein they fall, and for a latitude of ground which they water: but the benefices of the latter, like the influences of the sun and the heavenly bodies, are, for time, permanent—for place, universal. Those again are commonly mixt with strife and perturbation; but these have the true character of divine presence, and come in *Aura leni* without noise or agitation."

But this adoration of inventors is not confined to the early stages of society. It is "for time perpetual, for place univer-

sal;" unless the opinion of Bacon is well founded—that there is something in the air of universities, framed rather for diffusing the knowledge of our predecessors than for the discovery of unexplored truths, that is not very favourable to inquiry. He says—

"In the customs and institutions of our schools, universities, colleges, and the like conventions, destined for the seats of learned men and the promotion of knowledge, all things are found opposite to the advancement of the sciences; for the readings and exercises are here so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road: or, if here and there one should venture to use a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself, without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and, if he could dispense with this, he shall still find his industry and resolution a great hindrance to the raising of his fortune: for the studies of men in such places are confined and pinned down to the writings of certain authors, from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator. But there is surely a great difference between arts and civil affairs; for the danger is not the same from new light as from new commotions. In civil affairs, it is true, a change even for the better is suspected, through the fear of disturbance; because these affairs depend upon authority, consent, reputation, and opinion, and not upon demonstration. But arts and sciences should be like mines, resounding on all sides with new works and further progress. And thus it ought to be, according to right reason: but the case, in fact, is quite otherwise; for the above-mentioned administration and policy of schools and universities generally opposes and greatly prevents the improvement of the sciences."

To remedy this evil, Bacon suggests, perhaps not very wisely, that, as in David's military law, those who stayed with the carriage should share equally with those who were in the action, so the salaries of all professors should be liberal; but that, above all, there should be proper rewards for inquirers in new and unlaboured parts of learning; that, as the serpent of Moses, they may devour the serpent of the enchanters. And in his *New Atlantis*, a fable devised to exhibit a model of a college for the interpretation of nature, he says—

"In the entrance we have two very long and fine galleries. In one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions: in the other we place the statues of all the principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus, who discovered the West Indies; also the inventor of ships; your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder; the inventor of music; the inventor of letters; the inventor of printing; the inventor of observations of astronomy; the inventor of works in metal; the inventor of glass; the inventor of silk of the worm; the inventor of wine; the inventor of corn and bread; the inventor of sugars: and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then

have we divers inventors of our own, of excellent works: which, since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them: and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions, you might easily err; for upon every invention of value we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward. These statues are some of brass; some of marble and touchstone; some of cedar, and other special woods, gilt and adorned; some of iron; some of silver; some of gold.

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvellous works; and forms of prayers, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses."

Important as is the power of invention, and highly as it is estimated, it seems a matter of astonishment, that, whilst there is a systematic mode of proceeding in all other arts and sciences, the art of invention is either wholly disregarded, or regarded as chimerical. The modern metaphysician, like the alchemists of old, will labour in his pursuit with unwearied perseverance and with eternal hope: blaming his own errors when unsuccessful; renewing and repeating his inquiries, and feeding his mind with the slightest appearance of any thing new. He will search what has been said by others: he will add his thoughts to their discoveries: and, with great struggle of mind, solicit and invoke his own spirit to deliver him oracles: but, proceeding without chart or compass to direct his course, it depends on accident and his own acuteness, whether he seizes some straggling truth, or is himself bewildered and lost.

The experimental philosopher also, like the alchemists of old, when in search of any truth, the attractive power, for instance, of the magnet, will labour upon it with unremitted industry, and endeavour to discover the properties in the stone itself: as if attraction, instead of being common to all nature, were some property peculiar to this substance, and confined as a kernel within its boundaries: although, centuries ago, inquirers were admonished by Lord Bacon, that the nature of anything was seldom to be found in the thing itself: and, in illustration of this general truth, foretold that the laws of the heavenly bodies would be discovered, as they were afterwards discovered by Newton, not in the bodies themselves, but in the bodies upon the earth.

"Whoever, (he says) shall reject the fained divorces of superlunary and sublunary bodies; and shall intentively observe the appetencies of matter, and the most universal passions, (which in either globe are exceeding potent, and transverberate the universal nature of things) he shall receive cleere information concerning celestial matters from the things seen here with us: and contrariwise, from these motions which are practised in heaven, he shall learn many observations

which now are latent, touching the motions of bodies here below: not only so far as these inferiour motions are moderated by superior, but in regard they have a mutual intercourse by passions common to them both."

And again,

"We must openly profess, that our hope of discovering the truth with regard to the celestial bodies, depends upon the observation of the common properties, or the passions and appetites, of the matter of both states; for, as to the separation that is supposed betwixt the ætherial and sublunary bodies, it seems to me no more than a fiction, and a degree of superstition mixed with rashness, &c. Our chiefest hope, and dependance in the consideration of the celestial bodies, is, therefore, placed in physical reasons, though not such as are commonly so called: but their laws, which no diversity of place or region can abolish, break through, disturb or alter."

There is no disunion in the works of nature; their partitions are as lines and veins, not as sections and separations; and there is the same spirit moving upon them all.

"All tangible bodies," says Bacon, "contain a spirit covered over, enveloped with the grosser body. There is no known body, in the upper parts of the earth, without its spirit; whether it be generated by the attenuating and concocting power of the celestial warmth, or otherwise: for the pores of tangible bodies are not a vacuum; but either contain air, or the peculiar spirit of the substance, and this not a vis, an energy, a soul, or a fiction; but a real, subtile, and invisible body, circumscribed by place and dimension."

Such was the language of Bacon two centuries ago; the same sentiments have lately appeared in another form, in the works of one of our modern poets.

"To every form of being is assign'd
An *active* principle howe'er remov'd
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heav'n, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, and every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing or with evil mix'd:
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
It circulates the soul of all the worlds."

Excursion, page 387.

To assist in forming an art of invention, to assist in conducting the mind in the pursuit of truth, by certain laws orderly and consequentially, and so to render the human understanding equal to things and to nature, is the object of the *Novum Organum*.

The *Novum Organum* is divisible into two parts: of which the first is introductory to the art of invention, and both, to use Bacon's own words, "I report deficient."

A perfect work upon the *Art of Invention*, or on the *Conduct of the Understanding* in the discovery of truth, is, it seems, susceptible of a fourfold division, of which the three first are introductory.

"As the commander of an army, before he commences an attack, considers the strength and number of his troops, both regular and allies—the spirit by which they are animated, whether they are lions or sheep in the lion's skin:—the power of the enemy to which he is opposed; their walled towns, their stored arsenals and armories, their horses and chariots of war, elephants, ordnance and artillery, and their races of men;—and then in what mode he shall commence his attack and proceed in the battle: so, before man directs his strength against nature, and endeavours to take her high towers and dismantle her fortified holds, and thus enlarge the borders of his dominion as far as Almighty God of his goodness shall permit, it behoves him well to estimate—

"1st. His powers for the discovery of truth.

"2nd. His different motives for the exercise of his powers.

"3rd. The obstacles to which he is opposed, and

"4th. The mode in which he can exert his powers with most efficacy."

Upon each of the three first parts, which are only introductory, the *Novum Organum* contains a few and only a few observations.

With respect to the *enumeration and excellencies of our powers*, Bacon is wholly silent. Without exhibiting even a sketch of our faculties, he contents himself with warning his readers of some of our defects. In the second part of the *Novum Organum*, as if in defiance of all arrangement, he, without any notice of their perfections, states some of the defects of our senses: whilst, on the other hand, in the *New Atlantis*, he is copious in suggesting expedients for the improvement of their excellencies. He says,

"We have also perspective houses, where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations; and of all colours; and out of things uncoloured and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colours; not in rain-bows, (as it is in gems and prisms,) but of them-

selves single. We represent also multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance; and make so sharp, as to discern small points and lines: also all colorations of lights; all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colours: all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means yet unknown to you, producing of light, originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off; as in the heavens and remote places; and represent things near as far off; and things far off as near; making feigned distances. We have also glasses and means, to see small and minute bodies, perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colours of small flies and worms, grains and flaws in gems, which cannot otherwise be seen; observations in urine and blood, not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rain-bows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflections, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

"We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, and some sweeter than any you have: together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds, extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps, which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller, and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice, differing in the letters or articulate sound, from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

"We have also perfume-houses, wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange. We imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man's taste."

The defects of the senses noticed in the *Novum Organum* are as follows.

"Things escape the senses, because the object is not sufficient in quantity to strike the sense: as all minute bodies—because the percussion of the object is too great to be endured by the sense: as the form of the sun when looking directly at it in mid-day:—because the time is not proportionate to actuate the sense; as the motion of a bullet in the air or the quick circular motion of a fire-brand, which are too fast; or the hour-hand of a common clock, which is too slow:—from the distance of the object as to place; as the size of the celestial bodies and the size and nature of all distant bodies:—from prepossession by another object; as one powerful smell renders other smells in the same room imperceptible:—from the interruption of interposing bodies; as

the internal parts of animals: and, because the object is unfit to make an impression upon the sense; as the air or the invisible and untangible spirit which is included in every living body."

For each of these defects he suggests appropriate remedies. We must confine ourselves to the last: which, from its being noticed by Bacon in all his works, may, perhaps, not be deemed undeserving peculiar consideration. He says,

"Things escape the senses, because the object is unfit to make an impression upon the sense; as the air or the invisible and untangible spirit which is included in every living body."

The same sentiments may be found in the *Sylva Sylvarum*. Where he says,

"The knowledge of man (hitherto) hath beene determined by the view, or sight; so that whatsoever is invisible, either in respect of the fineness of the body itselfe; or the smallness of the parts; or of the subtilty of the motion; is little inquired. And yet these be the things that govern nature principally; and without which you cannot make any true analysis and indication of the proceedings of nature. *The spirits or pneumaticals, that are in all tangible bodies, are scarce known. Neither is this a question of words, but infinitely material in nature.* For, from them, and their motions, principally proceed putrefaction, vivification, and most of the effects of nature."

Of the importance of a knowledge of the laws of this spirit as the cause of health, agreeable sensation, sanity of mind, and prolongation of life, Bacon was deeply impressed; and some of our contemporaries may possibly be supposed to have entertained sentiments not very different, when they say that our health of body and soundness of mind depend upon "a proper degree of excitability, properly excited." In the eleventh section of his *Treatise on Life and Death* there is a minute investigation of the nature of this spirit: it is entitled "*Improvable Axioms, or variable Caverns for giving Light into the Cause of the Continuance of Life, and the true Nature or Form of Death.* In his *Advancement of Learning*, in his inquiries upon "the prolongation of life," he says—

"Animals are consumed by the depredation of innate spirit and the depredation of ambient air. Now, when the action of these causes can be prevented, the body, like a fly in amber, more beautifully entombed than an Egyptian monarch, defies decomposition. The prolongation of life, therefore, depends upon the art of counteracting this consumption, by making the agents less predatory, and the patients less depredable."

He then, after in some sort apologizing for thus occupying the mind in meditations upon the body, by saying, "Although

the world, to a Christian travelling to the land of promise, be as it were a wilderness, yet that our shooes and vestments be less worn away while we sojourn in this wilderness, is to be esteemed a gift coming from the divine goodness," admonishes his reader "that the prolongation of life is to be expected only from working upon the spirits." Upon this his favourite subject of vital spirit there is also a methodical disquisition in the second part of the *Novum Organum*, in the section entitled "Summoning or Citing Instances;" and, after having examined this interesting subject as a philosopher in his different works, he illustrates it, as a species of poetry, in one of his *Fables of the Ancients.**

Such are the defects of the senses noticed in the *Novum Organum*. The defects of the judgment, or our tendencies either not to admit or to abandon truth, are more minutely investigated. At the entrance of his work, we are warned that there are certain idols and false notions of the mind, which take such root therein and so possess it, that truth can hardly find entrance, and even when it is entered, that they will again rise up, choak and destroy it; and that all hope of mental perfection is vain, unless they are first eradicated: that, as the kingdom of heaven can be entered only in the condition of little children, so the kingdom of man, which is founded in the sciences, can be entered only by resisting those tendencies to which we all, great and little children, are exposed.

These idols are, he says, of four kinds: to us they appear to be reducible to two. The first species is what Bacon terms,

"*Idols of the Tribe, or Defects common to the whole Human Race.*

"These are certain predispositions which beset the mind of man: certain idols which are constantly operating upon the mind and warping it from the truth; for the mind of man, drawn over and clouded with the sable pavilion of the body, is so far from being like a smooth, equal and clear glass, which might sincerely take and reflect the beams of things according to their true incidence, that it is rather like an enchanted glass full of superstitions, apparitions, and impostures."

Or, as Locke in his *Conduct of the Understanding*, framed, as it seems, upon Bacon's introduction, says: "Men do not look through glasses which represent images in their true forms and colours: for they put coloured spectacles before their eyes, and look on things through false glasses, and then think themselves

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* See the "Fable of Proserpine."

excused in following the false appearances which they themselves put upon them."

That the pernicious tendency of these idols may be clearly understood, it may be well to remember, that a man of sound judgment is not diverted from the truth by the strength of immediate impression. He decides with unbiassed impartiality, never suffering any passion to interfere with the love of truth. He does not form a hasty opinion. He is not tenacious in retaining an opinion when formed: "he is never ashamed of being wiser to-day than he was yesterday:" he never wanders from the substance of the matter in judgment into useless subtlety and refinement.

In one of the most eloquent sermons in our language upon the text, "So God created man in his own image," there is a noble picture, by Dr. South,* of human perfection. In speaking of the understanding, he says: "And first for its noblest faculty, the understanding: it was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not Consul, but Dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend, as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and spright-

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* We cannot refrain, in the hope of recommending this sermon to our readers, from subjoining the following description of the passion of joy.—"In the next place, for the lightsome passion of *Joy*. It was not that, which now often usurps this name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy, or a pleased appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing: the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth, and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice, or undecent eruptions, but filled the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise. It was refreshing, but composed; like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age; or the mirth of a festival, managed with the silence of contemplation."

liness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but itself the prospect."

Such was Adam in Paradise. Speaking of fallen man, he says: "Take the picture of a man in the greenness and vivacity of his youth, and in the latter date and declensions of his drooping years, and you will scarce know it to belong to the same person: there would be more art to discern, than at first to draw it. The same and greater is the difference between man innocent and fallen. He is, as it were, a new kind or species; the plague of sin has even altered his nature, and eaten into his very essentials. The image of God is wiped out, the creatures have shook off his yoke, renounced his sovereignty and revolted from his dominion. Distempers and diseases have shattered the excellent frame of his body; and by a new dispensation, *immortality is swallowed up of mortality*. Thesame disaster and decay also has invaded his spirituals: the passions rebel, every faculty would usurp and rule; and there are so many governors, that there can be no government. The light within us is become darkness; and the understanding, that should be eyes to the blind faculty of the will, is blind itself, and so brings all the inconveniences, that attend a blind follower under the conduct of a blind guide. He that would have a clear, ocular demonstration of this, let him reflect upon that numerous litter of strange, senseless, absurd opinions, that crawl about the world, to the disgrace of reason, and the unanswerable reproach of a broken intellect."

To the operation of these idols, Bacon ascribes this mental degradation: by which our judgments are diverted from the truth by the strength of immediate impression: by which we do not decide with unbiassed impartiality: we suffer passions to interfere with the love of truth: we form hasty opinions: we are tenacious in retaining opinions when formed: and wander into endless inquiry.

We will subjoin in detached sentences, as a specimen both of the manner and substance of the *Novum Organum*, an illustration of some of these idols.

"*The Mind is warped by the Strength of immediate Impression.*

"1. As things escape the senses from preposition by another object; so a flood of light let in at once upon the mind is apt to dazzle and disorder it. It is warped by a strong heat.

"2. The human intellect is most moved by those things that strike and enter it all at once; so that whoever studies the nature of things should suspect whatever powerfully strikes and determines the mind, and use so much the greater caution to preserve his mind pure and equable in such kind of tenets.

"If Man is under the Influence of any Passion more powerful than the Love of Truth, he swerves from the Truth."

1. Man would contend that two and two did not make four, if his interests were affected by this position.

"2. The light of the understanding is not a dry and pure light but drenched in the will and affections, and the intellect forms the sciences accordingly. What men desire should be true they are most inclined to believe. The understanding, therefore, rejects things difficult as being impatient of inquiry: things just and solid, because they limit hope; and the deeper mysteries of nature through superstition: it rejects the light of experience through pride and haughtiness, as disdaining the mind should be meanly and waverly employed: it excludes paradoxes for fear of the vulgar: and thus the affections tinge and infect the understanding numberless ways, and sometimes imperceptibly."

3. Agnus was the only combination which the wolf, learning to spell, could make of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.

4. In the memoirs of Baron Grimm, he says, "Madame Geoffrin avait fait à M. de Rhulière des offres assez considérable pour l'engager à jeter au feu son Manuscrit sur la Russie. Il lui prouva très éloquemment que ce serait de sa part l'action la plus indigne et la plus lâche. A tout ce grand étalage d'honneur, de vertu, de sensibilité qu'elle avait paru écouter avec beaucoup de patience, elle ne lui répondit que ces deux mots: *En voulez-vous davantage?*"

5. A certain English ambassador, who had a long time resided at the court of Rome, was on his return introduced at the levee of Queen Caroline. This lady asked him why in his absence he did not try to make a convert of the Pope to the Protestant religion? He answered, "Madam, the reason was, that I had nothing better to offer his Holiness than what he already has in his possession."

Man is tenacious in retaining his Opinions.

1. Some men of genius are wrapped up in the admiration of antiquity; others spend themselves in a fondness for novelty; and few are so tempered as to hold a mean; but either quarrel with what was justly laid down by the ancients, or despise what is justly advanced by the moderns. And this is highly prejudicial to philosophy: for truth is not to be derived from any felicity of times, which is an uncertain thing, but from the light of nature, which is eternal.

2. One man is muffled up in the zeal and infallibility of his own sect, and will not touch a book or enter into debate by which the opinions that to him are sacred may be questioned,

3. One man loathes all science but what is subject to the immediate observation of the senses,—of the eye, of the touch. To him there is nothing worth pursuit but that which he can handle; which he can measure with a two-foot rule; which he can tell upon ten fingers.

4. He says, if the wit and mind of man work upon matter which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, it worketh according to the stuff and is limited thereby: but if it work upon itself as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, bringing forth, indeed, cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of their texture, but of no substance or profit.

5. Another man has such a reverence and adoration of the mind and understanding of man, that he withdraws himself from the contemplations of nature and the observations of experience, and tumbles up and down in his own speculations and conceits.

6. In the preface to the work of an enlightened philosopher, to whom the community is indebted for a valuable treatise on "Heat," he says, "I have found myself *compelled to relinquish some preconceived notions:* but I have not abandoned them hastily, nor, *till after a warm and obstinate defence,* I was driven from every post."

Man has a tendency to Hasty Generalization.

1. There is another haste that does often, and will mislead the mind if it be left to itself, and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety, (which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge) but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies not realities: such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hard to be supported against the assault of opposition.

2. It is the nature of man, to the great prejudice of knowledge, to delight in the open fields of generals rather than in the woods and inclosures of particulars:—therefore nothing was found more acceptable and delightful than the mathematics; wherein that appetite of expatiating and meditating might be satisfied.

"3. The inferring a general position from a nude enumeration of particulars without an instance contradictory is vicious: nor doth such an induction infer more than a probable conjecture that there is no repugnant instance undiscovered. For who will take upon him, when the particulars which a man knows and which he hath mentioned appear only on one side, there may not lurk some particular which is altogether repugnant. As if Samuel should have rested in those sons

of Jesse which were brought before him in the house, and should not have sought David who was absent in the field.

"4. The abandoning universality is an opposite error to hasty generalization. For after distribution of particular arts and sciences into their several places, many men have presently abandoned the universal notion of things, or *philosophia prima*, which is a deadly enemy to all progression, for prospects are made from turrets and high places; and it is impossible to discover the more remote and deeper parts of any science, if you stand but upon the flat and level of the same science, and ascend not as into a watch-tower to a higher science."

The Mind has a tendency to run into Subtleties and Refinements, and Endless Inquiry.

1. The great error of our nature is not to know where to stop, not to be satisfied with any reasonable acquirement: not to compound with our condition: but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

2. The human understanding shoots itself out, and cannot rest, but still goes on, though to no purpose.

"3. The mind of man is as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world, and as joyful to receive the impressions thereof as the eye rejoices to receive the light; and not only delighted in the beholding the variety of things and the vicissitudes of times, but raised also to discover the inviolable laws and the infallible decrees of nature:—but if any man shall think by view and inquiry into sensible and material things, to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature and will of God, then is he spoiled through vain philosophy: for the sense of man is as the sun which opens and reveals the terrestrial bodies, but conceals and obscures the stars and bodies celestial.

"*The Mind is warped by supposing that Nature acts in the same way as Man acts.*

"1. The human mind supposes that man is, as it were, the common measure and mirror, or glass of nature; and it is not credible (if all particulars were scanned and noted) what a troop of fictions and idols, the reduction of the operations of nature, to the similitude of human actions, hath brought into philosophy; I say, this very fancy, that it should be thought that nature doth the same things that man doth.—Instead of this arrogance, men should intentively observe all the workmanship and particular workings of nature, and meditate which of these may be translated into arts for the benefit and use of man.

"2. The understanding is perverted by the sight of things performed in the mechanic arts, which generally alter the bodies by composition or separation: whence men are apt to imagine that something of the like kind happens in all natural bodies: and from this notion

the figment of the elements and their uniting to compose all natural bodies had its rise.

"*The Mind has a tendency to Hasty Assent without due and mature Suspension of Judgment.*

"1. The mind of man doth wonderfully endeavour and extremely covet that it may not be pensile: but that it may light upon something fixed and immoveable, on which, as on a firmament, it may support itself in its swift motions and disquisitions. Aristotle endeavours to prove that in all motions of bodies there is some point quiescent: and very elegantly expounds the fable of Atlas, who stood fixed, and bare up the heavens from falling, to be meant of the poles of the world, whereupon the conversion is accomplished. In like manner, men do earnestly seek to have some atlas or axis of their cogitations within themselves, which may, in some measure, moderate the fluctuations and wheelings of the understanding, fearing it may be the falling of their heaven.

"2. An impatience of doubt and an unadvised haste to assertion without due and mature suspension of the judgment, is an error in the conduct of the understanding. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action commonly spoken of by the ancients: of which the one was a plain and smooth way in the beginning, but in the end impassable: the other, rough and troublesome in the entrance, but, after a while, fair and even: so it is in contemplations: if a man will begin in certainties, he shall end in doubts: but if he can be content to begin with doubts and have patience awhile, he shall end in certainties.

"3. This tendency to hasty assent is one of the chief causes of credulity, which is of two sorts: it is either of matters of fact, which are admitted without a careful examination, or of matters of opinion, which are either in certain arts and sciences, or in certain favourite authors, who are regarded not as Consuls to advise, but as Dictators to command.

"*The Mind is more disposed to Affirmatives than Negatives.**

"1. The mind has the peculiar and constant error of being more moved and excited by affirmatives than by negatives, whereas it should duly and equally yield to both. But, on the contrary, in the raising of true axioms, negative instances have the greatest force.

"2. The mind of man, if a thing have once been existent, and held good, receives a deeper impression thereof, than if the same thing far more often failed and fell out otherwise: which is the root, as it were, of all superstition and vain credulity. So that he answered well to him that shewed him the great number of pictures of such as had escaped shipwreck, and had paid their vows: and, being pressed with this interrogatory, whether he did not now confess the divinity of

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* This seems to be in the nature of a corollary to the last proposition.

Neptune? returned this counter-question by way of answer: Yea, but where are they painted, that are drowned? And there is the same reason of all such like superstitions, as in astrology, dreams, divinations, and the rest.

The Mind is warped by a Love of Simplicity.

1. As diamonds are plainest set, we are apt to suppose that what is plain and simple must be valuable.

2. The Brunonian states that diseases are of two classes. 1st. Too much, 2dly. Too little excitability. Whether this position is well or ill founded, there seems to be a disposition to assent to it from the simplicity of the statement.

3. The spherical is one of the most simple of all re-entering figures, since it depends only on a single element, the size of its radius. The natural inclination of the human mind, to attribute that form to bodies which it comprehends with the greatest facility, disposed it to give the earth a spherical form. But the simplicity of nature should not always be measured by our conceptions. It was no sooner discovered that there was an inequality in the equatorial and polar diameters than, the ellipse being, next to the circle, the most simple of the re-entering curves, the earth was considered as a solid formed by the revolution of an ellipse about its shorter axis.

" *The Mind is warped by a Love of Uniformity.*

" 1. The spirit of man pre-supposes and feigns a greater equality and uniformity in nature than in truth there is. Hence that fiction of the mathematicians that in the heavenly bodies all is moved by perfect circles, rejecting spiral lines. So it comes to pass that whereas there are many things in nature, as it were, monodica and full of imparity: yet the conceits of men still feign and frame unto themselves relatives, parallels, and conjugates."

2. As the northern part of the earth was supposed to be a hemisphere, the southern part was conceived to assume the same form and plan.

3. That produce increases in arithmetic and population in a geometric ratio, however different the laws of their increase may be, is a position which seems to partake of this love of uniformity.

" *The Mind is warped by a Love of Arrangement.*

" 1. Knowledge is uttered to men in a form, as if every thing were finished: for it is reduced into arts and methods which in their divisions do seem to include all that may be. And how weakly soever the parts are filled, yet they carry the shew and reason of a total; and thereby the writings of some received authors go for the very act: whereas antiquity used to deliver the knowledge which the mind of man had gathered in observations, aphorisms, or short or dispersed

sentences or small tractates of some parts that they had diligently meditated and laboured; which did incite men both to ponder that which was invented and to add and supply further.

"2. Rawley, in his preface to the *Sylva Sylvarum*, says, I have heard his Lordship often say, that, if hee should have served the glory of his owne name, hee had beene better not to have published this Naturall History: For it may seeme an indigested heape of particulars, and cannot have that lustre, which bookes cast into methods have: But that he resolved to preferre the goode of men, and that which might best secure it, before any thing that might have relation to himselfe. I have heard his Lordship say also, that one great reason, why hee would not put these particulars into any exact method (though hee that looketh attentively into them shall finde that they have a secret order) was, because he conceived that other men would not thinke, that they could doe the like; and so goe on with a further collection; which if the method had beene exact, many would have despaired to attaine by imitation."

From these specimens it is hoped that the nature of this Idolatry, so deprecated by Bacon, may appear manifest. We pass on to the next species, not without some apprehension, that we may ourselves be worshipping the idol arrangement, when we suggest that all these idols may possibly be traced either to love of truth, or to passions by which the love of truth is disturbed: and that they may be thus exhibited.

Warps
- 1. By love of Truth.
  1. Hasty Assent.
  2. Tenacity of Retention.
  3. Hasty Generalization.
  4. Endless Inquiry.
- 2. By other Passions.
  1. Uniformity.
  2. Arrangement.
  3. Simplicity.
  4. Vanity.
- 3. Strength of immediate Impression.

We are aware that, at first view, it may appear extraordinary that the love of truth should be considered as a cause of error: and yet, from our impatience to possess this treasure, it seems that we are induced to accept counterfeits without due examination: to preserve them as valuable coin and to be satisfied that all riches are of the same nature: it seems to induce us hastily to assent: to be tenacious in retaining: to generalize with precipitation: and not to know where to stop.

Such is the nature of these idols, when separately consi-

dered. When united, one idol may be moulded out of them all: assuming all forms, more properly speaking, all distortions to which fallen man is liable: whose temples are universal, and worshippers every where. We speak of "Prejudice," of which it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste or choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking, let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with the cobwebs, and live like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ART. X. *The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets, never before in any language truly translated; with a Comment upon some of his chief places, done according to the Greek, by* George Chapman. *At London, printed for* Nathaniel Butter, [N.D.]

The whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads and Odysses, translated according to the Greeke, by George Chapman. *London, printed for* Nathaniel Butter. *Folio,* 1616.

Homer, his Iliads and Odysses translated, adorned with sculpture, and illustrated with annotations, by John Ogilby, Esq. *Master of his Majestie's Revells in the Kingdom of Ireland. 2 vols. folio. London, printed for the Author,* 1660-5.

Homer's Iliads, to which is added Homer's Oddysses, both in English, by Thomas Hobbes, *of Malmsbury. London,* 1684, 12*mo.*

The Iliad of Homer, translated by Mr. Pope, 6 *vols. folio. London, printed for* Bernard Lintot, 1715.

The Odyssey of Homer, [*by* Alexander Pope,] 5 *vols. folio. London, printed for* Bernard Lintot, 1725.

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The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse, by W. Cowper, *of the Inner Temple, Esq.* 2 *vols.* 4*to. London,* 1791.

The *inherent* difficulties in translation are those attendant upon the difference of mental associations, habits, and manners between the nations who spoke the language of the original and those for whose benefit the translator is employed. The *accidental* difficulties are those which belong to the inferior power in the language of the translation, to its being ill adapted for the particular subject, or to its being formed on more or less different principles of construction from that in which the sentiments of the original are expressed. Another *accidental* difficulty, and one of more common occurrence in this useful and delightful art than is usually supposed, is, that wrong notions of the nature, and false estimates of the designs of the works to be translated, are frequently made by even enlightened authors, who consequently transfer their ideas in a spirit foreign from that which animated their first production. The more common obstacle which lies in the way of a good translation is the rare chance of meeting an individual with a similar turn of mind to that of the original author; with taste and genius to relish his beauties, and with industry and skill enough to complete with success a just transfer of his excellencies. All the difficulties which have been mentioned must naturally exist in greater force in translation from works written in a dead language, formerly spoken by people whose name alone remains—a mighty shadow indeed, but not such as we can ever form a close and intimate acquaintance with. Numberless associations and allusions, which in old times cast a living light of beauty over national poetry, must now in many cases have faded, and in many others become totally withered and sapless. Numberless expressions of thought, which then carried an air of dignity or tenderness with them, must now have lost all the flush and animation of life. Many, perhaps, mere phrases that fell upon the ear of the Greek with a spell and a power, have lost all their charm upon a modern listener. Many customs which formerly were considered decorous, and even dignified or delicate, have now become ludicrous; and when introduced in scenes of pathos or solemnity, strike the mind with no other ideas than those of ridicule and contempt. That in short which is termed the *genius* of a people, and which most of all shows itself in its poetry, grows with their growth, and is moulded into their shape, is confined within the same bounds, adapted to the same soil, and becomes unfitted to bear any other clime. It is a native plant, not to be removed; or if the care of a dexterous hand succeed in retaining its life in an alien land, but a frail and sickly existence is preserved, which it drags on deprived of most of

its former beauties, and enjoying none in their original vigour and perfection.

To the translator, who is himself a poet, and no other ought to attempt the translation of poetry, two modes suggest themselves of performing his task. The *one* of adhering closely to the language of the original, and thus presenting a faithful but faded copy of its various merits. The translator after this plan transfers sentence after sentence, image after image, as exactly as he is able, in the manner, style, and order of his author. He gives all the meaning which met the ear of the Greek or Roman, for instance; but does he give all that met the mind?—The *other* is a bolder task: that of endeavouring with the materials of the original to build a poem, which shall have upon his countrymen a similar and equal effect with that which the original produced upon its natural auditors. This we do not hesitate to say is the best and only true method of translation. It is certainly a far more difficult task than the other, and requires powers of a much higher order; but the excellence of a translation so executed, would we think fully repay the difficulty and labour of the undertaking. The principal means which poetry uses in order to excite pleasure, is to rouse the slumbering imagination, by presenting before its vision attractive images, whether of the beautiful or the sublime. But how can this end be attained, when much of the materials of poetry, in their transfer from one language to another, is commonly stripped of all which made them interesting and attractive? when many of the objects which nearly made the staple of the poet's subject and illustration, though perfectly familiar to him and his readers, are probably totally unknown, or but dimly seen by the readers of the translation? Those ideas, which are images of the sublime and the beautiful in one country, are often either valueless or totally out of the experience of another; and it frequently happens, that that which the poet intended for the illustration and adorning of his meaning to his countrymen, involves his sense in far greater obscurity to the foreigner.

These are reasons, perhaps, which may be thought to authorize greater liberties in translation than have ever yet been taken. It may however be alleged, on the contrary, that man and nature are the same all over the world, and that these are the genuine materials for the true poet. The assertion, however specious at first sight, is mixed with no small portion of error. The face of nature is very different in all countries; but this would have no considerable influence upon the question, if though the features of different countries were essentially unlike, yet they were not so unlike, but that they could be recognised and admired by the indwellers of another part of the earth. Such however is the variation, that that which is held beautiful in one quarter

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of the globe, is despised in another—that that which is luxurious or delicate to one nation, is elsewhere vulgar, oppressive, and disgusting. The breeze which carries a cooling delight to the Italian, brings frost or rain to the Englishman, who but too commonly places his happiness in swallowing liquid fire in the shape of cordials, while the former is ransacking the recesses of his mountains for ice. Man, too, is said to be as invariable as nature; and so he is in some sense. In all climates and in all ages he is animated by the same passions, touched by the same sorrows, elevated by the same joys, and endowed with the same natural appetites. Yet so modified is he by external circumstances, that the language of human sentiment is very far indeed from being an universal tongue. It is true, there are the same feelings in the human being in all lands, but it is by very different roads that access is found to them. It is not an uncommon thing to find that that which would be the most powerful appeal to the heart of an inhabitant of one land, is unintelligible to that of another. An Englishman cannot understand the effect, which the action of Themistocles would have upon the royal chief, at whose hearth he took refuge when pursued by his inveterate enemies, the Lacedemonians. To make a similar appeal, as was lately done by a fallen monarch, was cold and pedantic, savouring much of learning, but very little of feeling. The rite has lost its charm—the hearth is no longer the sacred emblem of hospitality, nor are its ornaments the solemn pledges by which to assure safety and protection. Poetry is the power which touches the various keys of association, as deposited in the cells of memory. These associations are the remains of experience,—like the latest and tenderest tints with which the setting sun streaks the horizon. An entirely different course of experience produces an entirely different train of association. What can be more foreign from each other than the objects and their associations which excited terror, compassion, or courage in the mind of a Greek; and those which now rouse, soften, or spur on the feelings of a modern. The Greek was a predestinarian, and awaited the day of fate—he was deterred from the commission of evil through a superstitious dread of the sacred furies—his courage was animated by oracles, and confirmed by a strong persuasion that due sacrifice would secure to him the sure protection of some of the various gods who peopled his creed. It is needless to contrast the moral state of the man of the present day. But such considerations as these may serve to show how improbable it is that a close version of poetry addressed to the ancients, should be felt in all its vigour by a modern. The truth is, that all translation to compass its end should become what is called *imitation*, and that every classical poem should not be *turned* into, but rewritten in English. We venture to assert that the beauties of the

Satires of Horace were never truly felt by a mere English reader, except in the imitations of Pope; and we fear that unless Homer has been or may be stripped of his Grecian costume, and assume a genuine English garb, to use the language of Dryden, that a translation of his poems will be no more like the original, than the dead carcass to the living body. This is the spirit in which *Chapman* is said to have performed his great task by an eminent living critic, whose words we cannot do better than quote before we proceed to give specimens of this excellent old poet, and compare him with more modern and better known authors who have followed him in the undertaking.

"He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of more modern translations. It is almost Greek zeal; for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sate down to paint the acts of Sampson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read, is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural, and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But *passion*, (the all in all in poetry) is every where present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome their disgust."*

Were we to take the principles of translation, which we have thrown out in the commencement of this article, as a test to try the merits of the different versions of Homer, we should probably conclude, that no adequate idea of the real Homer could through any of them be conveyed to the English reader. If, however, there are any poems, which would not lose all or the greater part of their value in a close translation, they are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. In the case of these celebrated works, more has been lost than gained, such has been the character of their translators, and such is the character of the poetry, by a departure from a literal version. *All* has not been done, and the half measures which have been taken, have been more injurious than beneficial.

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* Lamb's Specimens, p. 98.

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There is a heartiness and simplicity in the poems of Homer, which even a verbal translation must in some measure communicate; but which a periphrastic and laboured version might easily smother with a weight of extraneous sentiment, or drown in a sea of words. There is, moreover, such a quantity of individuality of character, of lively action, and of spirited debate in his poems, that a mere word-for-word translation would be read with interest, but which a ponderous mass of phrase would be very likely to overlay and destroy. And for this reason, though we in fact are of opinion that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have never *yet been translated,* we still think that such versions as exist, are able to convey a very fair idea of their true nature. Far before the rest in this respect, we place *Chapman;* and on the ground of the merits, which we find so ably stated to our hands, in the quotation already made from Mr. Lamb's excellent *Specimens* of the old drama.

To this extract, we will only add a caution, lest the reader, who might be, by such an eulogium, induced forthwith to betake himself to the perusal of Chapman's version, should find himself, at first, grievously disappointed. The truth is, that the study of our oldest and best writers requires a species of apprenticeship; and the inexperienced reader must be for some time inured to the rugged phrase, the uncouth spelling, and the inartificial and often prosaic metres of many of the most valuable and essentially poetical works in the language. It is thus with Master Chapman. His exterior is coarse and repelling; he speaks with a harsh though powerful voice, and his gait is none of the gentlest. They, however, who will have patience, and bear with him for a time, will find him prove a most valuable acquaintance. The rugged husk conceals a most sweet kernel. In the guise of a rude and unlettered clown, there lurks the spirit and fire of a hero, which, ever and anon, show themselves in a speech of true nobleness, or act of dignified demeanour.

When Pope asked Dr. Bentley, "how he liked his *Homer?*" the Doctor said, "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but do not call it Homer." Pope himself, who was indebted to Chapman's translation, observes, that it is "something like what Homer himself would have writ, before he arrived to years of discretion." Both of these judgments contain a good deal of truth; but who would not rather be like Homer in his youth, than unlike him altogether? The truth is, there is a quaintness and antique asperity about the metre of Chapman, which the ear of Pope could not be supposed to relish; and though he had sufficient discrimination to discover "the daring fiery spirit that animates his translation," the taste for genuine simplicity and undignified nature had not then begun to be duly

cultivated. The liberty, which Chapman was in the habit of taking with his original, both in contracting and expanding the text as suited his vein of feeling at the moment, was entirely in contradiction to the critical canons of the age. Chapman did not perform his task, as Pope was in the habit of doing, by small portions at a time, which were, each in order, burnished up to the highest polish by unremitting care and labour. But, drinking in deep draughts of his author at a time, he became over-informed with his subject; and then breathed his spirit forth again, with the enthusiasm of an original creator. In short, had *he* not been also shackled by certain circumscribed rules of translation, he would have produced such a poem, as we have in the beginning of this article ventured to assert, is the only true copy of a classical author, and thus proved himself, to use his own language, *a most desertful mover in the frame of our Homer.*

It is said by Denham,

> "Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
> That few, but those who cannot write, translate."

Very different, however, has been the fate of Homer in this country. His three chief translators, Chapman, Pope, and Cowper, indeed the only three worth naming, were each of them three great original poets. Though, perhaps, the two latter mistook the nature of their powers in the attempt, yet the versions of all three are works of genius, of which our literature may be proud. The translation of Pope, from its smooth numbers and from the beauty of particular parts, has, probably, enjoyed a higher reputation than it really deserves. Its grand and irredeemable error is, that it refines away the hearty spirit of Homer: that, by what the translator conceived to be elevating the low and polishing the rude, he has deprived the ancient poet of those vigorous strokes of individuality and characteristic truth which always distinguish works of original genius. However highly this version has been applauded, we are convinced that it has done more to lower the fame of Homer in this country, than fifty such contemptible and worthless translations as those of Hobbes and Ogilby could ever have had the power to do. For through the faults just mentioned, and through the monotony of the metre and the immense portion of expletive matter which he has introduced, in order to preserve the balance of his lines, he has rendered these nervous and energetic productions cold, tedious, weak, and diffusive. No one can estimate more highly the poetical powers of Pope, than we are disposed to do, when they were exerted on subjects for which he was by nature admirably adapted, the manners of the world, and the vices and

follies of mankind. And we consequently cannot but lament, that he, as well as Cowper, were led away by some strange delusion from their proper walk, to a task for which, to say the least, they were unfitted.

The translation of Cowper would have had infinitely more merit had he written it in prose, instead of the peculiar kind of blank verse, which he has selected for his purpose. It is true, that then, a bare prose version would have appeared to little advantage, by the side of the flowing and harmonious versification of the Greek, but the reader would have been able to have caught the admirable sense which the translator has given, and have proceeded with ease, if not with great satisfaction, to the end of his task. As it is, no mountainous journey can be more jolting, uneven, and uncertain, than the course of the reader through the translation of Cowper. Broken sentences, unexpected pauses, and abrupt terminations constantly impede our progress, and the reading of the whole becomes an achievement, if not dangerous, certainly arduous.* Difficult to read as the version of the amiable Cowper undoubtedly is, it is full of high merit, and had he been more fortunate in the choice of his metre, and less scrupulous in translating literally, his version would have been worthy his original talent. It is a remarkable peculiarity in this translation, that we cannot approve it on the whole, yet we must admire it as eminently beautiful in detail: for every single expression, epithet, and phrase in Homer, finds in Cowper the exactest and most poetical translation. His vocabulary is copious, harmonious, and picturesque; and he has, through the whole poems, most happily applied the compound words, in which our language is almost as rich as that of Homer himself. Such being the case, it is to be lamented, that in paying too great attention to words and phrases, he has suffered the volatile spirit of the original to evaporate, and so entirely disjointed its flowing harmony.

It is, however, time to return to Chapman, the staple of our article, and show, that he is worthy of the encomiums which he has received, by specimens of his own native power, and by a comparison of his translation with that of Pope and Cowper in their most fortunate parts.

The first extract we shall give of Chapman is the fierce debate between Achilles and Agamemnon, in the first book of the *Iliad*, which ends in the former withdrawing himself and

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* If the reader should accuse us of injustice, we need only instance, as a confirmation of our remarks, a celebrated part of the *Iliad*, in Cowper's translation. We allude to the petition of Priam to Achilles, begging the dead body of his son Hector.

his Myrmidons from the army before Troy. It is a good specimen of the "daring fiery spirit" which Pope attributes to this old version, and on the *second* reading will, we think, be found animated with the life of an original.

Agamemnon addresses Calchas:

"Prophet of ill! For never good came from thee towards me!
Not to a word's worth: evermore, thou tookst delight to be
Offensive in thy auguries, which thou continuest still;
Now casting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from Apollo) is impos'd; since I refus'd the prise
Of faire Chryseis' libertie; which would in no worth rise,
To my rate of her selfe; which moves, my vowes to have her home;
Past Clytemnestra loving her, that grac't my nuptiall roome,
With her virginitie and flowre. Nor aske her merits lesse,
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go; if more conducible
That course be, than her holding here. I rather wish the weale
Of my lov'd armie, than the death. Provide, yet instantly,
Supplie for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,
Lose not my winnings: 'tis not fit, ye see all, I lose mine
Forc't by another: see as well, some other may resigne
His prise to me. To this, replied the swift-foote God-like sonne
Of Thetis, thus: King of us all, in all ambition;
Most covetouse of all that breathe, why should the great-soul'd Greeks
Supply thy lost prise, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seekes,
Our common treasurie can find, so little it doth guard
Of what our raz'd towns yielded us; of all which, most is shar'd
And given our souldiers: which againe, to take into our hands
Were ignominious and base. Now then, since God commands,
Part with thy most lov'd prise to him: not any one of us
Exacts it of thee; yet we all, all losse thou sufferst thus,
Will treble, quadruple in gaine, when Jupiter bestowes
The sacke of well-wall'd Troy on us; which by his word, he owes.
Do not deceive yourselfe with wit, (he answer'd) God-like man,
Though your good name may colour it, 'tis not your swift foote can
Out runne me here; nor shall the glosse, set on it, with the God,
Perswade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintaine in sure abode
Thine owne prise, and sleight me of mine? Resolve this: if our friends
(As fits in equitie my worth) will right me with amends,
So rest it; otherwise myselfe will enter personally
On thy prise; that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for supply;
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come, we'le order these,
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas

Our blacke saile; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;
And to these, I will make ascend my so much envied prise,
Bright-cheekt Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we must chuse
A chiefe out of our counsellors, thy service we must use,
Idomeneus; Ajax, thine, or thine, wise Ithacus,
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou sonne of Peleus,
Which fittest were, that thou mightst see these holy acts perform'd,
For which thy cunning zeale so pleades; and he whose bow thus storm'd
For our offences, may be calm'd. Achilles, with a frowne,
Thus answer'd; O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,
Ever respectfull; but of that, with all craft, covetous;
With what heart can a man attempt a service dangerous,
Or at thy voice be spirited to flie upon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For myselfe, I was not injur'd so,
By any Trojan, that my powers should bid them any blowes;
In nothing beare they blame of me. Phthia, whose bosome flowes
With corne and people, never felt empaire of her increase,
By their invasion; hils enow and farre resounding seas
Powre out their shade sand deepes betweene: but thee, thou frontlesse man,
We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought (thou dog's eyes) of this Troy
By our expos'd lives, whose deserts thou neither dost employ
With honour nor with care. And now, thou threatst to force from me
The fruite of my sweate, which the Greekes gave all; and though it be
(Compar'd with thy part, then snatcht up) nothing; nor ever is
At any sackt towne; but of fight (the fetcher in of this)
My hands have most share; in whose toyles, when I have emptied me
Of all my forces; my amends, in liberalitie
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleas'd to my tent;
And yet that little, thou esteemst, too great a continent
In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia therefore now
My course is, since 'tis better farre, than here endure, that thou
Shouldst still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure drie,
And adde dishonor. He replied: If thy heart serve thee, flie;
Stay not for my cause; others here will aid and honor me;
If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that counsellor is he
That I depend on; as for thee, of all our Jove-kept kings,
Thou still art most my enemie: strifes, battles, bloodie things,
Make thy blood feasts still. But if strength, that these moods build upon,
Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it, and so 'tis not thine owne,

But in his hands still; what then lifts thy pride in this so hie?
Home with thy fleete and myrmidons, use there their emperie,
Command not here; I weigh thee not, nor mean to magnifie
Thy rough hewne rages; but instead, I thus farre threaten thee:
Since Phœbus needs will force from me Chryseis, she shall go;
My ships and friends shall waft her home: but I will imitate so
His pleasure, that mine owne shall take, in person, from thy tent
Bright-cheekt Briseis; and so tell thy strength how eminent
My powre is, being compar'd with thine; all other, making feare
To vaunt equalitie with me, or in this proud kind beare
Their beards against me. Thetis' sonne, at this stood vext; his heart
Bristled his bosome, and two waies drew his discursive part;
If from his thigh his sharpe sword drawne, he should make roome about
Atrides' person, slaught'ring him; or fit his anger out
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts striv'd in his bloud and mind,
And he his sword drew; downe from heaven, Athenia* stoopt, and shin'd
About his temples, being sent by th' ivorie-wristed queene,
Saturnia, who, out of her heart, had ever loving bene,
And carefull for the good of both. She stood behind, and tooke
Achilles by the yellow curles, and onely gave her looke
To him appearance; not a man of all the rest could see.
He, turning backe his eye, amaze strooke everie facultie;
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were
Sparkling with ardor, and thus spake: Thou seed of Jupiter,
Why com'st thou? to behold his pride, that boasts our emperie?
Then witnesse, with it, my revenge, and see that insolence die,
That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to see
Thy anger settled; if thy soule will use her soveraigntie
In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects
Stand heartily inclin'd to both: come, give us both respects,
And cease contention; draw no sword, use words, and such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just; for trust in what I say,
A time shall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,
He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs; therefore throw
Reines on thy passions, and serve us. He answer'd: Though my heart
Burne in just anger, yet my soule must conquer th' angrie part,
And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part for heaven,
Heaven to his prayres subdues his wish. This said, her charge was given,

* Pallas.

Fit honor: on his silver hilt he held his able hand,
And forc't his broad sword up; and up to heaven did reascend
Minerva, who in Jove's high roofe, that beares the rough shield, tooke
Her place with other deities. She gone, againe forsooke
Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine
His wrath, that this broad language gave. Thou ever steep't in wine,
Dog's face! with heart, but of a hart: that nor in th' open eye
Of fight, dar'st thrust into a presse; nor with our noblest, lie
In secret ambush. These workes seeme too full of death for thee;
'Tis safer farre in th' open host to dare an injurie
To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king,
Base spirits thou governst; or this wrong had bene the last fowle thing
Thou ever author'dst; yet I vow, and by a great oath sweare,
Even by this scepter, that as this never againe shall beare
Greene leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth his sise,
Nor did, since first it left the hils, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft with iron, which now to other end
Judges of Greece beare; and their lawes, receiv'd from Jove, defend,
(For which, my oath to thee is great.) So whensoever need
Shall burne with thirst of me, thy host, no prayres shall ever breed
Affection in me to their aid; though well deserved woes
Afflict thee for them; when to death man-slaughtring Hector throwes
Whole troopes of them, and thou torment'st thy vext mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong, that most deserv'd the right
Of all thy armie. Thus he threw his scepter gainst the ground
With golden studs stucke, and tooke seate. Atrides' breast was drown'd
In rising choler. Up to both, sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator, whose tongue powr'd forth a flood
Of more than hony-sweet discourse: two ages were increast
Of diverse languag'd men, all borne in his time, and deceast
In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd amongst the third-ag'd men:
He (well seene in the world) advis'd, and thus exprest it then."

Homer's admirable sketch of the buffoon and demagogue, Thersites, we shall next extract, as translated in three versions of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper. The first we consider as full of spirit, and true to the original; the second is a highly finished painting, but the lines which gave strength and touch to the likeness seem to us to have faded under the hand of the too careful artist. To say nothing of the misconception of the author's meaning in the words, "*vext when he spoke,*" the character of Thersites is endowed by the translator with qualities not in Homer, which raise him in consequence, but destroy the consistency and keeping of the whole. Cowper's version speaks

for itself; it is close and correct, and as elegant as such a translation can be.

" Thersites onely would speake all. A most disorder'd state
Of words he foolishly powr'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage; any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet bene sure
To touch no kings. T' oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troye's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame of either foote;
So crooke-backt, that he had no breast; sharpe-headed, where did shoote
(Here and there sperst) thin mossie haire. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his splene would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himselfe avoid his saucie veine,
Against whom, since he knew the Greekes did vehement hates sustaine
(Being angrie for Achilles' wrong) he cried out, railing thus."

Chapman.

" At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.
Thersites only clamor'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he glory'd with licentious style
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,
Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne." *Pope.*

" The host once more all seated and compos'd,
Thersites still was heard, and he alone;
Loquacious, loud, and coarse, his chief delight

Was to inveigh against the kings of Greece,
But always when occasion promis'd him
The public laugh. Him Greece had sent to Troy
The miscreant who sham'd his country most.
He squinted, halted, gibbous was behind
And pinch'd before, and on his tap'ring head
Grew patches only of the flimsiest down.
He hated most, and therefore most revil'd,
Achilles and Ulysses. But the theme
Of his shrill notes was Agamemnon now,
'Gainst whom the Grecians, for Achilles' sake,
Were secretly incens'd. He set his voice
At highest pitch, and thus aspers'd the king." *Cowper.*

Perhaps the most celebrated part of the translation is the parting interview of Hector and Andromache in the sixth chapter. We do not think the version of Chapman inferior in picturesque effect, nor yet in natural tenderness, though Pope has doubtless the advantage in the melody of his numbers. Chapman's is as follows:

" This said, he reacht to take his sonne; who (of his armes afraid,
And then too the horse-haire plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly) he cling'd back to his nurse, and cride;
Laughter affected his great sire, who doft and laid aside
His fearfull helme, that on the earth cast round about it light,
Then tooke and kist his loving sonne, and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vowes to living Jove he us'de,
And all the other bench of gods: O you that have infus'de
Soule to this infant, now set downe this blessing on his starre:
Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equal his strength in warre;
And may his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld
His facts this fame, (when rich in spoiles, he leaves the conquer'd field
Sowne with his slaughters.) These high deeds exceed his father's worth:
And let this eccho'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother, with my life. This said, th' heroicke sire
Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes, fresh streames of love's salt fire,
Billow'd on her soft cheekes, to heare the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vowes compris'de the summe of all he did beseech
In her wisht comfort. So she tooke, into her odorous brest,
Her husband's gift; who (mov'd to see her heart so much opprest)
He dried her teares, and thus desir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)
With these vaine griefes: he doth not live, that can disjoyne my life

And this firme bosome; but my fate; and fate, whose wings can flie?
Noble, ignoble Fate controuls: once born, the best must die:
Go home, and set thy houswifrie on these extremes of thought;
And drive warre from them with thy maids; keep them from doing naught:
These will be nothing; leave the cares of warre to men and mee,
In whom (of all the Ilion race) they take their high'st degree."

As an instance of the spirit and freedom of Chapman, we quote the description of the single combat between Hector and Ajax, which is truly re-written with an air of enjoyment and bold originality about it, which is well worthy the free and magnanimous hero of the Greeks, whose noble bearing our translator always delights to describe.

" This said, old Nestor mixt the lots; the foremost lot survay'd,
With Ajax Telamon was sign'd; as all the souldiers pray'd,
One of the heralds drew it forth, who brought and shew'd it round,
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renown'd:
None knowing it, every man denied; but when he forth did passe,
To him which markt and cast it in, which famous Ajax was,
He stretcht his hand, and into it the herald put the lot,
Who (viewing it) th' inscription knew; the duke denied not,
But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet,
And said (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

This said, in bright arms shone
The strong Ajax, who, when all his warre attire was on,
Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,
With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention, and comes on, with presence full of feare;
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did 'twixt the hosts appeare:
Smil'd, yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly stalk'd, and shooke aloft his dart with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shooke the joynts
Of all the Trojans, Hector's selfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosome; but he now must make no counterflight,
Nor, with his honour, now refuse, that had provok'd the fight.
Ajax came near, and like a tower, his shield his bosome barr'd,
The right side brasse, and seven oxe hides within it quilted hard;
Old Tychius, the best currier that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.
With this stoode he to Hector close, and with this brave began:
Now Hector thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,

XUM

With other leaders arme our hoast, besides great Thetis' sonne,
Who, with his hardie lion's heart, hath armies overrunne.
But he lies at our crook'd-stern'd fleet, a rival with our king
In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
Coequal with Æacides, all able to sustaine
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.
The helme-grac'd Hector answer'd him; Renowned Telamon,
Prince of the souldiers come from Greece, assay not me like one,
Young and immartial with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
I have the habits of all fights, and know the bloudie frame
Of every slaughter; I well know the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and every sway of my secureful targe;
I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,
And manage horse to all designes; I think then with good right,
I may be confident as farre as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with emptie showes.
But (being a souldier so renown'd) I will not worke on thee
With least advantage of that skill I know doth strengthen me,
And so with privitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive;
But at thy best (even open strength) if my endeavours thrive.
Thus sent he his long javelin forth, it strooke his foe's huge shield
Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held.
Sixe folds th' untamed dart strooke through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was checkt; then Ajax threw: his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, skirt of maile;
And did his manly stomack's mouth, with dangerous taint assail:
But in the bowing of himself, black death too short did strike;
Then both to pluck their javelins forth, encounter'd lion-like,
Whose bloudie violence is increast by that raw food they eat:
Or boares, whose strength, wild nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Againe Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brass,
Yet pierc'd not through the upper plate, the head reflected was:
But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,
And stay'd bold Hector rushing in, the lance held way outright,
And hurt his necke; out gush'd the bloud; yet Hector ceas'd not so,
But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,
Black, sharpe and big, lay'd in the field: the sevenfold targe it smit
Full on the bosse, and round about the brass did ring with it.
But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and, wreathing round
With all his bodie lay'd to it, he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasur'd force to it; the round stone broke within
His rundled target: his lov'd knees to languish did begin,

And he lean'd, stretch'd out on his shield; but Phœbus rais'd him straight;
Then had they lay'd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,
Unless the heralds, messengers of Gods and godlike men,
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperial scepters; when the one (Idæus, grave and wise)
Said to them: Now no more my sonnes: the soveraigne of the skies
Doth love you both, both souldiers are all witness with good right:
But now night layes her mace on earth; 'tis good t' obey the night."

The most finished and highly poetical part in the translation of Pope, is the deservedly famous night-piece at the end of the eighth book. Pope has destroyed the simplicity of the original, but he has added a gorgeous splendour to it, which with some may be considered as an improvement; and the image of the light, glimmering on the walls of the city, is his own, and a very beautiful touch of picturesque description. Nothing, however, can be finer than the noble translation of Chapman, to which it will be seen Pope is much indebted.*

" This speech all Trojans did applaud, who from their traces loos'd
Their sweating horse, which severally with headstals they repos'd,
And fasten'd by their chariots; when others brought from town
Fat sheep and oxen instantly; bread, wine, and hewed down
Huge store of wood; the winds transfer'd into the friendly sky
Their supper's savour; to the which they sate delightfully
And spent all night in open field, fires round about them shin'd
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows;
And even the lowly vallies joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclos'd their beams, made by the Trojan part
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires; and every guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn,
And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn." *Chapman.*

" The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.

* As an instance, the " shining vales" are not in the original, but taken from Chapman's " vallies."

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send:
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn." *Pope.*

We will now proceed to make a few selections from the *Odyssey*. Chapman here employs a different kind of metre from the fourteen-syllable lines of the *Iliad*. The metre of the *Odyssey* is like the heroic measure only, in its rhyme and its number of syllables. In all other respects, in the hands of Chapman, it has the freedom of blank verse. And in reading it, as well as the *Iliad*, the reader must not depend for aid too much on the melody of the verse.

The first extract we shall make is the description of the metamorphoses of Proteus, which we think Chapman has delineated with much more nature and liveliness than his successor in the task; who, it must always be remembered, had Chapman ever open before him.

" But now I'le shew thee all the old God's slights;
He first will number, and take all the sights
Of those, his guards, that on the shore arrives.
When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
He takes place in their midst, and then doth sleep,
Like to a shepherd 'midst his flock of sheep.
In his first sleep, call up your hardiest cheer
Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
He then will turn himself to every one

Of all things that in earth creep and respire,
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
Yet still hold you him firm; and much the more
Press him from passing. But when, as before,
(When sleep first bound his powers) his form ye see,
Then cease your force and the old hero free;
And then demand, which heaven-born it may be
That so afflicts you, hindering your retreat,
And free sea-passage to your native seat;
This said, she div'd into the wavy seas." *Chapman.*

" With me repair; and from thy warrior-band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil;
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:
So with his battening flocks the careful swain
Abides pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape;
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight,
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who, straight propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
She ceas'd, and bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resounding roar."
Pope.

It is unnecessary for us to point out the original dramatic touches of the following extract from the second book of the *Odyssey*. Pallas has prevailed upon Telemachus to sail in search of his father. He returns from the assembly which he

had called to deliberate upon the measure, where he had been insulted by the suitors, to make preparations.

" This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas; whose voice heard,
No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd;
But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
Amidst his hall th' insulting wooers flea
Goats, and roast swine. 'Mongst whom Antinous
Careless (discovering in Telemachus
The grudge to see them) laugh'd; met, took his hand,
And said, ' High spoken! with the mind so mann'd;
Come, do as we do; put not up your spirits
With these low trifles; nor our loving merits
In gall of any hateful purpose steep;
But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.
The things thou think'st on, all, at full, shall be
By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee;
Ship, and choice oars, that in a trise will land
Thy hasty feet on heav'nly Pylos' sand;
And at the fame of thy illustrious sire'——
He answer'd: ' Men, whom pride doth so inspire,
Are no fit consorts for our humble guest:
Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast.
Is't not enough that all this time ye have
Op't in your intrailes my chief goods a grave,
And, while I was a child, made me partake?'

* * * * * *

——— His hand he coyly snatch'd away
From forth Antinous' hand. The rest, the day
Spent thro' the house with banquets, some with jests,
And some with railings, dignified their feasts.
To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began:
' Telemachus will kill us ev'ry man.
From Sparta, or the very Pylian sand,
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it strangely! Or he means
To search Ephyras' fat shores; and from thence
Bring deathfull poisons, which amongst our bowls
Will make a gen'ral shipwracke of our souls.'
Another said, ' Alas! who knows but he,
Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
May perish like him, far from aid of friends?
And so he makes us work; for all the ends
Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house
Left to his mother, and her chosen spouse.'

Thus they: while he a room ascended, high
And large, built by his father; where did lie
Gold and brass heap'd up; and in coffers were
Rich robes; great store of odorous oils; and there
Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall;
Neate and divine drink, kept to cheer withall
Ulysses old, if he return'd again
From labours fatal to him to sustaine.
The doors of plank were; their close exquisite,
Kept with a double key; and day and night
A woman lock'd within; and that was she
Who all trust had for her sufficiency.

* * * * * *

The sun then set,
And sable shadowes slid through every streete,
When forth they launch'd; and soon abord did bring
All arms, and choice of every needfull thing
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The goddess

* * * * * *

Strait to the house she hasted; and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each wooer; which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking, and each hand his load
(The cup) let fall. All start up and to bed;
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eyelids." *Chapman.*

Compare the two following descriptions of Calypso's bower. It is possible, that many of our readers will not agree with us in this, and in other instances, in our entire preference of Chapman; but they cannot, we think, but feel some portion of pleasure in having two such pictures as these presented to them. One of them is at least nearly inaccessible to the common reader, from the extreme scarcity of the translation of Chapman.

" A sun-lime fire upon the hearth did flame;
The matter precious and divine the frame;
Of cedar cleft, and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard; and at her loom
About a curious web; whose yarn she threw
In, with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypresse, pines and poplars crown'd,

Where hawks, sea-owles, and long-tongu'd bitterns breed;
And other birds their shady pinions spread.
All fowles maritimall; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the water were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace;
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another poured
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm, gentle and blue violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one (though he immortal were)
Arrive and see the sacred objects there:
He would admire them, and be over-joy'd;
And so stood Hermes' ravisht powers employ'd." *Chapman.*

" Large was the grot in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd)
She sat and sung: the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle:
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deep below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!" *Pope.*

The following animated account of the departure of Ulysses from the isle of Calypso, and his fierce struggles in the storm, is described with the strong and dashing pencil of a bold original.

" ———— This place thus shown,
The nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down,
And twenty trees he fell'd in little space;
Plan'd, us'd his plumb; did all with artful grace.
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring:
He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd every thing;
And tooke how much a shipwright will allow
A ship of burthen (one that best doth know
What fits his art); so large a keel he cast.
Wrought up her decks and hatches, sideboords, mast;
With willow watlings arm'd her, to resist
The billows' outrage; added all she mist;
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The nymph then brought
Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.
Gables and halsters, tacklings—all the frame,
In four days' space, to full perfection came.
The fifth day they dismist him from the shore;
Weeds, neat and odorous, gave him; victles store;
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.
To which Ulysses (fit to be divin'd)
His sailes expos'd and hoised. Off he gat;
And chearfull was he. At the stern he sat,
And steer'd right artfully. No sleep could seize
His eyelids: he beheld the Pleïades;
The Bear, sirnam'd the Wain, that round doth move
About Orion; and keeps still above
The billowy ocean. The slow-setting starr,
Boötes call'd—by some the Waggoner.
Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
Still to his left hand. Seventeene days did cleare
The cloudy night's command, in his moist way;
And by the eighteenth light he might display
The shady hills of the Phæacian shor;
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The country did a pretty figure yield,
And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.

* * * * * *

This spoke; a huge wave took him by the head,
And hurl'd him o'erboord: ship and all it laid
Inverted quite amidst the waves; but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea:
His stern still holding, broken off; his mast
Burst in the midst: so horrible a blast
Of mixt winds struck it. Sails and sailyards fell
Amongst the billows; and himself did dwell

A long time under water: nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
In his depression; and his garments too
(Giv'n by Calypso) gave him much to do,
Hind'ring his swimming: yet he left not so
His drenched vessel, for the overthrow
Of her, not him; but gat at length again
(Wrestling with Neptune) hold of her; and then
Sate in her bulk, insulting over death;
Which (with the salt stream, press'd to stop his breath)
He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again; to give
To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
Floating at random, cuff'd from wave to wave;
As you have seen the North Wind when he drave,
In autumn, heaps of thorne-fed grasshoppers,
Hither and thither; one heap this way bears,
Another that; and makes them often meet
In his confus'd gales; so Ulysses' fleet
The winds hurl'd up and down: now Boreas
Tost it to Notus; Notus gave it pass
To Eurus; Eurus Zephir made it pursue
The horrid Tenuis." *Chapman.*

We will next select the description of the passage of Neptune to his palace at Ogæ, from Chapman, and place by the side of it the version of Cowper, which may perhaps confirm some of our observations on that delightful poet's work.

"He tooke much ruth, to see the Greeks, by Troy, sustain such ill,
And, mightily incens'd with Jove, stoopt strait from that steep hill,
That shook as he flew off; so hard, his parting prest the height.
The woods and all the great hils near trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortal moving feet; three steps he onely took,
Before he far-off Ægas reach'd, but with the fourth it shook
With his dread entrie. In the depth of those seas he did hold
His bright and glorious palace, built of never-rusting gold;
And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds,
All golden man'd and pac'd with wings, and all in golden weeds
He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge, most elegantly done,
He tooke, and mounted to his seate; and then the god begun
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits every way
The whales exulted under him, and knew their king; the sea
For joy did open; and his horse, so swift, and lightly flew,
The under axletree of brasse, no drop of water drew.
And thus, these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive
ships." *Chapman.*

" At once arising, down the rugged steep
With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge
And forests under the immortal feet
Of Ocean's Sov'reign trembled as he strode.
Three strides he made; the fourth convey'd him home
To Ægea. At the bottom of th' abyss,
There stands magnificent his golden fane,
A dazzling incorruptible abode.
Arriv'd, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold;
Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king;
The sea clave wide for joy; he lightly flew,
And with unmoisten'd axle clave the flood.
Rapt by his bounding coursers soon he reach'd
The Grecian fleet." *Cowper.*

Compare the force and beauty of this simile and description with the over-laboured and almost disgusting lines of Pope, which terminate in an exclamation as frigid as it is unnatural.

" And as an angler, med'cine for surprise
Of little fish, sits pouring from the rocks,
From out the crook'd horne of a fold-bred oxe;
And then with his long angle hoists them high
Up to the air; then slightly hurls them by,
When, helpless, sprawling on the land they lie:
So eas'ly Scylla to her rock had rap'd
My woefull friends; and, so unhelp'd, entrap'd,
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape;
Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
Shriek'd as she tore; and up their hands to me
Still threw for sweet life. I did never see
In all my sufferance, ransacking the seas,
A spectacle so full of miseries." *Chapman.*

" As, from some rock that overhangs the flood,
The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;

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In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd;
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!" *Pope.*

We need only place the two following descriptions of the rising of the storm with Ulysses' fear, side by side, and leave the fair conclusion to our readers.

"This said, he (begging) gather'd clouds from land;
Frighted the seas up; snatch'd into his hand
His horrid trident; and aloft did toss
(Of all the winds) all storms he could engross.
All earth took into sea with clouds; grim Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light.
The east and north winds justled in the air;
The violent Zephir, and north making-fair,
Roll'd up the waves before them: and then bent
Ulysses' knees; then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair he thus spake: 'Woe is me!
What was I born to? Man of misery!'" *Chapman.*

"He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms:
Down rush'd the night; east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind." *Pope.*

The trying of the bow by Ulysses is done in Pope's best manner; but we do not fear to state our conviction of the great superiority of Chapman.

"But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it; and to proofe survey'd
The still sound plight it held: As one of skill
In song and of the harp doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
To every well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
Struck altogether: with such ease drew round
The King the bow: then twang'd he up the string,
That, as a swallow in the air doth sing

With no continued voice, but, pausing still,
Twinkes out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;
So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
Amaz'd the wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously." *Chapman.*

" Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face." *Pope.*

The agreeable task of selection and comparison has betrayed us into so great a length, that we have no space left for a farther discussion of the various merits of Chapman, or the other translators of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. So much room has been taken up by extracts from Pope and Cowper, that we feel we have not done justice to Chapman, and may possibly recur again to his translations, in order to enter into a fuller and more detailed criticism upon his peculiar merits. We have made no quotations from the original Greek, because we write to the English reader, and not to the scholar, to whom, if he is inclined to consult it, a Homer is instantly accessible.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. III. Part II.

Art. I.—*Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus, sive Hispani Scriptores qui ab Octaviani Augusti Ævo ad Annum Christi, M.D. floruerunt. Auctore,* D. Nicolao Antonio, &c. *Matriti,* 1788.

Biblioteca Española de D. Joseph Rodriguez de Castro. *Madrid,* 1786, *tomo* 1°.

Mic. Casiri. *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis. Matriti,* 1760-70, 2 *tom. Fo.*

L. J. Velasquez. *Origenes de la Poesia Castellana. Malaga,* 1754.

Of all the countries in Europe, Spain is, most decidedly, that whose literary history offers the greatest variety of interesting objects, and possesses, from the period at least of the decline of the Roman power, the richest materials to reward the inquiries of the antiquary, to keep alive the enthusiasm of the poet, and to give energy to the details of the chronicler. It is mainly in connexion with the Poetry of Spain, though without intending to confine ourselves wholly to that subject, that we propose to throw a hasty glance over those remote periods, where mists and darkness cover the history of *our* forefathers. In Spain, the spirit of song has been sufficient to its own immortality; and while the compositions of *our* bards are lost in the oblivion of long-since departed days, we may there trace the ever flowing stream of poetry through the vicissitudes of many ages. The

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mountains and the valleys which heard the voice of the Roman cithara, which resounded with the music of the Moorish atabal, and listened to the soft lyre of the amorous trobador, still echo with the simple and harmonious strains of the pipe and tabor, gathering the villages around their festive lay. The different epochs of poetry have all left some fragments behind them,—enough to enable us to determine their general character, and to trace, though sometimes doubtfully, the striking revolutions through which they have come down to us. These are, indeed, beautiful records of departed time,—records, which perhaps derive some additional charms from the impressive reflection, that many and many a generation have passed by since those who sung and those who listened have been mingled with the clods of the valley.

There are no fragments existing of Spanish poetry, of a date beyond the Christian era, and none in any of the vernacular dialects of the peninsula, older than eight or nine centuries. Silius Italicus speaks of the verses sung by the Gallicians in their native language; "barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis:" and Strabo, with an exaggeration but too common where the high claims of tradition are uncontrolled by the stern and sober authority of history, informs us that there were verses sung among the inhabitants of Betica, more than sixty centuries old. But far from possessing any specimens brought down to us from ages so remote, the very language in which they were written is unknown; for Astalroa and Larramendi, the unwearied and busy advocates of the antiquity and universality of the Cantabrian or Euscarian tongue, have certainly failed to convince the majority of their countrymen that the Biscayan provinces have preserved the speech of their forefathers in an uncorrupted state, from the tower of Babel, at all events, and probably from a period much more remote. If, however, the Latin poets of Cordoba, of whom Cicero speaks so contemptuously, formed their style on the national model, and may be considered as fair specimens of the Spanish versifiers, we shall be easily reconciled to the loss of their compositions. Many natives of Spain, notwithstanding, forming their taste by the great classical authorities whose language they spoke, and to the literature of whose country they perhaps more properly belong, occupy high places in the temple of poetic fame. The two Senecas and Lucan distinguished the first century;

Duosque Senecas, unicumque Lucanum
Facunda loquitur Corduba.*

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* Martial, Ep. lxii. lib. i; and Statius thus records the fame of Betica:

the latter of whom gives a representation of the subjects, which no doubt principally engaged the songs of his contemporary bards :

> Vos quoque qui fortes animos belloque peremtos
> Laudibus in longum vates diffunditis ævum
> Plurima securi fudistis carmina bardi.

And such, indeed, are usually the themes which occupy the lyres of a warlike and half-barbarous age.* In the second century we find Martial, who frequently refers to other Spanish poets of his time. Lucius Annæus Florus was the relation (probably the fellow countryman) of the Senecas. With the exception of Zurita, all the Spanish biographers affirm that Silius Italicus was a native of Italica, though the contrary opinion of Vossius seems to rest on better ground. In the following centuries, we meet with Aurelius Prudentius and Juvenius Presbiteros, who translated the New Testament and the book of Genesis into Latin hexameters : the latter is probably the first of Christian writers, who has any claim to the title of a poet. There is something extremely affecting in the verses of Prudentius, when he reviews a long, weary, and almost profitless life ; borne down by the re-

---

> Lucanum potes imputare terris
> Hoc plus quam Senecam dedisse mundo,
> Aut dulcem generasse Gallionem
> Ut tollat refluos in astra fontes
> Grajo nobilior Melete Bœtis. *Genethliacon.*

Lucan's monumental inscription is thus preserved by Gruter.

> M. Annæo Lucano
> Cordubensi Poetæ
> Beneficio Neronis Fama
> Servata.

* Caius Julius Hyginus, the Grammarian, has been claimed by Vives, as a Spaniard ; and the majority of his biographers have been satisfied with the proofs. Portius Ladro, whom M. Seneca calls the most serious, the most affable, and the most eloquent man of his time, was also a native of Spain. Marcus Annæus Novatus was of Cordoba ; and L. J. Moderatus Columela, of Cadiz. Of the work of the latter, *de Re Rustica*, Barthius, L. Nuñez, and Cassiodorus, speak in terms of great admiration. Quintillian, (if the testimony of the chronicles of Eusebius is worth any thing,) " Quintilianus ex Hispania Calagurritanus," was born at Calahorra. Notwithstanding the prevalence of the contrary opinion, that he was a native of Rome, the title of Spaniard is asserted for him, with considerable force of evidence, by Nicolas Antonio.

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collection of past "vanity and vexation," and reviving with the support of honest and holy resolution.

For time is ever hurrying on;
To the hour of death our moments run:
What, in our long career, what useful have we done?
My youth beneath a master's rod
Trembled. In riper years, I trod
The path of vice; the Toga drove my thoughts from God.
Days of lascivious pleasure came,
And luxury:—then, (O sin, O shame!)
I sunk in the deep slough of infamy and blame.
* * * *
'Tis vanished all—in hurried flight—
Ere yet I felt Time's trophies white
Were sprinkled on my brow,—or thought, that since the light
Beam'd on me, what long years had flown;
Time's snows are on my forehead thrown—
And many a winter now, and many a spring, are gone.
But what doth this, all this, avail?
For soon, too soon, oblivion pale
Will blot alike the good and evil of my tale.
'Twill then be said—Whoe'er thou be,
That world is lost which flatter'd thee,
And all thou hast pursued is fruitless vanity.
O! while thy sinful soul can cast
Sin's robes away—redeem the past,
If not in deeds, in words to praise thy Maker haste.
In sacred hymns employ the day,
In praises pass the night away;
And let the Martyrs' praise attune the willing lay.
O what a privilege, could I,
The prison of mortality
Thus burst, and breathing forth this language die!*

In the reign of Theodosius, Latinus Pacatus panegyrizes Spain, on account of the warlike soldiers, the eloquent orators, and renowned poets, it had produced.—A list of obscurer

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* Instat terminus, et diem
Vicinum senio jam Deus applicat.
Quid nos utile tanti spatio temporis egimus?
Ætas prima crepantibus
Flevit sub ferulis. Mox docuit toga
Infectum vitiis falsa loqui, non sine crimine:
Tum lasciva protervitas

names occupies the years which preceded the Gothic reigns. On these, the national pride and vanity of Spain love to linger—as the smallest star looks beautiful on a long and gloomy night. But they offer nothing which should detain us from a period, when the decline of literature, the effeminating consequences of a debilitating and womanish luxury, the false security of those who imagined that the heroism of their forefathers had done enough to entail the privileges and the rewards of valor on a careless and dissipated posterity, made way for the introduction of the sterner and more manly tribes of the north, who soon overspread the fairest and fruitfullest portions of Europe. These probably met with little resistance from the aboriginal inhabitants of Spain, who perhaps never were completely amalgamated with the Roman intruders; —and this may make it appear less surprising, that the Visigoths should so soon have firmly fixed themselves in the territory they invaded. They sympathized but little with the habits and the amusements of the subdued Romans. The circuses,

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Et luxus petulans (heu pudet ac piget!)
Fœdavit juvenem nequitiæ sordibus ac luto.
* * * *
Hæc dum vita volans agit;
Irrepsit subito canities seni
Oblitum veteris me Saliæ Consulis arguens:
Sub quo prima dies mihi
Quam multas hiemes volverit, et rosas
Pratis post glaciem reddiderit, nix capitis probat
Numquid talia proderunt
Carnis post obitum vel bona vel mala?
Cum jam, quidquid id est, quod fueram, mors aboleverit.
Dicendum mihi, quisquis es:
Mundum, quem coluit, mens tua, perdidit.
Non sunt illa Dei, quæ studuit, cujus habeberis.
Atque fine sub ultimo
Peccatrix anima stultitiam exuat;
Saltem voce Deum concelebret, si meritis nequit:
Hymnis continuet dies
Nec vox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat:
* * * *
Carmen Martyribus devoveat:
* * * *
Hæc dum scribo vel eloquor
Vinclis ὸ utinam corporis emicem
Liber, quo tulerit lingua sono mobilis ultimo!

the theatres of Toledo, Merida, and other places, gradually crumbled into decay and ruin.—To the Goths, they brought nothing but idolatrous recollections and associations, independently of which their enjoyments were the hardier and freer sports of the field.

However interesting might be the inquiry, it would be extremely difficult to trace the influence of the poetry of the north, on the character of the subdued peninsula. The records left are faint and few. The dominion of the Romans had lasted so long, that the Visigoths found it very desirable to adopt the language of the previous masters of Spain,—and this with so universal an application, that, excepting a few inscriptions preserved by Morales in his Chronicles, every thing that has come down to us from the Gothic period, is in Latin. During that period, we find many Latin poets, natives of the peninsula. Avilus, Bishop of Braga, who flourished at the beginning of the sixth century, wrote a Latin heroic poem, in five books, on the early Mosaic history. Merobaudes, another poet, is celebrated by Sidonius. Draconcius wrote his Hexaëmeron, on the Creation of the World, in Latin heroic verse—a work which was patronized by the Visigothic King Chindasuinthus, who ordered all the manuscripts of it, which existed, to be compared, and a perfect copy made. The Goths had no national literature—literature, in fact, they despised; of which a curious instance is given in the opposition they raised to the purpose of Amalasunta, who was eager to give the advantages of a liberal education to her son, Alaric.—"No! no!" said the assembled warriors, "the idleness of study is unworthy of a Goth; high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valor.—He is to be a king, whom all should dread—shall he be compelled to dread his instructors? No."

Nor can it be deemed that the Spanish historians have depreciated the literary character of the Goths. On the contrary, they have been most solicitous to honor them with every species of flattery. Though it appears, that Licinian applied to Gregory the Great, for permission to make bishops and priests of those, who (knowing nothing of the character of the Christian religion,) had only *heard speak* of Christ the crucified,—and who could neither read nor write—most of the Spanish authorities insist, that the Goths were, after the Greeks, the most polished of all the European nations,—and Saavedra angrily declares, that the Greeks held them to be barbarians, through pure *arogancia*, only because they did not pronounce their language with Athenian accent. The Spaniards will have it, that the similarity of national character led to the completest and most cordial union between the Goths, and the previous inhabitants of the peninsula; but in the history of the different conquerors of Spain, the conquered

seem wholly forgotten. Perhaps, like the ass between the two masters, they were little interested in the issue of the fray. The Romans resisted the Goths—the Goths, the Moors,—and it was not till the up-rising of the nation against the last and the longest usurpation, that we see any prominent activity among the Spanish people. Inferior, probably, in arts and in arms, they quietly submitted to the different invaders of their soil.

The Visigoths are thus characterized by Rodericus Toletanus. "Fuêre autem magnanimi et audaces et naturaliter ingenio faciles, et subtiles, in proposito providi et constantes." Excepting a few fine specimens of martial eloquence, and some funeral orations, nothing which is worthy of any note is preserved by the Gothic chroniclers. Their historians being almost without exception, ecclesiastics, have wholly occupied themselves in church affairs.—The proceedings of the Toledo councils may be easily traced in their records, and little else. The tone and temper of these intolerant priests may be judged of, by the titles they conferred on Recaredo, who (in the true spirit of a furious controversialist) burned the books he could not answer: "Rex fidelissimus, gloriosissimus, piissimus, sanctissimus, religiosissimus, felicissimus, serenissimus, catholicus, et orthodoxus."

With respect to the moral character of the Gothic dynasty, it is but a succession of violence, deposition, murder, and cruelty. The history of its monarchy, is a history of assassinations. Thurismond and Theuderic perished by the hand of brothers. Athaulf, Sigeric, Amaralic, Theudius, Theudiselus, Agila, and many others of the Visigothic Kings, met with violent deaths, accompanied often with circumstances of barbarity and horror.

There are some facts, however, scattered over the Visigothic period, which are grateful to the recollection. The liberal spirit, for instance, with which a variety of sects were invited to the ecclesiastical counsels; the protection given to learning by Sisebut—the long abode of the Abad Baclara at Constantinople, in order to acquire the Greek language, and his efforts to rouse his countrymen to intellectual dignity;—but, on the whole, the review of this epoch is very uninviting. The chronicles are meagre and barbarous—the Latin monumental inscriptions are rude and inelegant; and we are often left to determine the characters of the leading personages, in the absence of all satisfactory historical data, between the strange accusations and the unqualified eulogisms of different chroniclers. Thus, whether Alaric is entitled to all the praises showered on him by Sigonius, Roricon, and others, or deserves the vehement attacks of Isidore, J. Magnus, and Mariana;—whether Witiza was one of the very best, or one of the very worst, of men and of monarchs, may well

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continue to be matter of obstinate discussion, in which each party will be sure to find authorities in abundance.

Ten languages were spoken in Spain, in the time of Augustus, according to Luitprandus: "Vetus Hispana, Cantabrica, Græca, Latina, Arabica, Chaldæa, Hebræa, Celteberica, Valentina, Cathalaunica; de quibus Strabo, in lib. iii. ubi docet plures fuisse litterarum formas et linguas in Hispaniis."—Most of these have blended more or less with the present Castilian tongue; but the language brought by the Visigoths scarcely left a trace behind it. They perhaps soon discovered that the Latin, which many of them had probably learnt in their visits to Italy, would serve generally throughout Spain—and in it they promulgated their laws; as in the case of Alaric's code, which became the basis of the *fuero juzgo*. Independently of other circumstances, it will, we expect, be found, that when two languages are contending for the mastery, that of the two which is used by the more civilized party becomes predominant, and finally banishes the other.

The Goths were, however, keenly alive to the charms of music and of poetry, which were introduced on all interesting occasions. On the death of a monarch, choirs of youths and maidens celebrated his deeds and virtues in melancholy songs—they bewailed their dead at funerals in measured lamentations,—and their feasts and banquetings resounded with the musical compositions of their minstrels. They brought *rime* with them, which they introduced into the languages of the country where they fixed themselves,—for all the previous examples which may be found in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin poetry seem rather accidental than intended. They modified and diminished the difficulties of the Latin tongue. Nouns became indeclinable,—articles were introduced—the variety of termination was lessened—they sought, in a word, rather to mould and simplify the language they found, than to establish their own. Massieu, who, by the way, has shown such marvellous ignorance of the history of Spanish poetry as to suppose that Mena was its founder, attributes the general introduction of *rime* into Europe, to the Spaniards, who had it, he supposes, from their Arabic masters—but there is little difficulty in giving it a higher origin.

Whatever impression was left by the Gothic possessors of Spain, that impression can be imperfectly traced at the distance from whence we now are compelled to contemplate it. The Moorish conquerors left behind them stronger and deeper marks; their influence may be seen—their footsteps may be followed—relics of their glories may be discovered in almost every part of the Spanish peninsula—walls, and towers, and castles, and palaces, and aqueducts, and oratories, and mosques, and mesquitas, some crumbling under the attacks of ages, others standing as if proud to bid defiance to time, attest the

wealth, the influence, and the intelligence, of the Mahommedan possessors. Impelled by a spirit of victory which had been fanned by long and singular success, influenced by the proud conviction that heaven itself had declared in behalf of their triumphant prophet, they established an authority which lasted nearly eight centuries, in spite of religious prejudices and enthusiasm, nearly as strong and as active as their own; in spite of innumerable difficulties, resulting alike from the habits of their opponents, from the chivalric ardor soon exerted against them, and from the natural barriers which nature seemed to have erected on behalf of liberty. It would, however, be extremely unsafe to take upon trust the representations of the old Spanish chroniclers, as to the fervor and the feats of the defenders of the peninsula. The more inquiry is made, and the more information is obtained, in connection with the period of the Moorish invasion and early possession of Spain, the less glory will be left, we imagine, to those names which now shine so brightly in the history of Spanish romance. We believe Pelayo himself must be given up as a mere creature of imagination, and we are quite sure that the strange chain of events which are said to have prepared the way for the successes of Tarik, had their first origin in the dreamings of after time. Whether, as we have already hinted, the Goths had not managed to ingratiate themselves with the aboriginal and Latin-descended inhabitants, and could not therefore induce them to take up arms in their behalf, certain it is, that, after Roderick's defeat, the Moors found comparatively little opposition to their rapid progress. Opposition, however, was soon afterwards excited, and fanned by the most ardent and glowing patriotism. Aspirations after national liberty led to a thousand deeds of heroism, and to the developement of those circumstances which became the subjects to be consecrated by those beautiful ballads and songs, in which truth wears the graceful drapery of romance, and romance appears the honest handmaid of truth. Till something like a plan of opposition to the intruders could be organized, considerable bodies of the original inhabitants retired to the northern provinces, where, to this day, they have preserved, amidst the Pyrenean mountains, the language of their forefathers; and, like the Cambrians in our island, boast, that the footsteps of a conqueror never stained their soil.

The Moors had to struggle with a people greatly their inferiors in intellectual attainments; a people who had more than once before recognized the hand of a master; a people too little acquainted at any time with the benefits of a good government to estimate correctly the value of liberty, or to exert themselves successfully in its defence. And the Moors bestowed substantial benefits on Spain. They brought with them and left behind

them a spirit of inquiry and a love of literature; they invited the most eminent scholars of the east to settle in their new possessions; they founded those illustrious Hebrew schools, to which Europe has never repaid her debt of grateful acknowledgement; they imposed on the country they had conquered the blessings of a mild and tolerating government; they taught a better and more profitable system of agriculture; they instructed the Spaniards in arts and sciences known, not at all, or very imperfectly, before; and they introduced a new order of metrical compositions, which have tinged all the national poetry of Spain, and given it that oriental coloring and glowing character which distinguish it from that of other countries, whose languages have the most striking affinity to most of the peninsular dialects. In the southern provinces, at least, the Latin tongue became so totally lost, that it was with the utmost difficulty any one individual could be found to write a Latin letter. Every body, we are told by Alvaro Cordubense, every body studied Arabic, and wrote it with the greatest possible purity. In the beginning of the eighth century of the Hegira, a list of the celebrated Caliphs, Warriors, Philosophers, and Poets of Spain, was written by Ebn Alchatib Mahommed Ben Abdallah; and this, to which a short account of every individual is added, consists of four thick volumes.

Before enlarging on the subject of the Arabic literature of Spain, we may be allowed, for a moment, to revert to the recent loss of an individual, (too little known in this country,) whose place it would seem impossible now to fill. D. José Antonio Conde, the successor of Casiri, died, a few months ago, at Madrid. We knew him, when in obscurity and poverty he was devoting his ardent and intelligent researches to the elucidation of that period of his country's history, to which we are now referring. His industry, his habits, and his learning, had eminently qualified him for the task, and we were astonished and delighted when he hastily ran over the curious facts he had dug out of the mines of Arabic treasures, and opened the long scroll of interesting names which he had resuscitated from their tombs of obscurity. Had he lived to complete his labors —or were these labors even in their unfinished state before us— we should be enabled to do some justice to this portion of our task. As it is, we can only think and speak of him with respect, gratitude, and admiration; we can only raise over him the humble monument of our affections, and throw one flowret of sympathy upon his grave.

The classical literature of Europe had declined—had nearly departed. The languages in which it had been enshrined were crumbling into barbarism; the antient seats of learning had sunk into dust. Then it was that a light broke from the east—

new institutions—new manners—new books—and new instructors appeared. Civilization and knowledge came forth from their oriental thrones, and marched, with the language of Arabia, under the banners of the Moors, into the almost benighted west. All Grecian learning seemed to perish with John Philoponus—it made a feeble attempt to revive itself beneath the Comnenus family, and fell, apparently for ever.

It was fortunate for Arabic literature, that it found a basis on which to raise itself, of such distinguished merit as the *Koran*, which has served in all after time as its standard of classic purity. The excellence of this volume, critically considered, produced, no doubt, the happiest influence on the general character of the works of Arabic genius. The Mussulmans saw united in Mahomet the sublimest of writers and the greatest of prophets, and the contemplation must have tended alike to kindle the aspirations of their literary ambition, and the fervor of their devotional enthusiasm.

If aught of consolation can be derived from the contemplation of those scenes of temporary—not always temporary—misery which track the progress of conquering armies, it is in tracing the diffusion of knowledge, which is generally the necessary result. If the invaders be less civilized than the inhabitants of the country they attack, their knowledge advances in consequence of the intercourse that is established; and if, as in the case of Spain, the conquerors be the more enlightened nation, they make some return for the distress and suffering they entail upon the vanquished, by introducing arts and sciences unknown before, and giving an impulse to the general tone of society. The Moors, on their parts, added much to their stock of literature by their communion with the west. The most illustrious of the writers of Greece and Italy were translated into the language of the *Koran;* and, under the patronage of Almansor and Harun Al Raschid, the light of Athens and of Rome was reflected on the oriental world. On the other hand, the great masters of eastern philosophy were introduced into Europe, and with all the eclat they could receive from the splendid military successes of the Mahommedan power.

Of the Arabic schools in learning, those established by the Moors in Spain obtained extraordinary renown. In fact, it seems to have been the ambition of the Caliphs to give to these new possessions all the splendor which literature could throw around them, and, by their liberality and moderation, they succeeded in encouraging men, the most illustrious for learning, to accept their offers of protection, and to avail themselves of the extraordinary advantages possessed by situations which blended all the learning of the Mussulman and the Christian world.

The ambition of Abdorrahman the Third seemed gratified when he had placed Cordoba on the proudest eminence of Arabic literature. He was himself an author, and his active mind was habitually employed in directing its best energies to the spread of knowledge. He founded the Cordoba university; he established schools wherever his influence extended, and his own library is said to have consisted of six hundred thousand volumes, the catalogue alone of which consisted of forty-four. The general character of the Ommajad dynasty is most honorable to its members. They, at least, had not mistaken the character of true glory, in giving all possible extension to the triumphs of civilization and of knowledge.

So general and so just was the appreciation of Arabic learning, that we may trace a succession of literary pilgrimages made by the eminent scholars of the middle ages to the Mahommedan schools and colleges. Gerbert, afterwards Silvester the Second, established an intercourse with the sages of the east, in order to avail himself of their philosophical attainments; and we find Adelard, the Benedictine monk of Bath, passing a long time amongst the Moors of Spain, of whose writings he availed himself largely in his different publications on physic and medicine. Great circulation and popularity were given to the works of the most learned Arabic writers through the Spanish schools; among others, the name of Daniel Morley is often referred to, as having enriched the west of Europe with much oriental learning, which he brought with him from the university of Toledo.

The waxing crescent seemed in Spain to rise triumphantly over the waning cross. Aldrete says, that if the infinite goodness of God had not been specially exerted, had not Spain been under His peculiar care, the Castilian language would have been wholly extinguished. It was preserved and cherished only by the few unconquered and unconquerable wanderers among the mountains. In towns and villages, Mahommedanism had made immense progress. The Christian records were almost wholly lost. Had they existed in the vulgar tongue, they would probably have maintained alike the language and the religion of Spain. But, during the mournful progress of many a century, the patriot of Spain had little to contemplate, except the progress of his conquering invaders—the gradual extinction of the language of his forefathers—and new instances of defection among his brethren from Christian faith and national fidelity.

Protected by the tolerating spirit of the Moorish caliphs, the Jews, who, for a long time, had suffered persecution in all its forms, were advanced to a station by no means discreditable

in the pages occupied by the Arabic masters of Spain; and it will not perhaps be deemed out of place, if we here slightly sketch their literary history as connected with that country.

From the period of the destruction of Jerusalem down to that of the expatriation of the Jews by the cruel decrees of Ferdinand and Isabella—decrees which were carried into effect with an inhospitality as barbarous as that which dictated them—their number in Spain had always been very considerable. Under the Gothic dynasty, they had to suffer a variety of indignities; they were pillaged, imprisoned, expatriated, condemned to death, according to the caprice of the reigning monarch, and the only cessation of persecution was owing rather to the individual humanity of the ruler, than to any legal or positive protection they could claim. The fifth Toledo council went so far, as to compel every Gothic king to swear, before he was crowned, that he would extirpate the Jews; an arrangement which Lope de Vega seems to have contemplated with infinite satisfaction.

> "The sceptre was denied in days of yore
> To the elected king, until he swore,
> With his own royal hand,
> To purge the fertile land
> Of the vile tares that choak the genuine grain,
> And write the holy law upon the crown of Spain."*

No doubt, the Jews welcomed with joy the Moorish conquerors of Spain; and, bound together by the strong tie of common sufferings, they prepared the way, in many instances, for the successes of the Mahommedan power. Under the caliphs, they rose from their depressed and degraded state, and reached a literary eminence, higher than they had ever before or have ever since attained. Great numbers of Jews were driven to Spain by the persecutions with which they had been visited in the east under the Mahommedan princes. They were imbued with Arabic and Persian literature, and they arrived, at a fortunate moment, to give splendor to the schools of Cordoba and Toledo, which were then in infancy, but which had already given the fairest promises for futurity.

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* "Vedando el concilio Toledano
Tomar el cetro al rey sin que primero,
Limpiase el verdadero
Trigo con propriá mano,
De la cizaña vil que le suprime
La Santa Ley en la corona imprime."

Cordoba raised her head above all—of whom the venerable Castilian poet thus affectionately sings:

> " Thou flower of wisdom and of chivalry,
> Cordoba, mother mine! forgive thy son,
> If, in the music of my lyre, no tone
> Be sweet and loud enough to honor thee.
> Models of wisdom and of bravery
> I see reflected thro' thy annals bright;
> I will not praise thee, praise thee tho' I might,
> Lest I of flattery should suspected be."*

Its renown spread through Europe, and, according to Castro, the title of Sapientissimi was given by common consent, at this period, to the Jews of Spain.

Two of the most eminent of the Persian Jews, the Rabbis Moses and Hanoc, were, at this period, brought to the Spanish coast by pirates, and welcomed with great enthusiasm and distinguished patronage by Hakim, the caliph of Cordoba, whose ambition it was to give to the capital of his Caliphate all the renown which literary pre-eminence could confer. Next to Cordoba, Toledo became famous. Barcelona, Granada, and other schools, rose in celebrity, and, with every allowance for the exaggerations of Hebrew writers,† there can be no doubt that the number of Jewish students was immense, and the state of learning as honorable to the benevolent and tolerant spirit of the protecting Mahommedans, as to the industry, penetration, and acquirements, of the protected Jews.

A succession of eminent Hebrew scholars may be traced from the tenth to the fifteenth century. Many of them held the highest offices under the Moorish princes. Samuel Halevi was minister of state to the King of Granada. Under his sanction, the *Old Testament* was translated into Arabic by Joseph Ben Isaac Ben

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* " O flor de saber y cabelleria,
Cordoba madre, tu hijo perdona,
Si en los cantares que agora pregona
No divulgaré tu sabiduria.
De sabios, valientes loarte podria
Qui fueron espejo mui maravilloso;
Por ser de ti mismo seré sospechoso
Diran que los pinto mejor que debia."

Juan de Mena.

† Milekatri, for instance, asserts, that there were twelve thousand Jewish students in the Toledo school.

Schatnez, who, being driven from Babylonia, had sought and found a refuge in Spain. Joseph Halevi, the son of Samuel, succeeded him in his high office; but his zeal for his religion, and his attempts to convert the Moors to Judaism, led to his violent death, and that of many others, at Granada, A.D. 1064.

Time and space would, indeed, fail us, were we to endeavour to enumerate the long calendar of illustrious Hebrew names which grace the literary pages of Spanish history. Of nearly seven hundred different works, some account is given by the industrious De Castro, and, no doubt, under the devastating influence of the Inquisition many besides must have perished. The Spanish Jews, when contemporary Christians were groping in the darkness of superstition and ignorance, enjoyed and improved the sunshine of intellect and knowledge. Poets, orators, philosophers, astronomers, mathematicians, historians, grammarians, and physicians—under each of these heads are recorded a long and distinguished list. It is the boast of one of the greatest of these writers, that not a Jew could be found who did not possess, and who could not read, the *Pentateuch*.—"He is ignorant," exclaims another, "of that which is most notorious, who has not heard of the splendor, the glory, and the prosperity in which they lived." It is well known, that there is scarcely an illustrious family in Spain which may not be traced up to Jewish ancestry. Tradition too, faithful to her trust, and sometimes, like the good steward, handing down her "own with interest," has still preserved, amongst their descendants, those bright recollections and associations which are connected with the Spanish history of the Jews. We have often heard them reverted to with an enthusiasm cherished from generation to generation—even when the dream seemed hopeless that the children of Abenezra, Abengiad, and Maimonides, should ever again visit the land of their fathers. Though all intercourse with Spain had ceased for ages, the language is still preserved, and to this hour employed in part of the service of one or more of our London synagogues. Spain may yet do something to wipe away the enormous stains of guilt which attach to her sons, in the ferocious outrages of which hundreds of thousands of Jews were the victims. Frightful in length, and fearful in amount, is the reckoning she owes to humanity. She has begun to recognize it—May it be paid to the uttermost farthing!

We may perhaps be allowed to say a few words of some of the most eminent of the Spanish Hebrew poets.

Of the eleventh century, R. Solomon Ben Gabriel, born in Malaga, is held to have been one of the restorers of Hebrew literature. He wrote a volume of *Exhortations* in Hebrew verse; and another of Hebrew hymns, entitled *The Crown of the King-*

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dom, which has been more than once reprinted in modern times. He, also, was the author of a collection of the wise sayings of Grecian and Mahommedan philosophers, in Arabic, called a *Cabinet of Rubies;* besides other works. At the same time, flourished R. Isaac Ben Giath, commonly known by the name of Abengiad, the son of the Joseph Halevi above referred to. On him the title of Rab Nagid was conferred—the head and judge of the Spanish Jews. He wrote, it is said, several languages, and Greek especially, with classical purity. His most renowned compositions are hymns, songs, and short poems, of which a copy of the most celebrated, the *Festive Hymn,* exists in the Bodleian library.

In the following century flourished Abenezra, to whose name his countrymen have attached the title of Chacam, (the Wise.) His works are voluminous and various; embracing history, philosophy, medicine, grammar, theology, and poetry. He was born at Toledo in 1119. He passed the greater part of his life in travelling for the acquisition of knowledge, and died at Rhodes in 1194. His poetical compositions are, *Life to the restored Son—Song for the Soul—On the Kingdom of Heaven—On the Name* (of God), and *Ground of Fear.* The last has been printed both at Constantinople and Venice. He also wrote a poem on the *Game of Chess,* of which Thomas Hyde published a Latin translation in 8vo. (with the original) at Oxford, in 1694. Moses Ben Maimon (Maimonides) was his contemporary and friend. Of the Jewish writers since the time of Josephus, probably none is so much distinguished as Maimonides. Eichorn seems disposed to give him the very first rank; and Scaliger says of him, "Primus fuit inter Hebræos qui nugare desiit." Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Arabic, he employed with equal facility. His writings embrace a singular variety of subjects, and have given birth to some of the best productions of the best of modern Hebrew scholars. Among our countrymen, different parts of his works have been translated by Pococke, Prideaux, and Clavering. He has been eulogized by Selden, and was almost worshipped by Aboab. Justiniani thus writes of him: "Fuit auctor iste candidus, minimeque superstitiosus; plus certe veritati addictus quam næniis importunis neotericorum Judæorum.—Percipies porro illum quæ sunt religionis religiose, quæ philosophica philosophice, quæ Talmudica talmudice: ac demum quæ sunt divina divine tractare." He died in Egypt, A.D. 70, and was buried in Galilee. The year of his death was long called by the Jews, lamentum lamentabile. Moses Gekatilah, a Jewish poet of Cordoba, living at this period, (of whose compositions in verse nothing has come down to us,) is much celebrated by contemporary writers. To this epoch belongs Benjamin of Tudela, the traveller, of whose *Itinerary* sixteen

editions had been published between 1543 and 1745; we know not how many since. If he really existed and visited the places he speaks of, he must have been a most careless observer. Distances, dates, names, places, and events, are introduced in direst confusion; and yet he has collected together such a variety of circumstances, then hardly accessible to any but an eye-witness, that we cannot throw aside his book as wholly unauthentic.

David Kimki, the renowned Hebrew grammarian; his brother, Moses Kimki; and his father, Joseph Kimki, the poet, whose collection of sacred songs is mentioned by Wolfius; all belong to this period.

In the thirteenth century, a Jew, called Isaac Ben Said, formed the Alfonsine tables, under the patronage of Alonso the Wise. Anbonet Abraham, who was called the Jewish Cicero, lived also at this time. His Bechinad Holam (*Examination of the World*) is thus spoken of by Buxtorf: "Liber insignis, tam quoad res, quam quoad verba. Agit de vanitate mundi contemnenda, et quærendo regno Dei. Id verbis tam eloquenter, politè, & doctè effert, ut eloquentissimus habeatur, quisquis stylum ejus imitatur." Many of his other writings are distinguished for their puerilities. In his *Oration*, every word begins with *M;* other poetry there is, of which every verse forms an anagram of his name. He, as well as Abenezra, wrote a poem in praise of the game of chess, which was also translated into Latin by Hyde, though the name of the author was unknown to the Latin translator.

In the fourteenth century, R. Sem Tob de Carrion (a converted Jew) was one of the most distinguished Trobadores of his time. His *Dance of Death* is introduced by the following prologue:

"Here begins the general dance, in which it is shown how Death gives advice to all, that they should take due account of the brevity of life, and not to value it more highly than it deserves: and this he orders and requires, that they see and hear attentively what wise preachers tell them and warn them from day to day, giving them good and wholesome counsel, that they labor in doing good works to obtain pardon of their sins, and showing them by experience; who, he says, calls and requires from all classes, whether they come willingly or unwillingly: and thus beginning."

Death says:

"Lo, I am Death—with aim as sure as steady,
All beings that are and shall be I draw near me—
I call thee—I require thee, man! be ready!
Why build upon this fragile life?—Now hear me!
Where is the power that does not own me—fear me?
Who can escape me when I bend my bow?

I pull the string—Thou liest in dust below,
Smitten by the barb my minist'ring angels bear me."*

The poet goes on through several stanzas like this, and introduces a preacher who gives excellent advice to his hearers, encouraging them to reform their vicious courses, while Death gives authority and strength to his counsel, by telling them, that he shall soon cut the thread of their existence, and thus concludes the prologue:

" Come to the dance of Death—come hither even
The last, the lowliest—of all rank and station;
Who will not come, shall be by scourges driven;
I hold no parley with disinclination!
List to yon friar who preaches of salvation,
And hie ye to your penitential post:
For who delays—who lingers—he is lost
And handed o'er to hopeless reprobation."†

Death is afterwards introduced, inviting an individual to his dance, who complains bitterly of being introduced into it. Death goes on summoning all ranks, beginning with popes, and descending through cardinals, patriarchs, kings, bishops, prelates, lords, monks, down to shopkeepers and laborers. One stanza is this:

" I to my dance—my mortal dance—have brought
Two nymphs, all bright in beauty and in bloom.

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* " Jo so la muerte çierta à todas criaturas
que son y seran en el mundo durante
demando y digo, O omé, porque curas
de vida tan breve en punto pasante
pues non ay tan fuerte ni Resio gigante
que deste mi arco se puede anparar
conuiene que mueras quando lo tirar
con esta mifrecha cruel transpasante."

† " A la dança mortal venit los nascidos
que en el mundo soes de qualquiera estado
el que non quisiere a fuerça e amidos
faserle he venir muy toste parado
pues que ya el frayre vos ha pedricado
que todos vayays a faser penitençia
el que non quisiere poner diligençia
non puede ser ya mas esperado."

They listen'd, fear-struck, to my songs, methought,
And truly songs like mine are ting'd with gloom:
But neither roseate hues nor flowers' perfume
Will now avail them—nor the thousand charms
Of worldly vanity—they fill my arms—
They are my brides—their bridal bed the tomb."*

The poem thus concludes:

"And since 'tis certain then that we must die,
No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress—
Be it our constant aim, unswervingly
To tread God's narrow path of holiness:
For He is first, last, midst—O, let us press
Onwards—and when Death's monitory glance
Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,
Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless."†

Besides this work, another, written in the same measure, is attributed to this author. It is the relation of a vision seen by a holy hermit when praying. A corpse is introduced, putrified, with worms devouring it, and behind it is something in the form of a white bird, which represents the disembodied soul; the latter hurls the most dreadful curses at the decaying body, which are again retorted, each accusing the other of having caused its eternal damnation.

Of Solomon Halevi, (born in Burgos in 1350,) who, having

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* "A esta mi dança traxe de presente
estas dos donsellas, que bedes formosas
ellas vinieron de muy mala mente
a oyr mis canciones que son dolorosas
mas non les baldran flores nin rosas
nin las composturas que poner solian
de mi sy pudieren partirse queirian
mas non puede ser que son mios eposas."

† "Pues que asy es que a morir avemos
de necesidad syn otro remedio
con pura conçiençia todos trabajemos
en servir a Dios. Syn otro comedio
ca el es principe fyn e el medio
por do sy le plase abremos folgura
aunque la muerte un dança mui dura
nos meta en su corro en qualquier comedio."

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been converted to Christianity, is better known by the name of Pablo de Santa Maria, a contemporary poet says, that "he possessed all human learning, all the secrets of high philosophy; he was a masterly theologian—a sweet orator—an admirable historian—a subtle poet—a clear and veracious narrator—an excellent minister—one of whom every body spoke well."

"'Twas my delight," he continues:

"'Twas my delight to sit with him
Beneath the solemn ivy tree—
To hide me from the sunny beam
Beneath the laurel's shade, and see
The little silver streamlet flowing;
While from his lips a richer stream
Fell, with the light of wisdom glowing—
How sweet to slake my thirst with him!"*

Having brought the literary history of the Spanish Jews down to the end of the fourteenth century, and finding that the matter which now crowds upon us will make it impossible for us to condense what remains to be said on this head into this paper, we shall defer the rest to another article, when we shall again

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* "La moral ssabiduria
las leyes e los decretos
los naturales ssecretos
de la alta philosophia
la ssacra teologia
la dulce arte oratoria
toda virisima ystoria
toda ssotil poesia.

Oy perdieron vn notable
e ualiênte cavallero
vn relator claro e vero
vn ministro comendable
quien dara loor loable, &c.

La yedra sso cuyas ramas
yo tanto me delectava
el laurel que aquellas flamas
ardientes del sol temprana
a cuya sonbra yo citana
la fontana clara e fria
donde yo la grant ssed mia
de preguntar saçiava," &c.

turn back to the Moorish poetry of Spain, and endeavour to mark its influence on that of the peninsula in general; after which, we shall go pretty extensively into the merits of the Trobadores; and lastly, trace the progress of Castilian poetry in its different epochs, down to the golden age of Spanish literature.

ART. II.—*The Temple, Sacred Poems, and private Ejaculations, by* Mr. George Herbert, *late Orator of the University of Cambridge.—Seventh Edition. London,* 1656.

The poems of George Herbert would present such a mass of uninviting and even repulsive matter to modern readers of poetry, who are accustomed to look for sonnets, and not sermons or tabernacle canticles, in a volume dedicated to the Muses, that we really think we shall be doing them service, as well as performing a duty to the memory of an excellent and most ingenious man, by making a selection of a few of his happiest thoughts in verse.—George Herbert is best known to the world, as having been the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton, and as having met with an able biographer in the celebrated Isaac Walton.—His career was closed just before the contests between Charles the First and his parliament had reached their height. The part he would have taken, therefore, in the scenes which followed, can be only conjectured; but his great attachment to Episcopacy, and to the services of the church of England, would in all probability have retained him, along with Jeremy Taylor, a faithful though perhaps quiet adherent to the crown. In his early days, indeed, he seems to have had no dislike of worldly honours. While orator of the University of Cambridge, his biographer has fairly told us " he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the king were there: but then he never failed: and at other times left the management of his orator's place, to his learned friend Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now prebend of Westminster."—This love of princely favour met its due reward, and James gave him a sinecure—the same, as it happened, by a remarkable coincidence, as that which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and worth £120 per annum.

For the mortification of Herbert's worldly desires, and the increase of his heavenly ones, he soon after lost his two most powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Hamilton. These losses were followed by the death of King James himself, and with him died Mr. Herbert's court hopes.—

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Not, it should candidly be owned, for want of aliment, for he still retained many friends among the rich and great; but from the confirmation which these changes brought to a mind, naturally reflective, and formed for something much better than to be a mere admirer of royal greatness, of the uncertainty of worldly expectations. His mother's wishes and entreaties had long secretly influenced his desires towards the ministry; and at length, after some sharp conflicts between his love of a court-life, and his sense of the importance of the clerical character, he resolved to take orders. "I will labour," said he to one who opposed this resolution, "I will labour to make the name of a priest honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them—knowing that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian."—From this resolution it does not appear that he ever swerved. In 1626, he was made Prebend of Layton Ecclesia. The parish church of this place was almost fallen down, and so out of repair, that the parishioners could not meet for the performance of public worship. Thus it had been for twenty years—till Mr. Herbert set himself to work to re-build it. His mother, alarmed at the expense and trouble he was bringing upon himself, sent for him to Chelsea, where she lived. "George," said she, "I sent for you, to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you; namely, that you give him back his prebend: for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse, to undertake to build churches."—Herbert, however, carried his point, and showed his mother such reasons for his resolution, that he fully satisfied her on the subject, and appears to have completed his work without involving himself or her in any difficulties.—His orator's place he gave up, upon her death in 1627. Soon after, he married, took orders, and was presented to the Rectory of Bemerton by the particular desire of Dr. afterwards Archbishop Laud, and Dr. Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury. Herbert was now thirty-six years of age. His life, which lasted but three years longer from this time, appears to have united the sanctity of a devotee, with the activity of a philanthropist. "At his induction to the Rectory of Bemerton," says Isaac Walton, "being left in the church alone, to toll the bell, (as the law requires) he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar: at which time and place, (as he after told Mr. Woodnot,) he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life, and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them."—The account of his life, as a country clergyman, given by his own bio-

grapher, does not offer much variety. It appears to have been passed in exercises of piety, such as would be thought extravagant by the strictest of the strict in our times, and in performing the most humble and self-denying offices of charity to all within his reach.—Here he wrote "*The Country Parson,*" a little prose work, containing his own views of the duty of a clergyman, which was after his death printed.—His poems were published during his life-time, and with considerable success.—After a lingering and painful illness, Herbert died, breathing out pious and cheerful ejaculations to Heaven with his latest breath.—"I wish," says IsaacWalton, "if God shall be so pleased, that I may be so happy as to die like him."—

To pass from the consideration of his private life, to the discussion of his literary claims.—He appears to have been an excellent scholar. As a Greek student, indeed, his merit was acknowledged by many of the first scholars of his own and foreign countries. His long literary and private friendship with Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Donne, show the estimation in which he was held by them. He was cotemporary for some years with Cowley; but we are not informed whether these men had formed any personal friendship; probably not, as Cowley, though very early known to fame, had hardly finished his university education at the period of Herbert's death.—Dr. Donne, whose peculiar style of composition Johnson has so ably criticized in his life of Cowley, probably was Herbert's model, as well as friend; but, if it were so, the natural genius of the latter occasionally burst forth into strains far sweeter and more natural than those of the worthy Doctor.—The following lines on Virtue, though defaced by a vulgar expression or two, are, on the whole, both beautiful and polished.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night.—
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in the grave,—
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses:
A box where sweets compacted lie:
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But, though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Herbert's poems are, as might be expected, almost entirely on the graver realities of this life, or the weighty concerns of another. He probably destroyed the productions of his courtly days. Of them, at least, none have reached us. He alludes to the devotional turn of his poetry in the following piece entitled "*Jordan,*" which commences with a very fantastical stanza.

Who says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in TRUTH no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty,
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines
Catching the sense at two removes.

Shepherds are honest people—let them sing—
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime;
I envy no man's nightingale or spring—
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who only plainly say, "My God, my king."—

This is more in the style of Waller, and is worth quoting.

Employment.

If, as a flow'r doth spread and die,
Thou would'st extend to me some good,
Before I were, by frost's extremity,
Nipt in the bud:

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine,
At thy great doom.

For, as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be:
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life, as barren to thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are busy: only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flow'rs to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.—
Lord! place me in thy concert: give *one* strain
To my poor reed.

Some of the stanzas in the devotional pieces are neatly finished, and have much point—as these:

"All may of thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, FOR THY SAKE
Will not grow bright and clean.
This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold.
For that, which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.—

His longest poem, "*The Church Porch,*" is for the most part written in an uncouth and ungraceful style—yet, though we smile at its quaintness, who but must admire the good sense of the exhortation in the following stanzas on conversation?

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once;—but husband it,
And give men turns of speech. Do not forestall,
By lavishness, thine own and other's wit:
As if thou mad'st thy will—A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.
Be calm in arguing—for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes,
More than his sicknesses or poverty?—
In *love* I should, but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move.
Calmness is great advantage—he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at *his* fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.—

Lastly—let the reader take the following as a specimen of something rather more fanciful than the poems we have hitherto transcribed.

Peace.

" Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, ' No—
' Go, seek elsewhere.'

I did—and going did a rainbow note :
' Surely,' thought I,
' *This is the lace of Peace's coat*—
I will search out the matter ;'
But, as I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flow'r,
The crown imperial. ' Sure,' said I,
' Peace at the root must dwell.'
But, when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend, good old man :
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began :—
' There was a prince of old,
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

' He sweetly liv'd : yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

' It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight from sin.

'Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you—
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.'"

To speak of the faults of these poems, faults which abound in a far greater degree in the pieces which remain, than in those we have selected, would be useless to the purposes of our Review. It is our aim to pick out a few flowers which, in this case as in some others, are almost lost amid weeds—yet let it not be inferred that we have done this so completely in the present case, as that nothing but rubbish remains. On the contrary, we think that those who have a real relish for devotional poetry will find passages in Herbert that may refresh and delight them: at the same time, no reader of taste, and rational views of religion, but must lament and wonder at the strange and almost incomprehensible turn of some of the poems. What are we to make of the following?

The Quiddity.

"My God, a verse is not a crown:
No point of honour or gay suit;
No hawk, or banquet, or renown;
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play,
It never was in France or Spain,
Nor can it entertain the day
With my great stable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the exchange, or busy hall—
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and—*most take all.*"

The quaintness and oddity of the following are, however, compensated for by some excellent lines.

The Pulley.

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made away;
Then beauty flow'd; then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said he,
'Bestow *this* jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature,—
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary; that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'"

ART. III. *The instructive and entertaining Fables of* Pilpay, *an Ancient Indian Philosopher. The fifth edition. London,* 1775.

The Fables of Pilpay have been long since translated into most of the European languages; but, after enjoying a temporary popularity, which is attested by the number of editions that have been published in different countries, they have sunk into unmerited neglect. The cause of this may be easily traced. The great success of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments,* that mine of oriental imagery and invention, produced a series of imitations, which, under the titles of Chinese, Persian, Turkish, and other Tales, must have sickened the appetites which they were intended to delight; and as Pilpay shared with them the applause of the reading public of that day, he was, also, doomed to partake in the indifference which succeeded the interest they at first excited. Literature has as many changes of fashion as are found in the minor departments of taste; and this alone might explain sufficiently why any book should, after a certain period, cease to entertain; but in the present case we may discover a more obvious reason for the obscurity into which our Indian philosopher has fallen, in the inelegant version of the French translation which was made for the use of English readers. Under this disadvantage, it could hardly be expected that Pilpay should maintain his ground against the hosts of writers who have, in turn, been the admiration of this novel-reading age and country. Even his claim

as the hereditary representative of the oldest fabulist of India would not, when the fate of fashion had otherwise determined, have preserved him from neglect, had the pedigree on which that claim is founded been as deducible as subsequent discoveries have made it, and as from different sources we are about to exhibit it to our readers. The high antiquity of this collection of Fables, and its curious progress from one language to another, together with its various changes of form and matter and even of title, are the most remarkable circumstances in its history; yet as a work of invention it has great merit, and as it would be too much to believe, with one of its eulogists, that it has been held in more universal estimation than any book except the Bible, so its great reputation in the East is assuredly to be attributed to excellence of a very high order.

Fables have been employed as the vehicles of instruction from the earliest ages. It is not easy to trace from what peculiarity of the human mind the love of allegory proceeds, but it is certain that the earliest dawning of intellect in every nation of the earth has been and is shewn by the use of this embellishment of language; and here, without doubt, is to be found the source of moral fable. For we may judge, from modern experience, that the first advisers of any race of mankind would find that all the admonition liberally bestowed in their honest zeal for the improvement of the species, would be but ill received, unless mixed with something that should render it more palatable. The personification of the passions of man appears to have been introduced long after the members of the irrational or inanimate creation had assumed their parts in these little dramas; or, if the deities of ancient mythology were originally the representatives of their respective attributes, the minds of the vulgar were unprepared to understand the more refined applications of allegorical writing, and mistook the metaphorical gods for real divinities. The most popular and the most ancient specimens of this kind of composition have usually animals, sometimes plants, as the actors of the piece; and of this species there are two schools, which may be respectively named after Æsop and Pilpay. Æsop's fables are short tales, in each of which, from the conversation or adventures of the actors, a single moral is readily extracted; Pilpay's are a series of fables, each incumbered with a string of morals, woven one within another, and all connected together by a leading story which is only introduced for the purpose of this connexion. The apparent aim of Æsop is to instruct without fatiguing the reader; the intention of Pilpay is to allure his attention by adopting an arrangement from which the mind may be induced, without a pause in the narrative, to master his whole system of ethics. There is great uncertainty in the history of the Phrygian's

works. It is generally believed that they were not committed to paper, but to the memory of the people, and that it was by this means that they reached the time of Socrates, who, under the supposed command of a superior power, employed some of his last moments in versifying them. But there can be no doubt that their principal characteristic must have been the simple construction just mentioned, which is, indeed, preserved in every edition ancient and modern, while the labyrinthine intricacy of his Indian rival is equally apparent in every translation and imitation.

The great charm of this manner of conveying instruction is, that it enlists the vanity of those admonished on the side of morality. It is an old observation, that the mind of the reader is flattered by the discovery of the moral application of a story, and gives more attention to the lessons which are prompted by its own ingenuity, than to the more offensive intrusion of a stranger's counsel. To this end the least complex fable seems best adapted, and we, therefore, find the most ancient apologues in this class. It may seem extraordinary that the oldest fable extant should give life and reason to the inanimate creation: it is Jotham's Fable of the Trees, in the Book of Judges. This, as well as that addressed by Nathan to David, is of a very simple construction. Though Æsop is often considered as the father of this style of writing among the Greeks, it was probably in continual use long before his time: indeed, Hesiod affords us an instance of its employment at least two hundred years before him, and in the very form that marks his compositions.

The Hawk and the Nightingale.

High in the clouds a mighty bird of prey
Bore a melodious nightingale away;
And to the captive, shivering in despair,
Thus, cruel, spoke the tyrant of the air;
'Why mourns the wretch in my superior power?
Thy voice avails not in the ravish'd hour.
Vain are thy cries; at my despotic will
Or I can set thee free or I can kill.'
Unwisely who provokes his abler foe,
Conquest still flies him and he strives for woe.

Cooke's Hesiod—Works and Days; I. 270.*

* Εργ. καὶ Ἡμ. 186.

Ὣδ' ἱρηξ προσεειπεν ἀηδονα ποικιλογηρυν,
Ὑψι μαλ' εν νεφεεσσι φερων ονυχεσσι μεμαρπως,
Ἡδ' ελεον γναμπτοισι πεπαρμενη αμφ' ονυχεσσι

Æsop was the master whom the Romans imitated. But long before the version of *Phædrus* had given him the advantage of the wide extension of the Latin language, we find a very striking instance of the practical effect of this manner of giving counsel, in calming the passions of a stormy multitude. The well-known fable of *The Belly and the Members* was employed by Menenius Agrippa to reclaim the people, who, on a dispute with the patricians, had retired to the Mons Sacer. We learn from Livy, that he followed his more ancient model in leaving the application of the moral to the minds of his auditors, and to this and their satisfaction in unravelling the mystery, is probably to be attributed the success of the experiment. At least, the discontented mobs of that day must have possessed a meekness unattainable by the tumultuous national assemblies of modern times, who would not readily allow even the most artful monitor "to fob off their disgraces with a tale," or persuade them that "the senators of Rome are this good belly and they the mutinous members." This kind of fable seems, however, admirably suited to popular understandings, and was, perhaps, in its origin, invented for the instruction of that class of men, on which philosophical reasoning could produce no effect. This is another peculiarity of our first school of fable; namely, its suitableness to the capacity of the vulgar, in which it greatly differs from its rival. But the eastern series of tales, whose history we are about to trace, was not designed for the common people, but as a system of morality for a prince. Perhaps this last circumstance will best explain the variation between the instructive fictions of the East and West. A peasant might be taught his lesson of morality in scraps, but a well compiled volume could alone be offered to the monarch of India. The grave majesty of a sultan might have been better consulted in a historical exhibition of the example of his ancestors, had Asiatic despotism ever furnished an example that even Asiatic courtiers would have recommended. In drawing a character for the royal pupil to imitate, their only resource was in fiction. They might have thought, what Voltaire has said, of fables—"ce sont des leçons de vertu, et presque toute l'histoire est le succès des crimes.*"

Μυρετο· τηνδ' ὀγ' επικρατεως προς μυθον εειπε·
Δαιμονιη τι λεληκας; εχει νυ σε πολλον αρειων
Τῃ δ' εἶς, ἠ σ ἀν εγω περ αγω, και αοιδον εουσαν,
Δειπνον δ', αι κ' εθελω ποιησομαι, ηε μεθησω.
Ὡς εφατ' ωκυπετης ιρηξ, ταυυσιπτερος ορνις·
Αφρων δ' ὁς κ' εθελῃ προς κρεισσονας αντιφεριζειν,
Νικης τε στερεται, προς τ' αισχεσιν αλγεα πασχει.

* Voltaire seems to have copied what Lord Bacon has said of

Lokman's fables are imitated, or, perhaps, transcribed from the work that passed under the name of Æsop, when the early Arabian literature was continually enriched by translations from the Greeks. They are exactly in his style; and this circumstance, together with a general resemblance in the history and age of these authors, has given rise to a suspicion that the two names refer to one person. D'Herbelot thinks, with great probability, that when Æsop's work had assumed an Arabian dress, it was honored by the addition of the name of a sage whose traditionary reputation for wisdom still flourished among his countrymen, and whom Mahomet himself had distinguished by naming the thirty-first chapter of the *Koran*, "The Chapter of Lokman." Much has been written on his history, but the obscurity with which it is surrounded has not been dissipated, nor is it certain to what country of the East he owes his birth. It is sufficient, for our present purpose, to mention that he evidently belongs to that class of the writers of fable of which Æsop is the head.

Let us now turn to the principal object of these remarks, the Indian school of moral fable. Its principal characteristics, so distinct from those of its western rival, have been already named. The various books on this model, which abound in almost all parts of Asia, may be all traced to one source; but, although the collection of tales which we call *Pilpay's Fables* has been for ages the delight and wonder of the East, and for more than two hundred years has been known to the people of Europe—yet its source, like that of the mighty Ganges, remained concealed from every eye till the beginning of the present century. From this head-spring of oriental wisdom we mean to track its course to the present time, and to present our readers with a sketch of its windings and its wanderings, not so much as the result of our own researches as from the information derived from some excellent guides in the labyrinths of Indian history.

The original book, from which have been derived the numerous copies of fables, which, under different titles, are current in the East, is the *Panchatantra*, or "The Five Chapters." It exists only in Sanscrit, and was first made known to the scholars of Europe by Mr. Colebrooke, in his preface to the edition of the *Hitopades*, printed at Serampore in 1804, which has been reprinted in London without his preface. From him

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poetry and applied it to fable. "Cum Historia vera successus rerum minimè pro meritis virtutum et scelerum narret, corrigit eam Poësis, et exitus et fortunas secundum merita et ex lege Nemeseôs exhibet."
Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. 2. 13.

we learn the great probability that the various versions and paraphrases which are found in the most popular languages of Asia are copied from this older work, and it is, indeed, referred to in the following passage, taken from the introduction to the *Hitopades*, which has for many years been supposed to be the Sanscrit original of *Pilpay*. "The acquisition of friends, the breach of friendship, war, and lastly peace. These four parts are here written extracted from the *Tantra* and other works." We cannot give any specimens of the *Pancha Tantra*, as it is still locked up from vulgar eyes in the sacred language of the Hindoos. It is contained in the magnificent collection of Sanscrit manuscripts, which has been deposited by Mr. Colebrooke, in the East-India Company's Library, in Leadenhall Street.

The *Hitopades*, or "Amicable Instruction," has been twice translated into English, by Dr. Charles Wilkins, and by Sir William Jones. The latter thus expresses his admiration of it in his discourse on the Hindoos. "The fables of *Vishnusarman*, whom we ridiculously call *Pilpay*, are the most beautiful, if not the most ancient collection of apologues in the world." In a note to his translation, he traces the barbarous name of the author, which we have taken from the Persians, to a Sanscrit word, signifying the *beloved* or *favorite physician*, which was, it may be supposed, bestowed as an honorary title on the tutor, for the moral medicine which had worked so efficaciously on the minds of his royal pupils, whose disease was ignorance. The plan of the *Hitopadesa* is so much like that of its predecessor, that in giving a sketch of it, we cannot be very far from giving our readers a correct idea of the arrangement of the oldest book of Indian fables.

After a short introduction, the first book relates that an Indian rajah, "adorned with every kingly virtue," one day overheard a person reciting the following couplet; "youth, wealth, dominion, inconsiderate actions; each of these occasions danger: oh! what must all four of them do, where they are united?" The rajah, afflicted at the conduct of his sons, to whom what he had overheard seemed exactly applicable, after quoting to himself a whole string of proverbs in verse, gave orders for an assembly of learned men, among whom was *Vishnusarman*, the great philosopher, who undertook, on being made acquainted with the case, to instruct the king's sons in morality in six months. Delighted with the proposal, the father delivered the young princes to his care, and on the top of the palace the preceptor read his lecture on ethics, relieving the dryness of the subject by an ever-changing variety of poetry and narrative. Having roused their attention and excited their curiosity, he continued his discourse:

"Hear then the book called *Mitralaba;* or, *The Acquisition of Friends,* of which this is the first verse:

"Without equipage, without wealth, yet wise, and united by friendship, the crow, the tortoise, the antelope, and the rat, performed great actions with celerity."

This fable of *The Crow and many Friends* continues through the whole of the first book, but is agreeably broken by the insertion of others, which are used by the *dramatis personæ* to enforce the advice that they interchange, and in which secondary tales man is sometimes introduced as the actor, with the same effect as is produced on him by the animal performers, who usually hold the first rank in fable. There is sometimes a difficulty in following the intricacies of the interwoven stories. But they are all auxiliaries in bringing about the moral, which, like the result of an algebraic equation, appears the more clear and satisfactory in proportion to the confusion of the parts from which it is deduced. The last instance of the value of friendship, is when the tortoise has been seized and bound by a hunter. The antelope, the crow, and the rat, plot the deliverance of their friend. The antelope lies down motionless, as if dead, and the crow pretends to be engaged in picking out its eyes; and while the hunter runs eagerly to secure the venison, the rat (whose teeth have been throughout the tale actively employed in similar duties of friendship) gnaws asunder the bonds of the tortoise, who immediately took to its pool, while the crow flew, and the antelope and rat ran away, and the hunter, who "had left things certain and pursued things uncertain," was a prey to the vexation of disappointment. The princes then said, with delight, "the happy union of these friends will contribute to our improvement."

The second book, in contrast with the first, illustrates the unhappiness caused by the breach of friendship. *Vishnusarman* gives the argument of his second fable thus: "The great and increased friendship of the lion and the bull in the forest was broken by an artful and covetous shakàl." A bull who had been deserted by his master in the woods, after terrifying the king of beasts by his loud bellowing, became his chief confident and prime minister. But as envy is constantly attendant on the sudden rise of beast as well as man, the rapid advancement of the new favorite roused the jackals *Caràtacà* and *Damànacà*, the sons of a former minister, to endeavour to supplant him in their sovereign's good graces. As the lion is meant to exemplify the character of a king unjust towards a meritorious servant, so the jackals are apt symbols of time-serving courtiers, and as such are continually brought forward in these fables. Their ambition is not even curbed by the knowledge they seem to have gained from experience, of the perpetual misery of those

who put their trust in princes. One of them thus observes on the difficulty the courtier finds in pleasing his monarch.

"If he be silent, he is called a fool; if eloquent, a madman or a prattler; at hand, an artful fellow; at a distance, a bad attendant; if patient, a coward; if he cannot endure bad treatment, an arrant rascal: the duty of a servant is extremely hard, and not performable even by *saints!*"

The other is no less aware, in the midst of his plot of ambition, of the inadequate motives which sometimes direct monarchs in choosing from their subjects the ministers of their power.

"A prince," says he, "favours a man who is nearest to him, though void of learning, of rank, and of probity."

And again:

"A king, a woman, and a creeping plant, alike twine round him who stands by their side."

By artful misrepresentations, the jackals succeed in infusing a dark suspicion of his favorite into the royal mind; the fatal consequence of which was, that when the bull approached the monarch, for the purpose of obtaining an audience, his gracious master flew on him and tore him in pieces. "You have heard," said Vishnusarman, "how friends are disunited." "We have heard it," said the princes, "with great delight."

In the third and fourth books the author, who appears in the original work to have framed his system for the exclusive instruction of royalty, describes the philosopher as being prevailed on by his pupils to discourse on "war" and "peace." One fable runs through them both. In the former, the geese and peacocks wage a bloody war, which is brought happily to a peaceable termination in the latter. Here, as indeed throughout all the books, the main story is almost lost amidst the interlacings of the several narrations that encumber, at the same time that they adorn it. The young princes do not seem to have found any fault with this intricate arrangement, and at the close they gratefully exclaim, "We comprehend this perfect system of *royal* duties through thy favor, and are made happy, O venerable sage! by thy knowledge." The sage then concludes the whole with this wish and benediction.

"Let all kings make peace when they have gained a victory, and may their joy be perpetual! May the virtuous live without misfortune! and may the celebrity of those who have performed good actions continue for ever increasing! May virtue display her beauties like a beloved mistress on your bosom! May she kiss your lips, and live with you long attended by the fame of universal benevolence! And may the burden-bearing earth, attended with fresh seasons, remain for your gratification!"

XUM

We have seen that the *Hitopades* professes to be extracted from some more ancient works; but it is not quite certain that we are to consider the *Panchatantra* as one of them. We will not pretend to compare the respective antiquity of two books, of which so little is known, though we may be allowed to observe that the circumstance which Mr. Colebrooke himself states, of the greater conciseness of the *Hitopades*, is, in some degree, an argument for its earlier date. One thing may be maintained as perfectly clear, that the origin of these fables is Indian and not Persian. It is true that the oldest edition to which *Pilpay's Fables* can be lineally traced is the Arabic, which is said to have been translated from the long-lost Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; but as nothing remains of this last named work, the clue to any further discovery seemed entirely lost, and the story, which has been handed down, of the surreptitious acquisition of these tales, from the more distant parts of India, bore the suspicious marks of Eastern invention. But the recesses of Sanscrit literature, which, to the honour of England, have been so successfully explored by our countrymen, have yielded, in the two copies of these fables which we have just noticed, a strong addition to the traditionary evidence for the descent of *Pilpay* from a Hindoo parentage. If any additional confirmation of this pedigree be required, it may be found in what is omitted as well as what is inserted in the Arabic. It has been observed that there is no allusion to the religion of the Persians. No notice is taken of the worship of fire, nor of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the principles of good and evil, nor of the many peculiarities of Magism, which Anquetil du Perron has made familiar to the world by the publication of the *Zend Avesta*. Neither is there any mention of the first Kings of Iran, or of the wars of Alexander and Darius, which have been the perpetual theme of all the authors of that country in verse and prose. On the contrary, the names of the actors, whether men or animals, are all Indian, and though the subject of religion and religious ceremonies seems carefully excluded, which would not be the case if the composition were Persian, yet in the refusal of a jackal to eat any living animal, (slight as the circumstance is) it may be confidently said, that, the vestiges of Hindoo scrupulosity are plainly discernible.

The *Pehlevi* version, the first that was made from the sacred language, is no longer in existence. Still, its history, which is not lost, forms an important link in the chain of evidence by which the different translations are connected with the Sanscrit original. On this occasion, the example was given of altering and modifying the primary arrangement, and of adding what was deemed necessary to adapt to general use

the morality, which was at first intended only for royal instruction. We learn, from a Persian author, and if the fact were not established by his authority, we might judge from the preface to this version, which we possess in an Arabic dress, that the *Pehlevi* translator made that the first chapter of his work, which holds the second place in the Sanscrit. From this circumstance, it is not difficult to explain the title Calilah and Dimnah which he invented, and which must be considered as a corruption of Caràtacà and Damànacà, the principal speakers in the second fable of the author, from whom he copied. This corrupted title, it may be added, has been preserved in the Arabic and early Persian editions. As the account of his discovery of this repository of Indian wisdom is now generally allowed to be authentic, we will here give an abstract of it as it is found in one of the introductory chapters of the Arabic version.

Nushirvan the Just, whom the Greeks called Chosroes, a great patron of learning, contemporary with Mahomet, having heard of a "book of wisdom" which was secreted, with jealous care, in the treasury of the King of Hindostan, commanded his minister, Buzurjmihr, to seek out a man learned in the Persian and Hindoo tongues. The minister named Barzouieh the Philosopher, who in a former journey to that country had mastered its almost unknown language. The king sent him, with instructions to procure this and any other books of value which he should discover. The philosopher, on his arrival, introduced himself to the acquaintance and friendship of the Indian sages, and at length prevailed on one, with whom he had contracted a great intimacy, to gain him access to the precious deposit. His friend allowed him to take it from its hiding-place, and he employed himself laboriously day and night on the translation, dreading that the removal of the volume from the royal treasury should be discovered before his task was completed. On his return, he presented the fruits of his labour to his king, who received him very honourably, and caused him to read his performance in the midst of his assembled court. The courtiers congratulated their master on the acquisition of so great a blessing to the country, and the monarch showered his gifts in profusion on the successful traveller. Barzouieh ventured to present what he called "a slight request, in the fulfilment of which there would be great reward." The king ordered him to make known his wishes, and promised to grant all he asked, to the half of his kingdom. The sage, taking courage, said:

"My request is, that the king, whom God exalt, may command his minister to write the history of my life, and that it may be placed

before the chapter of the lion and the bull, that I and my family may reach the height of honour, and that our fame may continue for ever wherever this book shall be read."

His petition was granted, and the first variation in the work, which has been followed by so many others in the subsequent versions, was caused by prefixing this life to Barzouieh's translation. This edition has, however, utterly disappeared, and the language in which it was written, though once a dialect of Persia, had so entirely vanished, that one of the most remarkable discoveries in the literary department of modern research, is that by which the learned Baron De Sacy* has recovered its alphabet from some ancient inscriptions which had long defied the ingenuity of a succession of travellers.

Abdallah ben Almokaffâ, who died in the year of the Hejirah 139, (the seven hundred and fifty-seventh of our era,) rendered these fables from the Pehlevi into Arabic, under its new title of *Calilah and Dimnah*. He was an eminent poet, and is, also, remembered as the translator of the ancient records relating to the remote periods of the Persian history, from which Ferdusi, the Homer of the East, drew the materials of his great poem the *Shah-Nameh*. The manuscripts of this version of Pilpay differ in so extraordinary a manner, that its learned editor can only account for the multiplicity of the variations by imputing them to the wanton interpolations of the copyists. He introduces, in emulation of his predecessor, a preface of his own, in which he has invented the tale of the composition of the work by the sage Bidpai, in order to gratify the vanity of Dabshelim, his sovereign. This king, who is said to have succeeded Porus, after his defeat by Alexander, had thrown the Brahmin Bidpai into a dungeon, for daring to volunteer his comments on the impolitic line of conduct into which he had been led by the pride of dominion. Struck, however, with remorse, when ruminating on his violent courses and on his vindictive return for the holy man's admonitions, he resolved to make him a royal amends, and raised him at once, like another Joseph, from a prison to the first rank in the empire, and forced on the unwilling eremite the chief administration of the affairs of his kingdom. Dabshelim, with the assistance of his new minister, overcame all his enemies; but dreading the short-lived fame which attends the memory of unlettered princes, *carent quia vate sacro*, and ambitious to share the praise lavished on all former royal patrons of literature, commanded Bidpai to compose a book of morals directed to the

* See his "Memoires sur diverses Antiquités de la Perse," 4to. Paris, 1793.

improvement equally of the monarch and the subject, and diversified with entertaining stories to attract the admiration of the reader. The Brahmin asked a year to complete his task, during which time he shut himself in his cabinet, accompanied only by his secretary. At the end of the term, the book was produced, and read in public before the king and his nobles; and to the magnificent offers made him by the delighted monarch, the philosopher replied by a request that his work might be preserved among the archives of the kingdom, and secreted from the eyes and hands of the Persians. Without doubt, the sage had observed the constant disposition of all knowledge to travel from East to West. From this close custody among the royal treasures, Barzouieh, as we have seen, in the reign of Nushirvan, rescued the precious deposit and brought it one stage forward on its western progress.

The second preface to the Arabic edition contains the account of Barzouieh's successful mission into India, which has been already detailed, and is followed by a third, where Almokaffà gives the student his special directions, by following which he may reap the reward of his labour, and intreats him not to rest content with the shell of the fable, but to seek its fruit in the hidden moral. A fourth preface exhibits the translation of the life of Barzouieh by the minister of Nushirvan; and the reader, after passing through these several antichambers, is at length ushered into the lecture room of the wise man of the East.

A fragment of this version was published by Henry Albert Schultens, at Leyden, in the year 1786; and thirty years after the whole was edited at Paris by the Baron de Sacy, the most learned Arabic scholar of his age, who prefixed an elaborate memoir on the history of the work, to which we have been, and through the remainder of this paper shall be, greatly indebted. From it we learn, that besides the version we have just noticed, two metrical translations have been attempted in Arabic verse, of one of which the learned baron has procured a transcript.

In the infancy of Arabic literature, translations from the Greek into that language were very frequent, and though the selection of authors does not seem in all cases to have been judiciously made, yet the opportunity which was offered by an acquaintance with Greek literature, was on the whole turned to good account. The contrary instance of a book rendered from Arabic into Greek, is a great rarity, and on that account, if on no other, is entitled to attention. A Greek translation of the *Calilah and Dimnah* was undertaken in the reign of Alexis Comnenus, by Simeon, the son of Seth, at the express command of that emperor. It was printed at Berlin, at the end of the seventeenth century, when the Greek text was

accompanied by a Latin version, from the pen of Sebastian Godfrey Starck. Simeon gave it the title of Στεφανίτης και Ἰχνηλάτης, which is derived from a supposed meaning in the title of his original. In other respects, also, he has rendered the copy he had before him with great fidelity; and unlike all his oriental rivals, he has abstained from any attempt to pass off his own invention as an improvement on this venerable relic of ancient wisdom. This however is his sole merit, and few will be tempted to encounter a work, which, but partially disguised in most uncouth Greek, betrays perpetually its eastern origin.

There exists, in manuscript, a Hebrew translation of *Pilpay's Fables,* of an incomplete copy of which M. de Sacy has given an account to the world; but he reserves the remainder of his observations to the period, when he shall have been "fortunate enough to procure from Constantinople, Salonica, or some other place in the Levant, a perfect copy from which he may fix its date, and the name of its author." A Syriac version is also said to have been made, though no manuscript of it is known, from the Indian language; but the probability is, from the sameness of its title, that it is derived from the Arabic of Ebn Almokaffà.

Several versions are supposed to have been made from the Arabic edition of *Calilah and Dimnah,* by some of the earlier Persian writers, and one in particular is mentioned, as from the hand of Roudeki, an eminent poet; but the oldest Persian translation now extant, is the work of Nasr-allah, who flourished about the five hundred and fifteenth year of the Mahometan era, which answers to the Christian year 1122. Its author, driven by the troubles which agitated his country into retirement, employed his whole time in study; and having met with this collection of moral tales, was so charmed with its stile and matter, that he resolved to present it to his countrymen in his native language. His attempt, like almost all those we have already noticed, was stamped with the approbation of his sovereign. It would be called more justly a *paraphrase,* than a translation, as the simplicity of the Arabic author is lost under the turgid embellishments, with which, in the manner of most Persian *prose writers,* it is encumbered. A full account of it is given, with extracts, in the tenth volume of that very valuable series, the *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi.*

Ahmed Soheili, the vizier of one of the descendants of Timúr, about the year nine hundred of the Mahometan era, engaged *Hosein Vaez,* or Hosein the Preacher, surnamed *Cashefi,* or the Expounder, from his commentary on the Koran, to remodel the Persian version of Nasr-allah. The new title of the work, *Anvar Soheili,* which has been erroneously translated, "the Lights of Canopus," was invented in honor of the minister who em-

ployed him to compile it, though probably with an allusion to the other meaning, which the words will equally bear. That this double meaning was applied in the mind of the writer, will appear from the complimentary lines which he has addressed to his patron in the Introduction, where he compares him to the brilliant star of the other hemisphere.

> " As the bright star of southern skies
> Sheds its blest influence far and near,
> So *thou*, whene'er thy glories rise,
> Shin'st, the Canopus of our sphere."*

It is to be feared, that the reader's patience will be tried by the catalogue of the different editions of *Pilpay's Fables*, which we have already given; but we would fain, if possible, excite his interest for this, the most delightfully entertaining of oriental fictions. It enjoys an unbounded popularity in the East, where fancy and invention hold so absolute a sway; but it will hardly pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal of western criticism. The object of Hosein Vaez was to reduce the work of Nasr-allah into a style of less inflation, and to render it more acceptable to the mass of the people. " He has not contented himself," De Sacy observes, " with suppressing or altering every thing that would obstruct the ordinary reader; he has even added to the merit of the original, by inserting a great number of verses taken from various poets; and by employing constantly that measured cadence, which, accompanied invariably by rhyme, constitutes the poetical prose of oriental authors; and which, by adding an inexpressible charm to just and solid reasoning, greatly diminishes the absurd and ridiculous effect which is produced, by its far-fetched thoughts and extravagant metaphors, on the severe and delicate taste of Europeans." "Though his style," he adds, " is not exempt from these faults, yet his book, like the *Gulistan* of Sâdi, is read again and again with renewed pleasure." We cannot forget that this learned Arabic scholar has shewn a prejudice against Persian literature, when put in competition with his more favorite study, that has allowed him to adopt as the motto of one of his works, a couplet from an Arabian poet, in which he compares his countrymen to the kernel of the date, and the despised Persian to its worthless shell. But this gives additional weight to the praises which are extorted from him on the volume of Cashefi.

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* تو سهيلي تا كجا تابي كجا طالى شوي
نور توز هركه ي تلب نشان دولت است

Sir William Jones, a less severe, though not a less competent judge than the erudite Frenchman, has given a high testimony of his admiration of this work, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*. "The most excellent book in the language is, in my opinion, the collection of tales and fables, called *Anvar Soheili*, by Hosein Vaez, surnamed Casheﬁ, who took the celebrated work of Bidpai or Pilpay for his text, and has comprised all the wisdom of the eastern nations in fourteen beautiful chapters." Our great orientalist was not however blind to the peculiarities of the author he thus warmly praised; but, deeply versed as he was in the poetry of many a distant clime and age, he could look on the fanciful vagaries of an Asiatic imagination, with an indulgent eye. In his commentaries on Asiatic poetry, he has given, after Meninski, in Persian and Latin, the following instance of the love of amplification, which is particularly characteristic of this expounder of the *Koran;* observing, that the same meaning might have been as well expressed in a short sentence, stating that—"a beautiful girl passionately loved a handsome youth." It is hardly necessary to remark, that this quotation, which must be read throughout in one breath, as a single sentence, will be viewed, not only under the disadvantage of a literal translation, except in the verses; but also under the unfriendly influence of a cold sky, beneath which we are wholly unable to sympathize with the warmth of feeling which produces the glowing language of a Persian *prose writer*. Their best poets write, be it remembered, in what we should call more correct taste.

"One of these damsels, a single spark of whose beauty would add lustre to the brides of Paradise, and from the brightness of whose cheek the world-enlighting sun was burnt up with the fire of jealousy, whose laughing eye pierced the target of the bosom with the arrow of a glance, whose life-bestowing lip, like a packet of sugar, gave sweetness to the heart;—

Whose form is like the cypress tree's,
Whose musky tresses scent the breeze;
Whose chin its silver orb displays,
While necklace gems beneath it blaze:
That orb, those gems, her neck entwining,
The proud sun's shining orb outshining;—

was bound by the cords of love, to a youth of a noble countenance, with musk-scented hair, in stature resembling the cypress, and in face the moon; with a soft voice and a slender waist; the curls of whose hyacinthine locks were the delight of Tartarian nymphs; with the love of whose joy-inspiring sweetness the virgins of Samarcand were in raptures;

His face ! oh his face, beam'd the sun's pure light,
And his locks !—Ev'ry curl was wavy and bright."

Now far be it from us to claim one iota of approbation for the above strange specimen of ill-assorted, tautological description, which unfortunately unites the opposite faults of deficiency and diffuseness. We must, at least, in justice to ourselves, after leaving the reader to form his unbiassed opinion of its merits, intreat him to believe that all its faults are derived from the original, though we thereby forfeit all claim to the modesty of those translators, who are continually expressing a deep sense of their many imperfections. It is but fair to state, that though this may be considered as a general sample of the most flowery manner of writing, now current in Asia, yet it would be unjust to leave it to stand alone, as the text from which the character of our author might be preached away. Florid as his narratives usually are, we may, even in his pages, find a tale sometimes related with European simplicity. We will extract, as a contrast to the last, a story from the eleventh chapter, in which there is hardly sufficient ornament to enable us, in the English translation, to trace its eastern origin. It is, besides, a story, that through some channel or other, is familiar to English readers.

" A certain man, whose hair was a mixture of black and white, had two wives, one old, the other young. He had an equal affection for both, and was day and night to be found in the house of one or the other of them. It was his custom, when he entered the house of either, to lay his head on her lap, and go to sleep. One day, he went into the house of the elder one, and according to his usual habit fell asleep, having first laid his head on her lap. The old lady, looking on his face and at his beard, said to herself, " There is no use in there being so many black hairs on this man's chin. I will pluck them out, that his beard may be entirely white, and then his young wife will no longer like him, and when he sees that her love is gone, and that she feels for him nothing but aversion, the fire of his love for her will be quenched, and he will transfer his affection wholly to me." She then tore out as many of the black hairs as she could.

A Moslem's beard ! ah, how they'll rend it,
If from his wives he can't defend it.

On another day, the man, having entered the house of his young wife, placed his head in her lap in his accustomed manner, and dropped asleep. The young woman, seeing so large a proportion of grey hairs in his chin, thought within herself, " These white hairs must be rooted up, that his beard may appear quite black, and when he sees that it is black, he will withdraw himself from the society of his old wife, and become entirely devoted to me." Then she also tore up as much as the opportunity allowed of his grey hairs. When some time had elapsed, he one day put his hand to his chin, and found not a

hair remaining, for the harvest of his beard was utterly scattered. He bitterly lamented the loss, and never again ventured to shew himself in public.

We have endeavoured to preserve the character of this tale, by a very literal version. In the eyes of the Persians, we should imagine it to be no favorite, as it is so wholly devoid of the *clinquant*, which is their great delight, and which, even if the language became generally familiar to Europeans, would hardly approve itself to our judgment. The greatest charm of the book, it must be acknowledged, is to be discovered in the numberless fragments of Persian poetry, which are every where interspersed, and which afford a perpetual relief in the perusal, by interrupting the stately march of the turgid prose. In poetry, the Persians have long since arrived at great excellence; and though the modern versifiers, who are possessed of a licence of imagination that outstrips all bounds, have greatly degenerated, like the writers of some countries nearer home, from the masters of the olden time —yet the orthodox opinion of the nation is still in favor of the ancient and more sober worthies.

The Introduction to *Pilpay's Fables*, which is found in all the modern European copies, is the invention of Cashefi, who has entirely omitted the several prefaces, which are found in the Arabic of Almokaffà, and substituted a tale of his own composition, on which is engrafted the series of fables which form the body of the work. This book was printed at Calcutta in 1804.

About a century after the publication of the *Anvar Soheili*, the great Mogul Akbar enjoined his minister Abúlfazel, whose name is well known among us, since the publication of his *Institutes of Akbar*, to prepare a more simple and unadorned edition of the work of Hosein Vaez, who had not, he thought, brought down the old Persian version sufficiently to the level of ordinary understandings. But though he retrenched the high-sounding but superfluous phraseology of his predecessor, he preserved the order and general arrangement of that work, restoring however, from the Arabic copy, the introductions which had been omitted, and adding to them the preface that Cashefi had composed. Abúlfazel gave to the result of his labours, when completed, the new title of *Ayár-danish, or Touchstone of Knowledge*.

Before this period, and in the middle of the tenth century of the Mussulmans, Ali Chelebi, Professor at the college of Adrianople, had translated the *Anvar Soheili* into the Turkish language, and had dedicated the book, which he entitled *Homaioun-Nameh*, or the *Imperial Book*, to the grand Signior Soliman. His labour was rewarded by an appointment to one of the most honorable posts in the Ottoman empire. This version is

said to reflect great credit on the taste of its author. It is to this writer that we more immediately owe the different editions of these fables, that, during the last century, appeared in several of the languages of modern Europe.

There are probably many other translations or imitations of this curious book in the Asiatic idioms: in two or three instances, the Calcutta press has given to the world as many versions, either of the original Sanscrit or its descendants, existing in the Persian language. But enough has been laid before the reader, and perhaps more than was necessary, to shew the strange mutations that the old Indian fabulist has, in a course of ages, undergone; and his identity, under his ever-changing metamorphoses, has, we hope, been clearly shewn. We shall now therefore, before we close this article, in a few lines mention the manner in which the wandering Sage has been introduced to the notice of the nations of the West.

There exist two series of European translations of these tales. The more ancient is traced to the Hebrew version, which has been already noticed. From the Hebrew, they were rendered into Latin by John of Capua, and given to the world from the press, but without a date, under this title: "*Directorium Vitæ Humanæ, alias Parabole Antiquorum Sapientum.*" From this was taken a Spanish edition, of whose history little seems known, but that the Italians received from it their copy of Pilpay. The novelist Firenzuola was the first who presented this work to the Italians, which he named *Discorsi degli Animali,* and published in the year 1548. From another Italian version by Doni, Sir Thomas North printed two English editions in the years 1570 and 1601, entitled *The moral Philosophy of Doni.* In the course of the sixteenth century, four editions appeared of a German translation from the Latin, made by order of Eberhard, the first Duke of Wirtemburg. An old French translation is said to have been derived from the same source, and there are two editions of a French paraphrase from the Persian of Nasr-allah, by the hand of Gilbert Gaulmin.

M.M. Galland and de Cardonne commenced the second series of translations in the western languages, by their work which bears the following title; *Contes et Fables Indiennes de Bidpai et de Lokman, traduites d'Ali Tchelebi ben Saleh, Auteur Turc;* 2 vols. Paris, 1714; and again in 1724. From this publication, the book was printed in English in 1747, and had reached its fifth impression in 1775. It is necessary to observe, that in French, as well as in English, we only possess the contents of the first four of the "fourteen beautiful chapters" of Cashefi, which include, however, one half of the work. M. Galland had probably proceeded no farther at the time of his death, and thus his readers were deprived of the remaining chapters, and of the fables of

Lokman, which are promised in the title page. From the *Homaiún-nameh*, from which this French version was taken, was also made a modern Spanish translation, by Bratutti. But none of these various editions, though some of them seem to have enjoyed a temporary popularity, have maintained a permanent hold on public opinion. This may, perhaps, be sufficiently accounted for by the consideration, that it rarely happens, that he who is ambitious of trying the depths of an unexplored literature, has also the talent and the taste requisite for transferring its riches into a different language.

It is now time to close this history of a book, which, together with the game of chess, and their system of numerals, gives the Hindoos, in their own opinion, a superiority over all other nations of the world. We have already recorded our obligations to the "*Memoire Historique*" of M. Silvestre de Sacy, but we cannot quit the subject without reminding the reader, that he may find in that and in his other writings on this work, much minute information, which is here omitted. It is to be regretted that no elegant translation of Cashefi's most elegant paraphrase of the original fables, exists in our language; but we are convinced that such a version might be made acceptable to the public, if undertaken by any one, who, to the more obviously necessary qualifications, should unite sufficient taste to render the spirit of this romantic composition, without too closely adhering to its excess of ornament, and to its unnatural conceits. The poetry would usually bear as literal a rendering, as that of more northern climes; the prose would require to be more freely paraphrased, than is generally the case in translations of European verse.

Art. IV.—*Plays, written by* Mr. Nathaniel Lee. *Lond.* 1722; 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*

Nat. Lee may exclaim, with his own Alexander,

"All find my spots, but few my brightness take."

His cotemporaries gave him a bad name, and it sticks to him. Yet, with their censures, there was a not undeserved mixture of praise and popularity. Unfortunately for his fame, a school of wits and critics was then forming, from which no mercy, no justice even, was to be expected for a poet, however worthy of the name, whose failings were of that class which is most prominent in his compositions. He began with that fantastic, wild,

and gorgeous creature, the Heroic Play, and afterwards closely approximated to the good old English Drama; but in the reign of Queen Anne, or rather in the reign of Addison and of Pope, who cared for either, except as a laughing-stock? As soon as the sovereignty of regularity, polish, and tameness, was proclaimed, he was attainted of treason and condemned. Cato and Alexander could not breathe the same atmosphere. This was, however, "greatly falling with a falling state," for the revolution of taste was complete. Classical models, drest up in French fashions, were enshrined in the temples, from which the native gods of our idolatry were cast to the moles and the bats. People became too nice to muddy their fingers, even to pick up diamonds. Genius was apprenticed to a dancing-master, to make him measure his steps; and Nature taught by a fashionable milliner, how to compress her waist and carry her arms. The noble bonfire, which used to blaze in gunpowder-plot times, was extinguished, and that neat, little, coloured, silver-mounted, wax taper of poesy kindled, of which the last snuff has gone out with Mr. Hayley. Through this period, Lee has the honour of having been occasionally condemned, and generally neglected; and he has it in common with most of those great original writers, who have since, as it were, risen from the dead, to give a new and glorious impulse to the human mind. That his sentence emanated from that court, whose decrees have been of late so frequently reversed, should excite a suspicion of its justice. This has not been the case. The noble companions of his exile have been brought back in triumphal procession, but he followed not in their train. His *Theodosius* lingered for some time on the stage; but now nothing remains of him there but *Alexander*, by no means one of his best plays, and, by its extravagancies, as much adapted to keep alive the prejudice against him as any which could be selected. His name is associated with rant and fustian. Nor dare we hope, that the sentence which is gone forth against him will be repealed. So much may be alleged in its support, that we shall scarcely venture to move for a new trial; yet, we think we may successfully plead in mitigation of punishment, and shew a number of redeeming qualities, and some specimens of genuine dramatic power in his scenes, which justify our own resort to him occasionally for a little excitement, and may convince our readers, that public opinion has dealt hardly with him.

The extravagance of Lee was not the sheer extravagance of the common herd of heroic-play manufacturers. Though it be madness, yet there's method in it. His frenzy is the frenzy of a poet. The hyperboles of others, even of Dryden himself, were forced, cold, and far-fetched. They cut lofty capers, because they judged it proper or profitable so to do; Lee only

indulged his natural exuberance. For this indulgence he apologizes, in his dedication of *Theodosius* to the Dutchess of Richmond.

"It has been often observed against me, that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: Age, despondence, and dullness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of the quarry. My comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a creature to any man as I am to myself; for who should know the house so well as the good man at home? who, when his neighbours come to see him, still sets the best rooms to view; and, if he be not a wilful ass, keeps the rubbish and lumber in some dark hole, where nobody comes but himself, to mortifie at melancholy hours."

This apology is honourable to him. There is truth and feeling in it; and it shews, that he neither implicitly followed the advice, or swallowed the praise which Dryden gave him, on his *Alexander*.

"Such praise is yours; while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feigned, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched art:
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm! and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.

Despise those drones who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful muse:
That humble stile, which they their virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take."

It would have been well, if he had more frequently stooped and taken it; although this was scarcely to be expected, while such commendations greeted the glaring fruits of his tropical genius. Still Dryden has not praised without discrimination, for he has clearly intimated the distinctive character of Lee's extravagance. There is a soul of genuine passion in it, as will appear from many of the extracts which we shall have occasion to make. And it has, besides, a picturesque beauty, which is rarely to be met with in heroic ravings. His conceptions are not abortive, though they may be grotesque. His forms are strange enough, but they are well defined, and thrown out in bold relief. His visions flit palpably before us. To muster the troops of hell in our imaginations,

" Black, swarthy demons hold a hollow cloud,
And with long thunderbolts they drum aloud."

We feel much as if standing on the verge of a cliff, when Caligula's ghost tells where he comes from.

" The infernal cave—the wide, the low
Abyss—the direful pit of endless woe,
On which each god that looks scarce keeps his state,
But, giddy grown, turns, and takes hold of Fate."

The metaphor is as ferocious as the slaughter, when Hannibal tells us of

" direful Cannæ,
Where the dire sisters *bit* the Roman looms,
As if their hands were tired with cutting dooms."

Although this is tame to the distilled venom of Guise's hatred :

" Were I in heaven, and saw him scorch'd in flames,
I would not spit my indignation down,
Lest I should cool his tongue."

Brutus, in his wrath with the traitorous and insolent priests who conducted the conspiracy for restoring Tarquin, has made a very proper instrument of them :

" You deeper fiends than any of the Furies,
That scorn to whisper envy, hate, sedition,
But with a blast of privilege proclaim it;
Priests, that are instruments design'd to damn us,
Fit speaking-trumpets for the mouth of hell."

In Grillon's expression of his momentary hope that his niece had retained her innocence, and his speedy abandonment of that hope, there may be a little oddity, but it is, in our minds, completely absorbed by the beauty :

" There's heaven still in thy voice; but that's a sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better angel
Still makes the woman's tongue his rising ground,
Wags there awhile, and takes his flight for ever."

In the following description of Pope Alexander the Sixth,

we would not part with what some may deem extravagance; for where does a flower more charm than at the foot of such a frowning cliff?

> "A master of his breast,
> The occasion gives new life, fresh vigour, to him;
> Even at the very verge of bottomless death
> He stands, and smiles as careless and undaunted
> As wanton swimmers on a river's brink
> Laugh at the rapid stream."

This is beauty sleeping on the lap of horror. We think these quotations sufficient for our present purpose, of shewing that Lee's worst passages are frequently not altogether bad; that when his muse is most unfortunate, she has yet some conceit in her misery, which is not always a miserable conceit. Through the clouds which he raises we have frequent and bright glimpses of genius, which make his scenes (to borrow one of his own expressions)

> "Like Night's black locks all powder'd o'er with stars."

Lee's dramatic works consist of *Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow; Nero; Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar; Alexander; Mithridates; Theodosius; Cæsar Borgia; Lucius Junius Brutus; Constantine; Œdipus; Duke of Guise; Massacre of Paris;* and the *Princess of Cleves.* We shall pass over the four last mentioned, of which the first two were written in conjunction with Dryden, and have been noticed, and so noticed, we trust, as to do something towards disposing the reader to a favourable attention to the present article, in the critique on *Dryden's Plays* in our first Number. The last two were produced towards the close of the unfortunate author's irregular and unhappy life, and after he had been more decidedly the victim of that malady to which he had always perhaps a strong tendency, and from which they scarcely allow us to consider his recovery as more than an imperfect one. They bear evident marks of a shattered mind. Much of the *Massacre of Paris* is copied from the *Duke of Guise;* and the parts thus taken are ill-jointed with the original composition. The comic parts of the *Princess of Cleves* are offensively gross, even to loathsomeness. Considering the time of their production, these pieces call for pity rather than criticism. Yet even here the character of the Princess herself is not unworthy of his better days; she "sojourns undefiled in the tabernacles of corruption," and presents a singular picture of purity and delicacy in the midst of all that is foul and revolting.

Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, was, according to the printers, (R. Wellington, at the Lute in St. Paul's Church-yard, and E. Rumball, at the Post-house in Covent-garden,) the first of Lee's dramatic efforts. To play it with effect, and with due observance of the directions, would require "a kingdom for a stage." The following must have made the painters and machinists toil after him in vain. "The scene draws, and discovers a heaven of blood, two suns, spirits in battle, arrows shot to and fro in the air; cries of yielding persons, &c.; cries of 'Carthage is fallen!' &c." The hero, Hannibal, and his illustrious antagonist, Scipio, have the sort of grandeur in their speeches which becomes characters appearing in such scenes. The words are suited to the scenes, and the scenes to the words. But the humbler trees of the play yield better fruit. Massina, the youthful nephew of Massinissa, the king of Numidia, is a beautiful and delicate sketch. How eagerly he listens to Massinissa's tale of his successful wooing:

> "Now, as I love bright arms, the story's fine!
> Tell it all night, my lord, the stars will shine."

And how sadly the falsehood of Sophonisba drives him to the conclusion, that

> "Beauty's breast is like a bank of flowers,
> That fairly hides a foul and ugly snake."

In Scipio's camp he meets with Rosalinda, the mistress of Hannibal, detained there as a prisoner, and feels the resistless sensations at which he before wondered. The haughty beauty threatens to leave him; he replies,

> "You cannot if you would;
> You may as easily forego your blood;
> Like that, I'll blushing creep about you still,
> And my sick thoughts with secret pleasures fill."

She boasts her attachment to Hannibal. He is unmoved, and would, without hope or guerdon, "through all the world attend her as her page." When liberated by Scipio, he is allowed to conduct her in safety to Hannibal. Their approach is thus described:

> "Rosalinda's beauty did appear
> Bright as noon-day, all piercing, sprightly clear;
> But he who led her seemed so soft and young,
> As if that Pity handed Love along;

And tears his blushing cheeks did so adorn,
Methought the Sun came usher'd by the Morn."

At length he falls, a self-immolated victim to the jealousy of Hannibal and continued coldness of Rosalinda:

"Love, when he shot me, sure, mistook his dart;
Or chang'd with death, whose quick-destroying shaft
Thus drinks my blood—thus with a full, deep draught."

The best scene is the reconciliation of Massinissa with Sophonisba, who, after having been wooed and won by him, had given her hand to Syphax, and by the chance of war becomes at once a widow, and the prisoner of her first lover. She at first anticipates being led in triumph, and resolves on death. One attendant refuses to aid her design; another, who consents, is thus thanked:

"Thy voice like sad but pleasing music flew;
Like dying swans', 'twas sweet and fatal too."

Both, however, advise her to try the effect of an interview with the conqueror, whose trumpets are announcing his approach, and who has magnanimously resolved to see her, merely to prove his indifference, and upbraid her with her falsehood. We had intended to quote the whole of this scene, but must sacrifice it for the sake of other extracts. The complete triumph of the gentleness of the false one over her boisterous but self-betrayed accuser is excellently managed, and he gradually becomes his own judge:

"None sure was e'er like thee,
Nor wild as I: storms borrow rage of me;
But thou art soft, and sweet, and silent all,
As births of roses, or as blossoms' fall."

Nero is a very "tragical tragedy," although not of that unmitigated horror which the subject and the genius of the author might have led us to expect. The tyrant is black enough:

"The darkness of his horrid vices has
Eclips'd the glimmering rays of his frail virtue.
His cruelties, like birds of prey, have pluck'd
All seeds of nobleness from his false heart,
And now it lies a sad dull lump of earth."

Yet we find, from the dedication, that he was not altogether

so bad as to satisfy the critics; and the author was compelled to plead, that it was "not impossible for a man to love and hate, to be brave and bad." The gem of the play, and a sweet relief to its atrocities, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," is Cyara, a Parthian princess, romantically in love with Britannicus, who had clandestinely visited her in her father's court, and whom she follows, disguised as a page, to Rome, under pretence of ascertaining whether her brother who had disappeared during the last engagement with the Roman army was slain, or living in captivity. Some noble Romans are interested by her grief:

> "Why dost thou droop, and hang thy pensive head,
> As if there were no end of thy distress?
> His sighs more frequent than the minutes are;
> Tears hang upon his cheeks, like morning dew
> On roses."

And, by assisting in her pretended object, they enable her to accomplish her real design of introducing herself in disguise to Britannicus, and proving his affection by a feigned account of her own death. Her story, told at the unhappy moment when he had just received the parting breath of his murdered sister Octavia, produces an unexpected and dreadful demonstration of her lover's fidelity: his reason is destroyed by the shock; and, in this state, having taxed Nero with the murder of Octavia, the irritated tyrant attempts his life, and Cyara interposes, and receives the fatal blow in her bosom.

Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar, is in a fine jovial vein. We see the lords of the earth at their revels; or a carousal of the gods, with Olympus reeling under them. They are mischievous in their cups, indeed, but they "sinner it right royally." Augustus shews himself a veteran hero in a lady's bower:

> "Love through my life an equal pace has run,
> Swift near the goal as where it first begun:
> I keep my course like the old lord of day;
> On my red cheeks the silver tresses play,
> I shout and drive, and never feel decay."

He well chides Agrippa and Mecænas for hinting that his "white age should beauty's gloss despise:"

> "Ye apes of fame; ye sparks to my full day;
> Ye gnats, that in my evening glory play!"

Julia, whose pranks plague him abundantly, is his own daughter.

> " On tall young monarch's shoulders lifted high,
> She acted triumphs: *Io* was her cry,
> Her crown'd supporters *Io* did reply.
> At midnight, drest like Venus, all divine,
> I saw her by the blaze of diamonds shine,
> High on a throne of gold, with godlike port,
> Follow'd with clamour of the reeling court.
> Thrice she the doors of Janus' temple burst,
> And once Jove's house, the capitol, she forc'd;
> From his gold statue polish'd thunder took,
> And at his face the brandish'd weapon shook:
> In her left hand the silver lightning clash'd,
> Which, blindly hurl'd, the sacred windows dash'd."

She makes an imperial vindication to her complaining and upbraiding father:

> " Why was I destin'd to be born above,
> By midwife Honour to the light convey'd,
> Fame's darling, the bright infant of high love,
> Crown'd, and in empire's golden cradle laid?
> Rock'd by the hand of empresses, that yield
> Their sceptres form'd to rattles for my hand,
> Born to the wealth of the green floating field,
> And the rich dust of all the yellow land;
> And why did Fate so vast a dowry give,
> As renders me a consort fit for Jove,
> Unless she meant that I should loosely live,
> And free from cares below, as gods above?"

Two or three extracts from *Gloriana* will prove, we think, that there is some poetry in it. Marcellus thus expresses his admiration of Cesario's friendship in foregoing a cherished revenge at his solicitation:

> " Methinks I wish that I had never known
> Virtue like your's, so high that mine is none:
> You as some vast hill, touching heaven, appear;
> I at your feet like a poor valley near:
> Down from your cloudy top refreshing flow
> Fast bounteous rills that water me below:
> Valleys but vapours can to heaven return,
> And I with sighs your falling favours mourn."

XUM

Cesario's reproach of Gloriana, when induced to believe that she had given herself up to Augustus, is too antithetical for the language of passion; but by no means unnatural in one who suppresses his emotions, studies and affects to be calm, and chills his speech into a resemblance of the cold, fantastic, glittering surface of a frozen sea, while the waves are tumbling in the deep beneath.

"I came to seek for painted virtue here,
For one exceeding false, exceeding fair;
For one whose breast shone like a silver cloud,
But did a heart compos'd of thunder shroud;
For one more weeping than the face of Nile,
Whose liquid crystal hides the crocodile;
For one who like a god from heaven did pour
Rich rain, but lust was in the golden shower;
For one who like Pandora beauteous flew,
But a long train of curses with her drew;
For one who like a rock of diamonds stood,
But hemm'd with death and universal flood."

When the mask falls, we behold the perturbed countenance which it awhile concealed. The storm soon breaks forth, and he can then

"be deaf as winds when seamen pray,
And sweep as furious and as swift as they."

This Cesario is the object of an humble, unreturned, uncomplaining attachment from Narcissa, the sister of Marcellus, which "endures all things," till an unmerited accusation of malignant falsehood breaks her heart. It greets him in a dungeon with music such as this:

"Alas, I know not what I have to say,
Yet I methinks could talk to you all day;
Tell you the mightiness of tyrant love,
And how I could from courts with you remove;
Could, like the humble lark, in my cold nest
Abroad all night in frosty meadows rest:
So I my vows to you, my star, might bring,
And every morning songs of sorrow sing."

We pass over, as sufficiently known, *Alexander the Great;* a play which has monstrous blemishes, and yet in which elements of dramatic poetry, of a high order, are to be found:

" ——— Such majestic atoms
First made the world."

Mithridates is written with great power, and is one of the chief supports of our favourable opinion of Lee. So much of the plot as is necessary to understand our extracts, may be speedily told. Ziphares, son of Mithridates, king of Pontus, returning from a successful campaign against the Romans, solicits, as the reward of his services, his father's consent to his marriage with Semandra, the daughter of Archilaus, a veteran general. This request is made in the temple, just as the nuptials of Mithridates with Monima had been interrupted by evil omens. The amorous monarch conceives an instantaneous and violent passion for Semandra, and abruptly refusing his son's petition, has her conveyed to the palace. After a violent struggle with himself, his better feelings prevail, and he promises to unite the lovers, on the return of Ziphares from another military expedition on which he is sent; resolving in the mean time not to trust himself in Semandra's presence. He is tricked into the violation of this wholesome resolution by the agents of Pharnaces, another of his sons, the concealed but deadly enemy of his brother Ziphares, who is plotting to seize his father's crown by Roman assistance. The consequence of this renewed passion is a determination to possess Semandra at all events. She is terrified into receiving Ziphares with coldness on his return, by threats of his destruction if she suffered the slightest mark of affection to escape her; and then forcibly made the wife of Mithridates.

The scene in which Pelopidas induces Mithridates to violate the retirement of Semandra, is a finished exhibition of dexterous and successful villainy in the one, and of passion triumphing over reason by means of gross self-delusion in the other.

Mithridates. What are her charms to me?
Pelopidas. 'Tis true, they are not;
And yet, methinks, the sight might draw down Jove—
Yet, I'd not ask you, for the world, to see her;
But that I think you're master of your promise:
I thought your godlike frame, your strength of mind,
Not to be shook; therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In curiosity to see a wonder.
But if you doubt yourself.—
Mith. I think I need not:
I think my virtue is resolved: but yet
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.
Pelop. 'Tis well resolved: and yet, methinks, 'twould raise

Your pity, more than love, to see the tears
Force through her snowy lids their melting course,
To lodge themselves on her sad murmuring lips,
That talk such mournful things; when straight a gale
Of starting sighs carries those pearls away,
As dews, by winds, are wafted from the flowers.

Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful: by heaven, it is!
I feel her sorrow working here; it calls
Fire to my breast, and water to my eyes,
And if I durst.—

Pelop. If you the least suspect
Your temper, if the smallest breath of love
But stir your heart; let me conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on; the dazzling mirror will
Disturb your quiet, and confound your reason.

Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho' I believe no power
Can change my virtue,—yet 'twill be as well
If you relate exactly what you saw.

Pelop. Behold her then upon a flowery bank,
With her soft sorrows lull'd into a slumber.
The summer's heat had, to her natural blush,
Added a brighter and more tempting red;
The beauties of her neck and naked breasts,
Lifted by inward starts, did rise and fall
With motion that might put a soul in statues;
The matchless whiteness of her folded arms,
That seem'd t' embrace the body whence they grew,
Fix'd me to gaze on all that field of love;
While to my ravish'd eyes officious winds,
Waving her robes, display'd such handsome limbs
As artists would in polish'd marble give
The wanton goddess. * * * *

Mith. Something there is stirs mightily my breast;
'Tis pity; sure, it can be only pity:
Who knows but that her multiplying fears,
And cruel griefs, in time may give her death?
'Twere most inhuman therefore not to go,
And comfort her with praises of Ziphares:
I'll tell her how he conquers, how he comes
Triumphant from the consul's overthrow,
To take the noble wreaths he has deserv'd,
Embraces from her arms; circles more rich
Than all the crowns my fruitless valour won.
Yet stay; I will not speak of him: 'Twere rude
To break her rest: I'll see her, when she wakes.

Pelop. Then you dare trust your heart?
Mith. 'Tis sure I dare:
By heaven, my friends, I dare: I feel such strong
Collected manly virtue, that I'll on.
Pelop. O sacred Sir, turn back: if, conquer'd by
Her beauties, you should love again, I know
Pelopidas must bear the blame of all;
Therefore, my lord—
Mith. Away; by heaven, I'll go.
Pelop. O 'tis impossible if once you lov'd,
But you must certainly relapse:
Therefore your fearful servant kneels and begs
You would turn back: alas! he's conscious now
What a gross fault his foolish tongue committed,
By tempting unawares your reason forth.
Mith. I'll see her; yes, it is resolv'd, I'll see her,
With all that world of charms thou hast describ'd;
Therefore arise, and lead the way,
Pelop. Alas,
My lord, I fear you; but it is your pleasure,
And I'm your slave.
Mith. Reply not; but obey.

Semandra escapes him, but the consciousness of meditated injury to his son seeks for relief in suspicions of his fidelity, and the shouts of the people without on his triumphal return, with the insinuations of Pelopidas and Pharnaces, inflame him almost to madness.

Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a port as proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world;
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some God
Had conquer'd in their cause, and they thus rank'd
That he might make his entrance on their heads:
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy showers of garlands down,
That even the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,
Set all with flowers, as a clear heaven with stars.
Mith. Ungrateful slaves! By Mars, when I return'd,
Worn with the hardship of a ten years' war,
My armies heavy gaited, bruis'd, and hack'd,
With cutting Roman lives;

They ne'er receiv'd me with a pomp like this.

Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e'er he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the ways for many furlongs ;
The very trees bore men: and, as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams ;
So did your subjects, in their gaudiest trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob their crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out to make them smile ;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers' shoulders,
Answering their shouting sires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

Mith. What, will you bear your part too ? O the Gods !
He is transported with the ample theme,
And plays the orator ! Plagues rot thy tongue,
And blasted be the lungs that breath'd his welcome.
Perish the bodies that went forth to meet him,
A prey for worms to stink in hollow ground.
O viper, villain ! Not content to take
My love, but life ! Wilt thou unthrone me too?
Shall Mithridates live to be depos'd ;
A stale, the image of what once he was ;
The very ghost of his departed greatness ;
A thing for slaves to be familiar with,
To gape, to nod, and sleep in my scorn'd face?
Awake, awake, thou sluggard majesty,
Rouse thee to act, &c.—

The fourth act opens with Mithridates waking from sleep, on the morning after his forcible marriage of Semandra. We can only insert parts of this scene, the whole of which is admirable.

Mith. What hoa ! Pelopidas ! Why, Andravar !
Haste to my help.

Enter Pelopidas, Andravar.

Pelop. What would your majesty ?

Mith. I would, what I must ne'er expect on earth,
The peace I had. Come nearer. O my friends,
If fate did e'er foreshew a doom in sleep,
Mine is at hand.

Prest with remorse, I rested on my couch,
And slept; but oh, a dream so full of terror,
The pale, the trembling midnight ravisher
Ne'er saw, when cold Lucretia's mourning shadow
His curtains drew, and lash'd him in the eyes
With her bright tresses, dabbled in her blood.
Pelop. I have heard of dreams that proved ominous;
But I could never fix my faith on fancies.
Mith. Methought, by heavenly order I was doom'd
To seek my fate alive in th' other world:
Straight, like a feather, I was borne by winds
To a steep promontory's top, from whence
I saw the very mouth of opening hell;
Shooting so fast through the void caves of night,
I had not time to ponder of my passage.
I shot the lake of oaths, where fleeting ghosts,
Whose bodies were unburied, begg'd for waftage:
Then was I thrown down the infernal courts,
Infinite fathom, till I soar'd again
To the bright, heavenly plains, the happy fields.
Andr. I wonder that the brittle thread of thought
Should hold in such a maze!
Mith. Oh, now it comes!
After that heavenly sounds had charm'd my ears,
Methought I saw the spirits of my sons,
Slain by my jealousy of their ambition,
Who shriek'd, He's come! Our cruel father's come!
Arm, arm, they cried, through all th' enamell'd grove:
Strait had their cries alarm'd the wounded host
Of all those Romans massacred in Asia:
I heard the empty clank of their thin arms,
And tender voices cried, Lead, Pompey, lead.
Strait they came on, with chariots, horse and foot.
When I had leisure to discern their chief,
Methought, that Pompey was my son Ziphares.

At this juncture, the actual approach of Pompey, to avenge the disgrace which the Roman arms had sustained, is announced: Mithridates exclaims,

Not Pompey, but
Ziphares comes, with all his wrongs for arms,
Like the lieutenant of the Gods, against me:
Semandra too, like bleeding victory,
Stands on his side.—

The thunderbolt of Mithridates' battle
That tore the Roman banners, now is lost,
Nor will my trumpets sound without Ziphares.
His breath was as the air, to all the army;
His face was as the sun, in depth of winter,
And made cold cowards blush away their fears.
But he is set, for ever set, in sorrow.

Ziphares is completely deceived by the constrained behaviour of Semandra on his return, and her marriage with his father, (the circumstances of which are not known to him,) into a conviction of her inconstancy.

Oh my hard fate! why did I trust her ever?
What story is not full of woman's falsehood!
The sex is all a sea of wide destruction:
We are the venturous barks that leave our home,
For those sure dangers which their smiles conceal:
At first they draw us in with flattering looks
Of summer-calms, and a soft gale of sighs:
Sometimes, like Syrens, charm us with their songs,
Dance on the wave, and shew their golden locks:
But when the tempest comes, then, then they leave us,
Or rather help the new calamity,
And the whole storm is one injurious woman.
The lightning, follow'd with a thunder-bolt,
Is marble-hearted woman: all the shelves,
The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,
Are women all; the wracks of wretched men.

Archilaus, the father of Semandra, is deceived also, and while he is vowing a bloody vengeance upon her, and Ziphares is remonstrating with him, and declaring that his own death shall promptly follow any violence offered to her, Semandra herself joins them, and the following scene ensues:

Sem. Oh Ziphares! Oh Prince! O thou most wrong'd!
Ziph. How can this be? Madam, you ought at least
To have sent me word; for now, instead of songs,
I can present you nothing but my tears,
A beating heart, and groans that will not suit
With your most happy state, your blest condition.
Sem. Ah, did you rightly understand my sufferings,
You would not wound a bleeding, dying creature:
But I'll endure yet more. When I am dead,

And 'tis too late, you'll murmur to yourself,
At least I might have heard what the poor wretch
Could say.
Arch. O, syren! but I will be hush'd. [*aside.*
Ziph. What canst thou say, if I resolve to hear thee?
Thou wilt but tear the wounds which thou hast made.
This visit was most cruel; why comest thou then?
For fear I should forget thee? Merciless woman!
Arch. Yet let us hear her, prince; let's hear the sorceress;
That when sure vengeance overtakes her crimes,
She may have nought to answer.
Sem. The good gods
Reward that voice of mercy.

* * * * *

Ziph. O rise! False as thou art,
Thou once wert empress of my soul, and I
Still drag thy chains: speak then, Semandra, speak;
For I'm so doz'd, so weary with complaining,
That I could stand and listen to the winds,
And think that woman talk'd; observe the rain,
And think that woman wept; or in the clouds
Behold Semandra's form still fleeting from me.
But speak: I lose my senses with my woes.
Arch. He has sav'd thy life; come, make a handsome lie
In recompense.
Sem. I will be short as true."

Her tale is told with great simplicity; but we must leap to the conclusion of the scene:

"*Ziph.* I thought thee false, and I deserve
To die, for wronging thy most matchless faith;
For thou art true, constant as pining turtles,
Constant, as courage to the brave in battle,
Constant, as martyrs burning for the gods.
Arch. What changes drive the business of the world!
Come, no more weeping: rise—
Think on the king, if he should take you thus.
Ziph. Oh rise, Semandra; what, what are we doing?
Why, Archilaus, why didst thou cut me off
The moment's pleasure which my thoughts were forming?
Thy cruel breath quite broke the brittle glass
Of my short life, and stopt the running sand.
What shall we do, Semandra?
Sem. Part, and die.

Ziph. Die, 'tis resolv'd; but how? That, that must be
My future care; and with that thought I leave thee.
Go, then, thou setting star; take from these eyes,
(These eyes, that if they see thee will be wishing)
O take those languishing pale fires away,
And leave me to the wide dark den of death.
Sem. Something within sobs to my boding heart,
Semandra ne'er shall see Ziphares more.
Ziph. Away, then; part, for ever part, Semandra:
Let me alone sustain those ravenous fates
Which, like two famish'd tygers, are gone out,
And have us in the wind. Death, come upon me;
Night and the bloodiest deed of darkness, end me;
But, oh, for thee, for thee, if thou must die,
I beg of heaven this last, this only favour,
To give thy life a painless dissolution:
Oh, may those ravish'd beauties fall to earth,
Gently, as wither'd roses leave their stalks:
May death be mild to thee, as love was cruel;
Calm, as the spirits in a trance decay,
And soft as those who sleep their souls away."

There is an interesting scene between Ziphares and Archilaus; in which the latter, suspecting the prince's design to destroy himself during the night, refuses to leave him, and at length succeeds in ascertaining and preventing his purpose. We can only spare room for a few speeches.—It commences thus:

"*Ziph.* 'Tis late; the gathering clouds like meeting armies
Come on apace, and mortals now must die
'Till the bright ruler of the rising day
Creates them new: the wakeful bird of night
Claps her dark wings to th' windows of the dying.
General, good night.
Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet:
I do not like the dusky boding eve.
Well I remember, sir, how you and I
Have often on the watch in winter walk'd,
Clad in cold armour, round the sleeping camp,
'Till, cover'd o'er from head to foot with snow,
The centinels have started at our march,
And thought us ghosts stalking in winding-sheets:
And do you think I cannot watch you now,
Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous roof?
Sleep, sir; I'll guard you from suspected danger."

Ziphares assures him there is no danger, and intreats to be left to himself, The faithful old soldier then deals more plainly with him:

"*Arch.* Ah, prince, you cannot hide
Your purpose from your narrow-searching friend:
I find it by the sinking of your spirits,
Your hollow speech, deep musings, eager looks,
Whose fatal longings quite devour their objects,
You have decreed, by all the gods you have,
This night to end your noble life.
Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troublesome till now.
Arch. I care not; spite of all that you can do,
I'll stay and weep you into gentleness:
Your faithful soldier, this old doting fool,
Shall be more troublesome than one that's wiser.
By heaven you shall not hurt your precious life.
I'll stay and wait you, wake here till I die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful father
Would watch a desperate child."

In justice to Monima, the tender and gentle Monima, we cannot quit this play without giving her reply to Mithridates, who still affected to regard their nuptials as only suspended, when, to pursue his designs on Semandra, he requests her absence under pretence of public business.

"Affairs of state
Now take me from you.
Mon. Say, the affairs of love.
I would, my royal lord, but cannot blame you;
I feel a spirit within me which calls up
All that is woman wrong'd, and bids me chide;
But you are Mithridates, that dear man
Whom my soul loves; else, were you all the kings,
All worlds, all gods, I could let loose upon you,
For those deep injuries which I must suffer;
Could, like the fighting winds, disturb all nature,
With venting of my wrongs; but I am hush'd
As a spent wave, and all my fiery powers
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your eyes,
Where, like a star in water, I appear
A pretty sight, but of no influence,
And am at best but now a shining sorrow."

Little can be said for *Cæsar Borgia.* Villanies and murders are most wantonly and revoltingly accumulated in it. There is no relief. We seem to be invited to a Pandemonian revel, where the dagger is your only carving knife, and goblets of poison are the only drink that circulates. A withering curse is a common salutation. Machiavel is the master plotter, and he is represented as particularly addicted to such figures of speech.

> "Now by your wrongs, that turn my heart to steel,
> Well could I curse away a winter's night,
> Though standing naked on a mountain's top,
> And think it but a minute spent in sport."

In a calmer mood, he philosophizes thus:

> "The dead are only happy, and the dying:
> The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em;
> He who is near his death but turns about,
> Shuffles awhile to make his pillow easy,
> Then slips into his shroud, and rests for ever."

The speech which follows this, even though it has the disadvantage of reminding us of Hermia and Helena, is, notwithstanding, beautiful:

> "In their non-age
> A sympathy unusual join'd their loves;
> They pair'd like turtles, still together drank,
> Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the choice:
> Like twining streams both from one fountain fell,
> And as they ran still mingled smiles and tears:
> But oh, when time had swell'd their currents high,
> This boundless world, this ocean, did divide 'em,
> And now for ever they have lost each other."

Borgia, when about to fight his junior brother, Palante, thus laments their disparity:

> "O that I had
> Some one renown'd and winter'd as myself
> T' encounter like an oak the rooting storm.
> But thou art weak, and to the earth wilt bend,
> With my least blast, thy head of blossoms down."

Their combat was for Bellamira; who, though devotedly attached to the younger, is compelled to marry the elder brother. Her effort to allay his jealousy, and his delight at the

prospect of possessing her heart as well as her person, shall finish our quotations from this play.

" *Bella.* Noble Borgia, hear me !
Hear me, my lord, my husband, hear me kneeling ;
Thou whom the heavens have destin'd to my arms,
The constant partner of my nicest thoughts,
Doom'd to my bed, whom I must learn to love,
And will, unless you turn my heart to stone.
Borg. Ha !
O such sweet words ne'er fell from that fair mouth
Before, nor can I trust 'em now.
Bella. If you call back
The vengeance which your impious vows let slip,
I swear, thus sinking on your feet, I swear
Never from this sad hour, never to see,
Nor speak, no, nor (if possible) to think
Of poor Palante more.
Borg. Go on, go on ; I swear the wind is turn'd,
And all those furious and outrageous passions
Now bend another way.
Bella. I will hereafter
With strictest duty serve you as my lord,
And give you signs of such most faithful love
That it shall seem as if we languish'd long,
As if we had been us'd to mingle sighs,
And from our cradles interchang'd our souls ;
As if no breach had ever pass'd betwixt us ;
As if no cruel father forc'd the marriage :
I so resigning as if always yours,
And you so mild as if no other proof
But my dishonour e'er could make you angry.
Borg. O my heart's joy ! Rise, Bellamira, rise.
There's nothing left, nothing of rage to fright thee ;
Thou hast new tun'd me, and the trembling strings
Of my touch'd heart dance to the inspiration,
As if no harshness, nor no jars, had been :
Had these sweet sounds but met my entrance here,
My ghastly fears and cloven jealousies,
With all the monsters that made sick my brain,
Had fled, so soft and artful are thy strains,
Like sullen fiends before the prophet's charms.
* * * * * * *
O happy night !
Not to the weary pilgrim half so welcome,

When after many a weary bleeding step
With joyful looks he spies his long'd-for home.
See, see, my lord, the effects of our vexation.
Thus comes to the despairing wretch the glad
Reprieve: 'tis mercy, mercy at the block:
Thus the toss'd seaman, after boisterous storms,
Lands on his country's breast; thus stands and gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy look;
Then shouts for joy, as I should do, and makes
The echoing hills, and all the shores, resound.

* * * * * *

Be constant, Bellamira, to thy vows;
So shall we shine, as in the inmost heaven,
The fix'd and brightest stars with silent glory,
Where never storm, nor lightning's flash, nor stroke
Of thunder, comes."

Lucius Junius Brutus was a favourite of the author's, and what does not always happen, it deserved to be so. He was better mounted than usual, and Pegasus did not run away with him. The play was not successful, and he consoled himself with the reflection that Jonson's *Catiline* met no better fate; "nay, Shakespear's Brutus with much ado beat himself into the heads of a blockish age:" so, though he "was troubled for his dumb play like a father for his dead child," he also felt the paternal pride of the mourner, who would not have exchanged his dead son for any living son in Christendom. Though triumphal honours were denied him, he was conscious of having achieved a conquest, and one of no ordinary difficulty. "There are some subjects (he says, in the dedication,) that require but half the strength of a great poet; but when Greece or Old Rome come in play, the nature, wit, and vigour of foremost Shakespear, the judgement and force of Jonson, with all his borrowed mastery from the ancients, will scarce suffice for so terrible a grapple. The poet must elevate his fancy with the mightiest imagination, he must run back so many hundred years, take a just prospect of the spirit of those times without the least thought of ours; for, if his eye should swerve so low, his muse will grow giddy with the vastness of the distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the majesty of the first design.—There must be no dross through the whole mass, the furnace must be justly heated, and the bullion stamped with an unerring hand. In such a writing there must be greatness of thought without bombast, remoteness without monstrousness, virtue armed with severity, not in iron bodies—solid wit without modern affectation, speaking out without straining the voice or cracking the

lungs." Such was the bow of Ulysses, with which he aspired to shoot; and it must be allowed to have bent in his hands. He has produced no play in which there is less to offend, or more to praise. The awful conflicts in the soul of the paternal judge; the earthquakes of his heart, but which affect his patriotic determination no more than the convulsions of the world do the steady motion of the celestial bodies, or the decrees of fate, are painted with a noble and generally a successful daring. The contrasted characters of his sons are in fine relief to each other; and the fond, foreboding, generous, and devoted Teraminta, the illegitimate daughter of Tarquin, and the bride of Titus, beams upon the scene "like the midnight moon upon a murder." The play opens on her bridal morning, the morning after the fatal night at Collatia. Titus remonstrates with her:

> "O Teraminta, why this face of tears?
> Since first I saw thee, till this happy day,
> Thus hast thou past thy melancholy hours—
> Even in the court retir'd; stretch'd on a bed
> In some dark room, with all the curtains drawn;
> Or in some garden o'er a flowery bank
> Melting thy sorrows in the murmuring stream;
> Or in some pathless wilderness a musing,
> Plucking the mossy bark of some old tree,
> Or poring, like a Sybil, on the leaves."

Returning from the marriage, Titus encounters Brutus, whose assumed idiocy has been exhibited in a scene or two, but who is resolved to throw it off, and take advantage of the last atrocity of Sextus Tarquin to effect the liberation of Rome.

> "As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth
> And seems to kindle from the setting stars,
> So from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
> And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
> Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
> I see the pillars of his kingdom totter:
> The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern,
> That lights my genius down to the foundation.
> Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son;
> For from this spark a lightning shall arise
> That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
> And then the thunder of his ruin follows."

The tale of Lucrece, the vow on her bloody poniard to expel the family of Tarquin which Brutus imposes himself, and his ap-

peal to the people, are in a style of antique simplicity worthy of the subject, and highly impressive. Teraminta is included in the proscription, and the ascendancy of his father's genius awes Titus into a solemn vow to relinquish his bride. After her banishment she is sent back privately, with the Fecialian priests, sworn, at the peril of her life, to persuade Titus to join the conspiracy, in which his brother Tiberius was already spontaneously and deeply involved, for the restoration of the exiled family. The commission is fulfilled with the success which her own honourable mind deprecated. She is shewn the solitude in which Titus was deploring her loss, and left with an emphatic intimation that her own immediate assassination would be the consequence of failing to gain him over to the royal cause. He welcomes her with a burst of rapture, which she interrupts to enter upon her compelled task :

" *Ter.* Oh, Titus, you must hear me first.
I bring a message from the furious queen ;
I promis'd, nay she swore me, not to touch you,
'Till I had charm'd you to the part of Tarquin.
Tit. Ha, Teraminta, not to touch thy husband
Unless he prove a villain ?
Ter. Titus, no ;
I'm sworn to tell you, that you are a traitor
If you refuse to fight the royal cause.
Tit. Hold, Teraminta.
Ter. No, my lord ; 'tis plain,
And I am sworn to lay my reasons home.
Rouse then, awake, recal your sleeping virtue ;
Side with the king, and arm against your father.
Take part with those that loyally have sworn
To let him in by night.—

* * * * *

Tit. Never, I swear.
O Teraminta, thou hast broke my heart :
By all the gods, from thee, this was too much.
Farewell, and take this with thee ; for thy sake,
I will not fight against the king, nor for him.
I'll fly my father, brother, friends, for ever :
Forsake the haunts of men ; converse, no more,
With aught that's human ; dwell with endless darkness ;
For, since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
What has the world besides, that I can bear ?
Ter. Come back, my lord ; by those immortal powers,
You now invok'd, I'll fix you in this virtue.

Your Teraminta did but try how strong
Your honour stood; and, now she finds it lasting,
Will die to root you in this solid glory.
Yes, Titus, tho' the queen has sworn to end me;
Tho' both the Fecialians have commissions
To stab me, in your presence, if not wrought
To serve the king: yet, by the gods, I charge you
Keep to the point your constancy has gain'd.
Tarquin, altho' my father, is a tyrant—
A bloody, black usurper: so, I beg you,
Even in my death, to view him.

Tit. O you gods!

Ter. Yet, guilty as he is, if you behold him,
Hereafter, with his wounds, upon the earth,—
Titus, for my sake—for poor Teraminta,
Who rather died, than you should lose your honour,
Do not you strike him—do not dip your sword
In Tarquin's blood, because he was my father.

Tit. No, Teraminta, no! by all the gods,
I will defend him, even against my father.
See—see, my love; behold the flight I take:
What all the charms of thy expected bed
Could not once move my soul to think of acting,
Thy tears and menac'd death, by which thou strivest
To fix me to the principles of glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes—yes, you cruel gods,
Let the eternal bolts, that bind this frame,
Start from their order: since you push me thus,
Ev'n to the margin of this wide despair,
Behold, I plunge, at once, in this dishonour,
Where there is neither shore, nor hope of haven,—
No floating mark, through all the dismal vast;
'Tis rockless too, no cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about, and pause upon the ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd honour come to this?
What now, my lord?

Tit. Thy death—thy death, my love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the gods.
Glory, blood, nature, ties of reverence,
The dues of birth, respect of parents, all,
All are as this, the air I drive before me.
What, ho! Vitellius and Aquilius, come,
And you, the Fecialian heralds, haste:
I'm ready for the leap,—I'll take it with you,
As deep as to the fiends.

Ter. Thus, hear me, Titus.
Tit. Off, from my knees! away!
What, on this theme, thy death? nay, stabb'd before me?
Speak not; I will not know thee on this subject;
But push thee from my heart.

He is soon agonized with remorse; and, hastening back to the conspirators, to retract his pledge, is seized with them. The distress of Brutus is extreme, but his judgment is clear, and he resigns himself as to an inevitable doom:

O behold me—
Behold the game that laughing fortune plays;
Fate, or the will of heaven, call't what you please,
That mars the best designs that prudence lays,
That brings events about, perhaps, to mock
At human reach, and sport with expectation.
Consider this, and wonder not at Brutus,
If thou behold'st him shed unmanly tears.—
* * * * *
Since then, for man's instruction, and the glory
Of the immortal gods, it is decreed
There must be patterns drawn of fiercest virtue,
Brutus submits to the eternal doom.

The scene in which he reconciles Titus to his fate, and takes a final farewell of him, is powerfully written. We select one speech.

"O Titus—O thou absolute young man!
Thou flattering mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage,
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me indear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood—the heart-blood of Brutus on his child:
For thou must die, my Titus—die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee.

Our limits will not allow us to go on extracting at this rate. We must give over, although in *Theodosius* there is a rich mine, yet untouched. One specimen, from it, of the manner in which a Persian Prince woos the daughter of his tutor.

XUM

"I disdain
All pomp, when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
Free, as the forest-birds, we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our fathers were:
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the chrystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And, when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn."

And a beautiful little extract from the *Duke of Guise,* and we will, positively, have done.

"Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the soul."

Theodosius was long regarded as the ablest production of our author: we demur to this estimate, although there are, perhaps, not more than two which have our decided preference to it, the *Brutus* and *Mithridates.*—*Constantine the Great,* the only play to which we have not adverted (with the exception, before noticed,) is the most utterly worthless of all his compositions.

It is creditable to the taste and judgment of Lee, that he was not seduced by the example of Dryden, or by the applause lavished upon other compositions of that species, into the artificial walks of tragi-comedy. The heroes of his comedies are sometimes dignified, and those of his tragedies can be occasionally jocular: he drew from man as he is; but he never aimed at displaying ingenuity, by blending together grave and farcical plots in the same drama; he delights not in the strange alternation of scenes of buffoonery and slaughter; he has not sent Democritus and Heraclitus, tied together, through the streets, each destroying sympathy with the other, and preventing our either laughing or crying, by trying to make us do both at once. His plots are always extremely simple, nor does he ever so entangle himself in labyrinths of his own construction as to be reduced to the necessity of extricating himself by some highly improbable event, or still more improbable change of disposition or character, in the personages of his drama. They are themselves, to the last. He never *cuts* his knots. We do not feel, as often happens in reading Massinger, for instance, as if some strange metamorphosis had taken place, to qualify the agents for un-

doing their own work; or as if such a trick were put upon us, as in a pantomime or melo-drame, when somebody being to be blown into the air, or hurled down from the clouds, a stuffed figure is substituted for the actor, and the identity of the coat, or of its colour, is to be taken for that of the person. We make our voyage, with him, under favour of the usual winds and tides, and they bring us into port. His poetic omnipotence does not obtrude itself, by working miracles; but operates, according to the laws of nature, in such a manner as to produce all the required results. His characters are deficient in those discriminative touches which give a lively impression of their individuality, and make us feel that they are something more than the representations of a class; yet they are often developed with considerable skill. He excels in making them not *too conscious*. They do not analyze their own motives, but act from the impulse given to them. We know more of their hearts, than they do themselves; and can better judge of their strength and weakness. The manner in which persons engaged in affairs of the deepest interest are made to philosophize upon their feelings, and read lectures upon the anatomy of their own minds, is one of the capital defects in works of fiction. This is a blunder which Lee rarely commits. When he does, it is with his villains. They are his greatest failures. He makes them *all* villain; and they know it. Towards them he has been too niggardly of those soothing opiates of conscience, those self-reconciling statements, of which human nature stands in need, when the soul is to be bowed to debasing actions, and which his less guilty personages lay hold of so readily, and apply so dexterously.

He has given us several excellent specimens, slightly varied, of the old soldier, a character which was also a great favorite of Beaumont and Fletcher. Grillon, Archilaus, Marcian, Clytus, are all of this class. Bluntness, often more than verging upon rudeness, and with a little disposition to boast; a staunch fidelity, rather diminished in its worth by frequent obstinacy; a morality which sits somewhat loosely about them, but a soldier's honour close buckled to their hearts; are the characteristics of this species, and they are dramatic ones. Who does not honour honest old Clytus, who would

> "Rot in Macedonian rags,
> Rather than shine in fashions of the east!"

and who admires not Grillon's conscience, who will not stain his sword with murder, though his king commands; yet loyally undertakes to protect his master after its commission, because that is "the honest part o' the job"?

Commend us to Lee for lovers too, in whatever form the

universal passion is to be exhibited. He has sketched it in its purest and its grossest shapes; the timorous flutterings of the young heart, when first disordered by the delicious poison; and mad pulsation of the voluptuary's veins, inflamed by new charms, and used to conquest; the fondness that feeds on every look, to which a frown is misery, and separation death; and the sublime passion, that prefers the glory of its object to possession, or to life: the impatient jealousy that demands an unbounded despotism over the soul; and the meek devotedness, that would be a rival's handmaid, for the ample recompense of a distant gaze: all are painted, in poetry, and from nature; nor is there an attribute of the blind deity for which he has not furnished a worthy hymn of celebration. We appeal to the characters of Massina and Sophonisba; Ziphares, Semandra, Mithridates, and Monima; Varanes and Athenais; Cyara, Gloriana, and the Princess of Cleves; in proof of our remarks. Especially has he succeeded in depicting that deep, gentle, unpresuming, inextinguishable passion of woman's heart, which will exist even without hope, by which all other passions are absorbed, and, in its strength, all sufferings endured; which can neither be inflamed by jealousy, nor chilled by coldness; which feeds on the heart in which it is inshrined, and consumes its devoted and patient victim in the intensity of her own feelings. Such is Narcissa, in *Gloriana*; and, in a less degree, Cyara and Monima. He is little to be envied, whatever be his general estimate of the merits of Lee's dramas, who can read the scenes in which they appear, without emotion. We challenge any one, of common sensibility, to the trial. We are not afraid of introducing them with the appeal of the Roman orator, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." The author made no unbecoming or unwarranted boast, when he said, "Such characters every dauber cannot draw." We are of his opinion. And though he is seen to a disadvantage in extracts, by which, indeed, the real and peculiar beauties of dramatic composition, those which belong to character and passion, rather than to mere sparkling expression or felicitous imagery, can be but imperfectly exhibited in any case, yet we think those which we have presented to our readers may probably give sufficient pleasure, to occasion their enjoying the higher gratification of perusing entire, at least, his *Theodosius, Mithridates,* and *Brutus.* If they have hitherto rested in the common prejudices against the author, we have no doubt of having earned their gratitude.

ART. V. Monteville, *compose par* Messire Jehañe Monteville, *Chevalier Natif d'Angleterre de la ville de Saint Alain: le q'l parle de la terre de promission de Hierusalem, et des plusieurs pays, villes, et isles de mer, et des diverses et estranges choses, et du voyage de Hierusalem. Q'to: Imprime à Lyon, par Barnabe Chaussart.*

The Voiage and Travaille of Sir John Maundeville, Knt. *which treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and of Marveiyles of Inde, with other Islands and Countryes. Now published entire from an original MS. in the Cotton Library. Octavo. London,* 1727.

Des vortrefflich welterfahrnen auch hoch und weit berühmten Herren Doctor und Engländischen Ritters Johannis de Montevilla, *kurieuse Reisebeschreibung, wie derselbe in das gelobte Lund Palästinam, Jerusalem, Egypten, Türkey, Judäam, Indien, Chinam, Persien und andern nah und fern anund abgelegene Königreiche und Provinzen zu Wasser und Land angekommen, und fast den ganzen Weltkreis durchzogen seye. Von ihme selbst beschrieben. Köln am Rhein und Nürnberg.*

Joanne de Mandavilla, *nel quale si contengono molte cose Maravigliose. Venet.* 1567. 12*mo.*

Among the numerous literary and scientific obligations of Europe to the talent and industry of the Mahometans during the earlier portion of the middle ages, none ought to be more gratefully acknowledged than their labors in the cultivation of geographical science, and their zeal in observing and describing the manners, customs, and natural history of the countries over which their dominion extended. Their schools at Salernum and Cassino, at Cordova, Toledo, and the other Spanish universities, grace a splendid period of learning and civilization. They occupy a space between the distant shores of ancient and modern literature, which would otherwise have been a dreary void. For a long series of years, their translations and expositions were the only channels for European acquaintance with classic authorities; and they also imparted the personal experience of numerous Mahometan travellers, as well as a variety of information collected for official purposes by intelligent and powerful governments.

A desire of knowledge respecting the natural and civil relations of distant regions, and the consequent taste for foreign travel, can only arise in a state of considerable advancement in civilization, and will owe its origin in different countries to va-

rious and accidental circumstances. Among some nations, commercial enterprize has been the first moving principle—the merchant has been impelled by the desire of gain to brave the dangers of unknown coasts, and the camel or the caravan been the foremost to track the almost pathless desert. In others, military adventure, and the necessity of obtaining the information required for political administration, has led the way to hostile countries, and a conqueror's army has framed the road to be afterwards trodden by the humble but more lasting footsteps of science. Under the Arabian chalifs, when the arms of the true believers had brought under Mussulman sway so vast a portion of the known world, the want would soon arise, and the opportunity be readily supplied, for procuring accurate information concerning the inhabitants and local peculiarities of the conquered provinces. Individuals, stimulated sometimes by prospects of pecuniary advantage, and sometimes by the tales of wonder related by those who returned from the scenes of distant enterprise, traversed the wide extent of Mahometan dominion, and published, for the gratification of the curious, the journals of their progress. The earliest known volumes of such travels are those of Wahab, who travelled through India, China, and other parts of the East, in the year 851 ; and Abn Zeid al Hassan, who followed nearly the same course in 907.

When the Arabians became students of Greek literature, they rapidly availed themselves of the proficiency and experience of its philosophers and mathematicians, and thenceforward their inquiries assumed a more scientific form. Geography once again took its mathematical character ; and science purified and directed the investigations, the results of which had before been communicated merely in narrative or topographical description. The pursuit was eagerly cultivated : the students of Sora and Pundebeta were encouraged to follow up inquiries of so much practical importance ; and we find the patronage of the chalifs of Bagdad directed towards superintending the admeasurement of a degree of the earth's circle, and other scientific experiments, which reflect the highest credit on the monarchs of that truly-illustrious dynasty. The works of Ptolemy were translated for the use of the Arabian scholars ; and the longitude and latitude of places were laid down on their maps, on the principles of that great geographer.

Unfortunately for the curious inquirer into the real state of geographical and historical knowledge during the middle ages, comparatively little remains of the works of the men thus, as it were, raised up by the hand of Providence to rekindle and transmit the lamp of ancient learning. Of many, we only know that such things were ; and most of those which have survived, exist only in scattered portions, in the form of extracts and

abridgments. For this loss we have chiefly to thank the pious zeal of the narrow-minded bigot Ximenes, who wantonly committed to the flames the fruits of that singular union in the cause of learning and science between the rival professors of the Christian, Jewish, and Mahometan faiths, which adorned the Moorish dynasty of Spain.

The work of Ebn Haukal (who travelled in the beginning of the tenth century, and wrote a very copious geographical work, compiled from his own observations in various Mahometan nations,) exists in an abridged translation, in the Persian language; and appeared in English, from the pen of Sir William Ouseley, in the year 1800. But the most celebrated of the Arabian descriptive geographers was Scherifal Edrisi, who flourished in the middle of the twelfth century. He was a student at the University of Cordova, travelled over various countries, and concluded his wanderings at the hospitable court of Roger, King of Sicily, where he published the result of his inquiries, in an elaborate work; extracts from which alone are extant, although it once formed the manual of the Mahometan schools. Essachalli * wrote at the same court, and under the patronage of the same monarch, a similar work, which was translated, by the order of the king, into Latin, for the instruction of his Christian subjects. In the same century, we find another Moorish Spaniard, Ebn Albaithar, travelling through Asia and Africa, to enlarge his physical and botanical knowledge, hospitably received and patronized by Saladin, the celebrated antagonist of Richard Cœur de Lion; and, at length, returning to his native land, to record his observations. To these productions may be added, at a late period, that of Abul Abbas Ahmed Ebn Chaled, a Syrian of the twelfth century, author of "*Hortus Mirabilium terræ;*" and the more celebrated work of Abulfeda, who flourished in the fourteenth century.

The nations of the West were indebted, for several centuries, to these sources of original information, and to the Arabian translations of classic authors, for almost all the knowledge which could be obtained by a student, even under the most favourable circumstances, of foreign geography, natural history, and statistics. But the wars which religious zeal excited them to prosecute, for the recovery of the Holy Land, against these their instructors, obviously facilitated and forced upon them the necessity of acquiring practical information, as to the seat of the war, and the intervening territories. Thus the Ma-

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* There seems to be some probability that Essachalli and Edrisi may be one and the same person.

hometan powers became once more instrumental in conveying to our forefathers a branch of knowledge which opened the road to splendid commercial enterprize, as well as scientific research.

The rage for warlike adventure, and the fervor of religious enthusiasm, was at length cooled by the dreadful reverses which attended the Christian arms in the East; and the monarchs of Europe recalled their followers to their deserted homes, to cultivate the arts of peace, and meditate more innocent, if not more efficacious, means of converting infidels. But the exaggerated accounts of the wonderful exploits of the holy warriors, and the singular customs of nations and appearances of nature, reported by the returning pilgrim, still incited the curious to inquiry into these new and astonishing topics of conversation; while the reports of the dangers and perils to be encountered rather increased than damped the desire of the pious devotee to visit those scenes, which were consecrated in his inmost affections, by the narrations of holy writ, and the encouraging promises of prophetic inspiration. The state of religious warfare, and the feverish peace which succeeded it, were thus alike stimulants to the cultivation of geographical research, and to the appetite for foreign discovery. The crusader had, to his cost, found out the miserable imprudence of leading his armies through unknown climes; the more humble missionary and pilgrim, who succeeded him, had ample time and opportunity to familiarize himself with the habits and economy of countries, where some sort of conformity was necessary, to insure protection and safe conduct; and even the gallant knight errant did not always trust himself without guide or direction on the eccentric paths of chivalrous emprize.

The few accounts of the wanderings of travellers which appeared during the early periods of European literature, partake, of course, very strongly of the motives which incited these undertakings; and are always strongly tinctured by the peculiar circumstances of the artificial state of society, under which they were accomplished and recorded. The spirit which animated the breast of most was one of ardent religious feeling, partial, bigoted, and self-sufficient. The traveller set out as a pilgrim, a merchant, or an adventurer, with little or no previous preparation, without observation or knowledge, either of the earth, or of those who were upon the face of it, ready in every thing to hear and see wonders, and to record the marvellous reports of others, where the subject did not fall within his own inspection. He pretended to none of the qualifications which would facilitate his inquiries, enable him to judge correctly, or describe with fidelity. His mind was, at the outset of his journey, full of romantic tales, and anile fables, which he had never

learnt to distinguish from historic truth, and he came back with magnified impressions of all he saw, and credulous belief of all he was told. Thus provided, he compiled his narrative from recollection, for the amusement and instruction of those who relished only miraculous legends, and would have been impatient at the obtrusion of the uninteresting details of statistical observation, or scientific views of man or nature.

Travels were, in such times, therefore, related as history was fabricated. The real facts, where they were suffered to appear through the veil of fiction, served only as a frame-work for inventive ornament; and if, in either one or the other, truth has by any accident been preserved, we are generally indebted to any thing rather than a disposition in the author to place it before us in its naked reality. Not that we would ascribe any thing like wilful falsehood to many of these worthies, or insinuate, for a moment, that deception was intended by such men as Marco Polo, or Mandeville. For we think, on the contrary, the world has been much too critical and hasty in its decisions on the veracity, and even the judgment, of these travellers. Their works appear under every disadvantage of mis-translation into foreign tongues, mistakes in copies, abridgements, and interpolations; and yet, nevertheless, we shall have occasion to remark, with relation particularly to the author whose work is before us, that what is told by them on their own evidence of inspection or information on the spot, is commonly perfectly correct, and judiciously narrated. The bad name which such writers have unjustly acquired, is owing to the same causes which procured them the equally ill-judged admiration of the readers of their day; namely, the amazing credulity of their contemporaries, and the little pains which have since been taken to separate the matter of lightly-received hearsay from that of experiment and personal observation: which are blended together more from want of judgment, than of honesty or veracity.

Defective as they may be, these publications at all events excited curiosity, if they could not gratify rational inquiry. Traveller upon traveller, in rapid succession, visited foreign climes; commercial advantages were noticed, and the spirit of enterprize which they aroused created a demand for similar information. The reign of deception, at length, gradually declined and fell; and that of useful investigation quickly sprung up in its place.

The first efforts of European inquiry were all directed towards the East. All Christians bowed in spirit, as well as body, towards that sacred quarter of the globe, which dwelt in their deepest and holiest affection; which offered, too, to the mercenary, the brightest prospects of pecuniary advantage; so that its riches dazzled the eyes of the worldly-minded, at the same time that its connection with the records of revealed truth inshrined

it in the heart of the devotee. In the mean time, however, Europe continued, for a long period, lamentably deficient in acquaintance with its own immediate geography. The chronicles of all parts are full of the most egregious and palpable blunders with regard to countries even immediately neighbouring to those of the authors, and this to such an extent as often to render them completely unintelligible. We are even told of the worthy monks of Tournay seeking in vain, for two years, the Abbey of Ferrieres, during the eleventh century; and with such a fact before us, we shall not be inclined to rate very highly the famous maps of Charlemagne, engraved on silver platters, which probably, if they had survived, like that of Turin, published by Passini, would be equally decisive, not of the knowledge, but of the utter ignorance of the age. It certainly was not till the commercial spirit of the free towns of Germany, the Italian republics, England, and Holland, had imperceptibly arisen, and diffused itself very widely, that this ignorance was, to any considerable degree, removed. Asiatic geography and statistics had made a much earlier progress. The Arabians had, of course, been most accurate and detailed in their accounts of their own immediate domain; the Crusaders had traversed the same quarter repeatedly; the fleets of Venice, Genoa, and Florence, had profited by the opportunity to engage in extensive commerce, and though prevented, by the ruling dynasty of Egypt, from pursuing the trade to India by the Red Sea, they opened an avenue to its treasures from the Black Sea, and organized a traffic, by means of caravans, to China and Hindostan, which lasted more than two hundred years. In addition to the crusades, the ravages of the Mogul Tartars, which put not only Asia, but Poland, Silesia, and Hungary, in consternation, led to an acquaintance with the remotest parts of the East. The Roman Pontiffs sought by missionaries to avert the storm; and these apostles traced the course which Christian merchants followed beyond the Black Sea and the Caspian. The boundaries of knowledge were extended, and the missionary long served as a channel of communication between the two continents. Even in the fourteenth century, we find an European bishop at Pekin. St. Louis sought to enter into a political connexion with the Mogul Chan, in 1253; and Henry III., of Castile, with Timur, in 1394.

In the thirteenth century appeared Vincentius Belovacensis (de Beauvais), who wrote the *Bibliotheca Mundi;* and Roger Bacon, in his *Opus Majus,* gave an accurate and judicious account of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and pointed, with the finger of prophecy, to the probability of the existence of that western world which, two hundred years afterwards, was discovered by Columbus. These are, however, but meagre materials;

and there is no reason to believe that the works of Pliny and Ptolemy, or the Itinerary of Antoninus, were consulted to any useful purpose, till a much later period. The only sure foundation for accurate knowledge must be laid on actual observation and experience; and we shall now briefly notice the principal European travellers preceding and contemporary with Mandeville; whence we shall proceed to the more immediate consideration of the work which has given occasion to these remarks.

The two first of these adventurers are Jews,—a people to whom it is not usual to acknowledge much literary obligation, although, under the liberal toleration and patronage of the Moorish dynasties of Bagdad and Spain, they attained no inconsiderable eminence. Moses Petachia travelled, about the year 1187, through Poland to Tartary, and thence through various Asiatic countries to Jerusalem; and about the same period appeared the work ascribed to Benjamin Ben Jona, commonly called Benjamin of Tudela, who is represented to have been a native of Navarre, and a student of Cordova, "*Laus non ultima sabbatariorum.*" His journey purports to have extended by the way of Constantinople, through Antioch to Jerusalem; thence to Tadmor, and the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. Bagdad was then under the government of the Abassides, to whose toleration of the Jews our traveller bears ample testimony. His course thence lay through Persia; and he returned by the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea to Egypt and Sicily. His book is open to much observation, and we may possibly devote ourselves hereafter to a minute consideration of it. At present, we can only observe, that though it no doubt added to the existing stock of knowledge, considerable uncertainty necessarily arises as to the authenticity of the narration, and its claim to rank higher than a fair compilation, from the best authorities, for popular use amongst the Spanish Hebrews. The principal charges of fable and exaggeration seem to attach to the author's magnificent report of the numbers and importance of his countrymen, wherever he went. Of the influence of this work, and the variety of translations of it which appeared in Spain, we have had occasion to speak in another place. Arius Montanus was the author of one; and the copy now before us contains the Hebrew text, and the version of Constantine L'Empereur, whom Dr. Aikin, by a strange anachronism, calls the Emperor Constantine. The translator laments the corrupt state of the text, and the ravages which time had made in this relic, which he characterizes as

> "Donum nobile!! sed malignus ævi
> Dens arroserat: optimamque partem,

Intervalla viæ, situmque terræ,
Delibaverat integro labori."

The monks now take the lead in foreign adventure. Bonaventura Broccardus, a Westphalian monk, travelled, in 1222, to Palestine; and, on his return, wrote his *Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ*, which was long in high repute. Ascelin, a Dominican, wrote an account of his mission (in 1254) from Innocent IV. to the Cham of Tartary, of which little remains. Carpini, an Italian, and Rubruqius (Ruisbrook), a Brabanter, went on similar expeditions in the same century; and have left, on the whole, as accurate and faithful accounts of their observations as could be expected from the age. Hayton, an Armenian prince, assuming the habit of a monk, arrived in France in the year 1307; and there dictated his *Historia Orientalis*, which is to be found in Purchas, and contains a very creditable and useful description of the principal Asiatic states, and a considerable portion of the history of the Mogul sovereigns.

But the most celebrated precursor of Mandeville was Marco Polo, whose travels occupied the last years of the thirteenth century. In him we lose the clerical cast which the works of his monkish predecessors necessarily bear. He was a merchant, journeying for the promotion of commercial interests; and his work long maintained that deserved reputation to which it has been in a great degree restored, by the zeal of modern editors, particularly of Mr. Marsden, who, in 1818, published an edition, with most useful and judicious notes. "He (Marco Polo) was," as a modern writer has justly observed, "a man of observation, of sound judgment, and discretion, and, like 'the father of history,' whom he most resembles, always careful to separate the knowledge acquired by his own experience from that which was communicated to him by others."—Oderick de Portenau, (Porta Naonis,) a traveller of the early part of the fourteenth century, seems to have been much more skilled in the conversion of infidels, than in the arts of composition; but during the same period, Mandeville was pursuing his travels, the result of which is before us; and Balducci Pigolotti was also performing his journey to Pekin.* Of all these travellers,

* Clavigo, who was despatched by Henry III. of Castile, to Timur, about 1400, occupies, of course, a much more advanced period of literature. He was followed over nearly the same ground, during the fifteenth century, by Scheldberger (1430); Paul Toscanella, (1474); Bernard Breydenbach and Hans Tucker (about 1480, to Palestine); and Josaphat Barbaro, in 1494.

Mandeville is by far the most likely to enjoy permanent reputation, at least with English readers;—the position he occupies is honourable throughout both to himself and to his country, for he every where maintains the character of a gentleman, a gallant soldier, and devout but candid Christian, journeying, in upright intention, and complete independence, "whither he listeth," to gratify his curiosity, and thirst for information.

"John Mandevil, Knt.," (says Bale, as translated by Hackluyt,) "born in the town of St. Alban's, was so well given to the study of learning from his childhood, that he seemed to plant a good part of his felicity in the same; for he supposed that the honor of his birth would nothing avail him, except he would render the same more honorable by his knowledge in good letters." His favorite pursuit had been the study of medicine; but in the year 1322, he left his native land, perhaps disgusted with the civil dissentions in which it was involved during the disastrous year which closed the reign of Edward the Second, and set out with the intention of proceeding to the Holy Land,

"For als moche as the lond beyond the see, that is to seye, the Holy Lond, that men callen the Lond of Promyssioun, or of Beheste, passynge alle othere londes, is the most worthi lond, most excellent, and lady and sovereyn of alle othere londes, and is blessed and halewed of the precyous body and blood of oure Lord Jesu Crist; in the whiche lond it lykede him to take flesche and blood of the Virgin Marie, to envyrone that holy lond with his blessede feet; and there he wolde of his blessednesse enoumbre him in the seyd blessed and gloriouse Virgine Marie, and become man, and worcke many myracles, and preche and teche the feythe and the lawe of Cristene men unto his children; and there it lykede him to suffre many reprevinges and scornes for us; and he that was kyng of hevene, of eyr, of erthe, of see, and of all things that ben conteyned in hem, wolde alle only ben cleped Kyng of that lond, whan he seyde, *Rex sum Judeorum.*" * * * * *

"And for als moche as it is longe tyme passed, that ther was no generalle passage ne vyage over the see; and many men desiren for to here speke of the Holy Lond, and han thereof gret solace and comfort, I, John Maundevylle, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englond, in the town of Seynt Albones, passed the see, in the yeer of our Lord Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to have ben longe tyme over the see, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse londes, and many provynces and kingdomes and iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye the litylle and the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out many othere iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse folkes, and of dyverse maneres and lawes, and of dyverse schappes of men. Of whiche londes and iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre."

Proceeding, in the first instance, to Egypt, he engaged in the service of Melek Madaron, sultan of that country; and fought in his wars against that restless but changeless people, the Bedowin Arabs. The monarch became greatly attached to him, and would have detained him at his court by most advantageous proposals, which his steady attachment to his religion determined him to reject.

"And he wolde have maryed me fulle highely to a gret princes doughter, gif that I wolde have forsaken my law and my beleve. But, I thank God, I had no wille to don it, for nothing that he behighten me."

The personal narrative is very meagre: the course of the author's progress it is sometimes difficult to collect; and this method of making his work often little more than a progression of descriptions, in which it is still oftener difficult to discover whether the author speaks from actual observation, or from report, has mainly conduced to throw discredit upon such statements as were not immediately confirmed by other authorities. His curiosity being excited by the accounts of Eastern countries, which reached him through the commercial frequenters of the Mediterranean ports, he determined to pursue his journey from the Holy Land, the next scene of his travels, to the Chan of Tartary, whom he served, with four other knights, in his wars against the King of Manci, for the sake of the opportunities which that employment necessarily afforded them for more intimate acquaintance with the government and internal economy of that part of Asia.

"And yee schulle undirstonde, that my felawes and I, with our zomen, we serveden this Emperour, and weren his soudyoures, fifteen monethes, agenst the Kyng of Mancy, that held werre agenst him. And the cause was, for we hadden gret lust to see his noblesse and the estat of his court, and alle his governance, to wite gif it were suche as wee herde seye that it was."

Thus, as he remarks, (from observations on an astrolabe which he met with in his travels,) he had seen that half of the firmament which is between the two pole stars, or 180 degrees; and of the other half had "seen 62 degrees on that o [one] part [the North], and 33 on that other part [the South]; that ben 95 degrees" out of the other 180. He pursued his journey no further, averring, however, "that gif he had companye and schipping for to go more beyonde, he trowed wel in certeyn that they scholde have seen all the roundness of the firmamente, alle aboute," and declaring his belief in the spherical form of the

earth, in a most curious and interesting chapter, in which he adds,

"And right as the schip men taken here avys here, and governe hem be the lode sterre, right so don schip men beyonde the parties, be the sterre of the Southe, the whiche sterre apperethe not to us. And this sterre, that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the lode sterre, ne apperethe not to hem. For whiche cause, men may wel perceyve, that the londe and the see ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the firmament schewethe in o contree, that schewethe not in another contree. And men may well preven, be experience and sotyle compassement of wytt, that gif a man fond passages be schippes, that wolde go to serchen the world, men myghte go be schippe alle aboute the world, and aboven and benethen."

He seems, however, rather puzzled to give a satisfactory reason why those "benethen" should not fall away from the earth towards the firmament. On his return, in 1356, after an absence of thirty-four years, a period which the narrative by no means fills up at all satisfactorily, he compiled his book, "aftre informacion of men that knewen of things that [he] had not seen," and submitted it to the judgment of the Pope, who "remytted" it "to be examyned and preved be the avys of his conseille," "be the whiche," he adds, "my boke was preved for trewe; in so moche, that thei schewed me a boke, that my boke was examyned by" (probably the journals of some of the missionaries,) "that comprehended fulle moche more, be an hundred parte, be the which the Mappa Mundi was made after"

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"Wherefore I preye to alle the rederes and hereres of this boke, gif it plese hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me; and I schalle preye for hem. And all tho that seyn for me a pater noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forgeve me my synnes, I make hem parteneres and graunte hem parte of alle the gode pilgrymages and of alle the gode dedes, that I hav don, gif ony be to his plesance: and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I schalle do unto my lyfes end."

If the period of his absence had been usefully and honourably employed by him for the credit of his country, he had, in return, the pride and pleasure of finding that country, which he had left distracted by intestine commotions, become united and powerful under the administration of Edward III.; and the same year which witnessed his return, saw the laurels of Cressy and Poictiers. He appears to have died and been buried in a convent at Liege, in 1371; and Ortellius, in his *Itinerarium Belgiæ*, gives the epitaph on his tomb there, and adds that he saw the accoutrements of his journey, which were preserved as relics. St. Alban's, however, also claimed the honour of his burial-place;

and Weever gives the following verses, which, he says, were written on a pillar in the Abbey of that town, admitting, at the same time, that he had seen the tomb at Liege, as described by Ortellius :

" All ye that passe by, on this pillar cast eye,
This epitaph read, if you can :
'Twill tell you a tombe once stood in this roome,
Of a brave spirited man ;

John Mandevil by name, a knight of great fame,
Born in this honoured towne :
Before him was none, that ever was knowne,
For travaile of so high renowne.

As the knights in the Temple, crosse-legged in marble,
In armour, with sword and with sheeld,
So was this knight grac't, which time hath defac't,
That nothing but ruines doth yeeld.

His travailes being donne, he shines like the sun
In heavenly Canaan,
To which blessed place, the Lord, of his grace,
Bring us all, man after man."

Mandeville's book is, in several points of view, a peculiarly interesting work. In the first place, no book can be without its value, which narrates a visit to the land

" Where saints did live and die,"

by an intelligent traveller, of devout, chivalric feelings, nearly five hundred years ago, when religious enthusiasm still glowed with its full summer heat in the breast of the European,—when the nations of the West had scarcely dispersed those armies which had long hung like clouds over the rival fortunes of the East,—when the thunders of the Vatican were still rolling against the Paynim hosts, the usurpers (as they were called) of the Holy Jerusalem, and the sepulchres of the saints,—when all Christendom dwelt with devout rapture on the recollection of visits to those spots where heaven itself had deigned to hold immediate converse with earth. Every spot was, to a sincere believer like Mandeville, truly " holy ground." Around him, on every hand, were the living footsteps of the Divine Presence. The very rocks seemed still to lament over the saints whose martyrdom they had witnessed. Here were the infant scenes of the human race, the dwelling-place of primæval innocence, the

abodes of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the kings of Israel. The whole face of the country; the wild desert, with its green spots thinly scattered, like islands, for the repose of the weary traveller; the Dead Sea; the sacred plains of Egypt; the Nile; the rivers of Paradise; the wild, romantic mode of life of the tribes that scoured over the face of the country; all combined to awaken associations of the deepest and most reverential order. The voice which echoes to us from such scenes as these, viewed with the feelings which agitated the bosom of a traveller like Mandeville, is calculated even yet to awaken some of the most powerful emotions of the heart; and make us cease to wonder, that we sometimes find the imagination getting the better of the understanding.

Besides this religious interest, the observations which we have already made on the state of geographical and scientific information, concerning foreign countries, will show the literary value of a book, which affords interesting details of the state of Asia, at so remote a period. But there is still another point of view, in which we mean to recommend the Travels of Sir John Mandeville to the consideration of our readers; we refer to what may be called their poetic interest. Less notice has actually been taken of this, than the subject deserves; when we reflect that the present, and similar works of less celebrity, had a very great influence in fixing, if not forming, much of the genius of the romantic poetry of the age, by reviving and giving the weight of living testimony to the materials for many of these fables. In the classic days of fiction, when the whole known world was nearly comprehended in the circle of states immediately surrounding the Mediterranean, the empire of mythology and fable was equally confined, and was usually placed near and immediately beyond the Pillars of Hercules; within were the enchanted isles of Circe, of Calypso, and the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis; the abodes of the Cyclops, and the herds of the cattle of the sun; beyond, were Elysium and Tartarus. In later times, the bounds of knowledge were gradually extended; and although the same poetic system retained its influence, it was obliged as gradually to remove its scene of enchantments and fiction, from post to post, till with the conquests of Alexander it reached the Indies, where new landmarks were erected by his hand, to denote the line of demarcation between the empires of substance and shade. When the progress of Christianity had expelled the old mythology, the elysium of the poet gave way to the scriptural title of Paradise. The old world had placed its scene of future existence beyond the Pillars of Hercules; the new system fixed its paradise beyond those of Alexander, in the East, where the four rivers seemed pointed out by holy writ for its boundaries; and thence-

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forward, this spot became the region of romance, the privileged scene of the wildest fancies. Alexander became the hero of the new circle of fiction, and his connection with Europe, and consequent commemoration in the sober annals of classic history, has alone prevented him from occupying as doubtful a position as Hercules, Bacchus, Odin, and the other worthies, whose lot it has been to meet only with the fabulous class of historians.

The history and exploits of this extraordinary man, whose sceptre, or rather sword, joined together, in compulsive union, the continents of Asia, Africa, and Europe, were indelibly impressed on the recollection of the nations over whom the deluge of conquest had swept, and necessarily formed a striking subject for the exercise of the imaginative powers. He was the connecting link between the grand divisions of the world, and not only overcame the obstructions of space, but forced even the old and new time into union, and became the medium of admixture between the mythology of each. The current fables concerning his progress through India, became the basis of succeeding romance. The tales of Strabo, Ctesias, and Pliny, of the ants as big as foxes that mined for gold—of the Cynocephali—of Pygmies—of the fountains which poured liquid gold, and a thousand other oriental extravagancies, were ample materials for invention and exaggeration. As early as the beginning of the third century, Julius Africanus had told the story of Mectanebus, the Egyptian king, the pretended father of the Macedonian monarch, which forms a leading feature in modern performances, even down to the Platt-Deutsch Volskbuch, which lies before us. Not long after, we find the conqueror's miraculous achievements moulded into an epic poem, in twenty-four books, by the poet Arrian. The Koran embodies many of the same legendary tales as circulating through Arabia: Abul Cassem Mansoor Ferdoosi sung them, in the tenth century, before Sultan Mahmood, in his Shah-namek, which avowedly borrows largely from the traditions of the Giaours or Guebres, among whom, therefore, probably the same stories were prevalent. In the following century, Simeon Seth made use of Persian materials to compile, under the assumed name of Callisthenes, a connected amplification of these wonders, in Greek, whence they passed to Europe, through the medium of Latin versions, of which La Croix, in his "*Examen Critique des Historiens d'Alexandre le Grand,*" numbers fourteen. Of these which all varied in many important particulars, the latest (that of 1489, entitled "*Historia Alexandri Magni de Prœliis*") was most known. Walther de Chatellon made the story the subject of a Latin epic, in 1180. Wolfrain of Eschenbach rhymed on the same subject, and in the same century, in German. Giraldus Cambrensis re-

fers to it, in 1190, and the principal part of these fictions were probably known in Europe, even before the æra of the real or fictitious Turpin, whose wonderful horn is but a copy of that which is always given to Alexander, in the eastern romances. The Arabians in Spain derived the same legends through other channels; and they very early formed a subject for poetic talent. The oldest and best specimen, perhaps, in any modern language of Europe, is the Spanish Epic or Chronicle usually attributed to Berceo, though by some ascribed to Alphonso the Wise. To this curious work of antiquity, (undoubtedly of the thirteenth century) we have already referred in a previous article: it embraces the birth, life, conquests, and death, of Alexander—carries him in the talons of a griffin through the air, and spreads out the world beneath him, as in a map or picture, which it likens to the body of a colossus; Asia being the trunk, Europe and Africa the feet, the holy cross the arms, and the sun and moon the eyes—it takes its hero to the antipodes, and the land of darkness, and shows him all the wonders of enchantment. He is, moreover, in the true Arabian taste, a philosopher, conjuror, and necromancer. The hidden secrets of nature and art are open to him—astronomy, mineralogy, botany, and alchymy, are his familiars—and a system of zoölogy for the middle ages might be compiled from the minute description it contains of foreign animals. Apelles, the painter, is a conspicuous character, and all this is combined with a most singular jumble of heathen and Christian mythology; one instance of which we may notice, in the assertion that the mother of Achilles retreated to a convent of Benedictine nuns.*

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* It may be not uninteresting to insert the following specimen of the poetical talent of this ancient writer, commencing at stanza 1788.

1788.—El mes era de Mayo ,un tiempo glorioso,
Quando facen las aves un solaz deleytoso,
Son vestidos los prados de vestido fremoso,
De sospiros la dueña, la que non ha esposo.

1789.—Tiempo dolce e sabroso por bastir casamientos,
Ca lo tempran las flores e los sabrosos vientos
Cantan las doncellejas, son muchas a convientos,
Facen unas a otras buenos pronunciamientos.

1790.—Caen en el verano las bonas rociadas,
Entran en flor las miesses, ca son ya espigadas,
Entonz casan algunos que pues messan las barbas,
Facen las dueñas triscas en camisas delgadas.

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These marvels became, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the subject of numberless romances, in almost every language of Europe: and we cannot but consider Mandeville as contributing in no small degree to direct attention to these

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1791.—Andan mozas è viejas cobiertas en amores;
Van coger por la siesta a los prados las flores,
Dicen unas a otras, bonos son los amores,
Y aquellos plus tiernos tienense por meiores.
1792.—Los dias son grandes, los campos reverdidos,
Son los passariellos del mal pelo exidos,
Los Tabanos que muerden non son aun vestidos,
Luchan los monagones en bragas sen vestidos.
1793.—El Rey Alexandro, con corpo acabado,
Al sabor del tiempo, que era bien temprado,
Fizo corte general, su corazon pagado:
Non fue varon in Persia que non fus y iuntado.

It was the month of May, in the bright and glorious spring,
When the birds in concert sweet on the budding branches sing;
When the meadows and the plains are rob'd in vesture green,
And the mateless lady sighs, despairing o'er the scene.

A gentle tempting time, for loving hearts to meet,
For the flow'rs are blossoming, and the winds are fresh and sweet;
And gather'd in a ring, the maidens wear away,
In mirthful talk and song, the blithe and sunny day.

Soft fall the gentle dews, an unfelt fresh'ning rain,
The corn puts forth the hope of harvests rich in grain;
The down-cheek'd stripling now is wedded to his love,
And ladies lightly clad, in bounding dances move.

For love o'er young and old, now holds its mightiest sway;
The Siesta's hour to grace, they pluck the field-flow'rs gay,
While each to other tells, how love is ever blest,
But the tenderest suit they own, is the happiest and the best.

The day is long and bright, the fields are green once more,
The birds have ceas'd to moult, and their mourning time is o'er,
No hornet yet appears, with sting of venom keen,
But the youths in wrestling strive, half naked on the green.

'Twas then that Alexander, of Persia conquering king,
Mov'd by the fragrant call of that delightful spring,
Throughout his wide domain proclaim'd a general court,
And not a lord o' the land but thither made resort.

topics, and to give an apparent reality to fiction, an actual locality to the land of the supernatural. It was as if one had risen from the dead. He appeared as the Ulysses of modern story, to vouch the truth and verity of the land of enchantment; to narrate as what he had seen and heard, in the countries where they were reported to have happened, the legends which had hung lightly on the credulous ear—he interwove supernatural marvels with the narrative of personal adventure, and then gave to the whole system that substantiality, without which it could never have fixed itself so deeply in the strong holds of popular belief. Paradise is described as particularly by the traveller, as in the romance; and one almost wonders not to find a map of its superficies: though the author is modest enough to abstain from drawing too largely on the credulity of his readers, by speaking of it from actual observation, either of himself or his friends.

"Of *Paradys* ne can not I speken propurly: for I was not there. It is fer beyonde; and that forthinkethe me: and also I was not worthi. But has I have herd seye of wyse men beyonde, I shalle telle you with gode wille. *Paradys terrestre*, as wise men seyn, is the highest place of Erthe, that is in alle the World: and it is so highe, that it touchethe nyghe to the cercle of the Mone, there as the Mone makethe hire torn. For sche is so highe, that the Flode of *Noe* ne myght not come to hire, that wolde have covered alle the Erthe of the World alle aboute, and aboven and benethen, saf *Paradys* on allone. And this *Paradys* is enclosed alle aboute with a Walle; and men wyte not whereof it is. For the Walls being covered alle over with Mosse; as it semethe. And it semethe not that the Walle is Ston of Nature. And that Walle strecchethe fro the Southe to the Northe; and it hathe not but on entree, that is closed with Fyre brennynge; so that no man, that is mortalle, ne dar not entren. And the moste highe place of *Parady*, evene in the myddel place, is a Welle, that castethe out the four Flodes, that rennen be dyverse Londes."

After describing the four "flodes," or rivers, he adds,

"And yee schulle undirstonde, that no man that is mortelle, ne may not approchen to that *Paradys*. For be Londe no man may go for wylde bestes, that ben in the Desertes, and for the highe Mountaynes and gret huge Roches, that no man may passe by, for the derke places that ben there, and that manye: And be the Ryveres may no man go; for the water rennethe so rudely and so sharply, because that it comethe doun so outrageously from the highe places aboven, that it rennethe in so grete Wawes, that no Schipp may not rowe ne seyle agenes it: and the Watre rorethe so, and makethe so huge noyse, and so gret tempest, that no man may here other in the Schipp, thoughe he cryede with alle the craft that he crowde, in the hyeste

voys that he myghte. Many grete Lordes han assayed with gret wille many tymes for to passen be tho Ryveres toward *Paradys,* with fulle grete Companynes: but thei myghte not speden in hire Viage; and manye dyeden for werynesse of rownynge agenst tho stronge Wawes; and many of hem becamen blynde, and many deve, for the noyse of the Water: and sume weren perisscht and loste, with inne the Wawes: So that no mortelle man may approche to that place, with outen specyalle grace of God: so that of that place I can seye you no more. And therfore I shalle holde me stille, and retornen to that that I have seen."

The " trees of the Sonne and of the Moune" are talked of by our countryman as being well known " to have spoken to King Alisandre, and warned him of his deth." He also celebrates " the derke regyoun where no man may see, nouther be day ne be nyght, as thei of the countrie seyn," and of the twenty-two kings whom (with the race of Gog and Magog commemorated in the *Koran*) Alexander pent up within the mountains, and, with the assistance of Almighty power, (" all were it so that he was a Payneme and not worthi to ben herde) surrounded with permanent ramparts. From this confinement they are only to escape by means of a fox, who, in the time of Antichrist, is to " myne an hole" just at the place where his majesty built gates to his inclosure, and, upon being chased by the rebellious spirits within, (who would doubtless be smitten with the charms of a fox hunt,) will run to the spot at which he entered, and thus lead the huntsmen (in the process of unearthing) to the gates, through which they may make good their escape.—The Golden Tree and singing birds—the Phœnix—Giants— Dwarfs—Griffins and Amazons — the Æthiopians, whose single foot serves the convenient office of a parasol during their siesta—all figure in nearly the same words in the travels as in the romances; and Mandeville, by the wide diffusion which his popularity gave to these tales, became not only the evidence, but the apostle and missionary of the mythology, founded upon them.—" Faerie," of the genuine oriental cast, does not often occur; we do not recollect any other instance in which it appears so decidedly, as in the following tale of the *Sparrow Hawk,* which is, we believe, taken from *John of Arras's History of Melusine.* We shall quote here from the French edition, as a specimen of our author's composition in that language.

" De Trespesonde on va par Herminie la petite qui veult: en ce pays a ung chasteau ancien dont les murs sont couvers de edron que nous appellons plomb et si siste sur une roche et l'appelle le chasteau de l'esprevier, siste oultre la cite de Laians pres de la cite de Versibe qui

est au seigneur de Tarbe* qui est moult riche hóme et loyal chrestien. En ce chasteau ya ung esprevier moult beau sur une perche: et ya une belle dame de Faire qui le garde; et dit on que qui vouldroit veiller celuy espervier sept jours et sept nuyts; les autres dict troys jours et troys nuyts sans compaignie et sans dormir; apres quil auroit veille la dame viendroit a luy et luy donneroit tel souhait quil vouldroit souhaiter es choses terriennes; et a este souvent esprouve; et mesmement ung roy d'Armenie qui estoit vaillant home; et il veilla, et quant il eut veille, la dame vint a luy et luy dist quil souhaitast et quil avoit bien fait son devoir; et incontinent le roy respondit quil estoit assez grant seigneur et avoit assez des biens; et quil ne vouloit aultre don que la dame lavoit a sa voulente. Et la dame luy respondit quil ne scavoit ce quil demadoit, et quil demandast et quil ne la pouvoit avoir, et quil devoit demander chose terrienne, et quelle ne estoyt pas terrienne, mais spirituelle. Et le roy luy respondit quil ne vouloit aultre chose; et la dame dist, Puisque aultrement ne vous puis retraire de votre fol courage je vous fais don sans souhaiter, et a ceulx qui de vous descendront; que vous aurez guerre sans fin, jusques au neufiesme degre serez en subiection de vos ennemys; et despuis na eu roy en Armenie qui ait eu plante de biens; et despuis out tousiours estes au tribut des Sarrazins. Itez le filz dung pouvre homme y veilla et souhaita quil peust estre vertueulx en marchandises; et la dame lui oltroya ce quil demanda, et si devint le plus riche et le plus puissant homme qui fust en mer ne en terre; et fut plus riche au souhaiter que le roy. Itè ung chevalier du temple veilla et souhaita davoir tousiours une bource toute plaine dor; et elle luy ottroya; et luy dist quil avoit demande sa destruction et sa danation sil ny mettoit remede; et se garde de dormir, et qui y veille, car sil dort il est perdu et nen reviendra jamais; et nest pas le droit chemin pour aller es parties que jay icy devant nommes, mais je les metz icy dedans pour ceulx vouldroyent ouyr ses merveilles," &c.

Some of the incidents recorded in these travels may, however, be traced in the subsequent fairy tales of the European school. *Fortunatus* seems to us to have very probably owed its origin, to the taste inspired by the publication of a connected series of marvels, related, like those before us, in a popular form.

The excessive popularity of our traveller was not fated to be of long duration—Reason ere long asserted her empire—Theology became too pure to tolerate the admixture of Christian and Pagan wonders—Classic authorities began to be consulted and compared with modern researches—Men sought, in

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* In the English work, these names read thus—" the Cytee of Layays, beside the Towne of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the Lordschipe of Cruk"—this may serve as a specimen of the correctness with which the different transcripts and versions were made.

the works of travellers, for geographic and scientific information, not for the rehearsal of fables; to which they had learnt to attach the degree of consideration which they deserved; and when so great a proportion of a work like this appeared to be founded on a credulous echo of what was now acknowledged falsehood, a general cry of wilful fraud was raised against our author and his contemporaries of the same stamp. The accusation was, in a great measure, unjust, and founded on a total misconception of the principles and motives of the writer. Making his book rather a progressive description of the lands through which he passed, than a narrative of personal experiences, he adds, from the accounts of others, as he expressly declares in the beginning of his book, the current stories then received for truth about each country, as explanatory and illustrative of his subject; and to most of these tales he doubtless gave implicit credence: but what is not of the marvellous cast, what he himself saw and tells in the straightforward course of his narrative, he generally describes accurately and judiciously—his authority is then weighty and his testimony true. What he tells of the Holy Land, for instance, is minutely correct, and confirmed by the report of Broccardus, who preceded him, and by other cotemporary travellers. Many instances might be produced of striking coincidences between Mandeville and the accounts of other writers of the age, and this confirms his assertion, that he consulted their works in the composition of his own book. Marco Polo had gone over much of the same country nearly half a century before. His narrative of what he saw of manners and customs, as well as of his personal adventures, is simple, and bears the stamp of truth. Mandeville's accounts of the old man who made a "Paradys" on a mountain, in which, by all sorts of enticements, he sought to seduce strangers into serving his purposes of secret assassination,—of the tomb of St. Thomas,—of the general customs of the Tartars,—and the court of the great Chan,—remarkably agree with the story of Marco Polo, who also bears testimony to Prester John. The fabulous parts of each also often concur. Marco Polo tells of the men with tails,—of Gog and Magog,—of the tree of life, whose leaves are green above and white beneath,—and of the islands beyond Madagascar, where the wonderful bird is to be found which can carry an elephant through the air. Mandeville seems also to have been acquainted with Hayton, for his account of the origin of the Tartar monarchy perfectly agrees with that author's. So also does his history of the Egyptian dynasty of Sultans—of the dethroning, by Mango Chan, of the Chalif of "Baldak" [Bagdad] and his death by starvation, in the midst of a sumptuous feast of "precyous stones, ryche perles, and tresour"—and of the province of

Georgia, called Hanyson, three days' journey round, which " is alle covered with derkness, and withouten ony brightnesse or light," though " men witen well that men dwellen therein, but thei know not what men."

Much, however, rested on the single and unsupported authority of Mandeville, which later discoveries and inquiries have abundantly confirmed, although, for a long time, they might have ranked with Marco Polo's account of the stones used for fuel. He notices the cultivation of pepper—the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands—the trees which bear wool, of which clothing is made—the carrier pigeons—the gymnosophists—the Chinese predilection for small feet—the variety, &c. of diamonds—the artificial egg hatching in Egypt—the balsam trade—the south pole stars and other astronomical appearances, from which he argues for the spherical form of the earth—the crocodile—the hippopotamus—the giraffe—the rattle snake, and many other singular productions of nature. He describes, with spirit and discernment, the manners of the Chan's court, whose claims we shall beg leave here to record, to a very early discovery of the use of an unconvertible paper currency, which enabled him to dispose of his bullion for other purposes.

" This Emperour may dispenden als moche as he will, with outen estymacioun. For he despendethe not, ne makethe no money, but of lether emprented, or of papyre. And of that moneye, is som of gretter prys, and some of lasse prys, aftre the dyversitee of his statutes. And when that moneye hathe ronne so longe, that it begynnethe to waste, than men beren it to the Emperoure's tresorye: and than thei taken newe moneye for the olde. And that money gothe thorghe out alle the contree, and thorghe out alle his provynces. For there and beyonde hem, thei make no moneye nouther of gold nor of sylver. And therfore he may despende ynow, and outrageousiy. And of gold and sylver, that men beren in his contree, he makethe cylours, pyleres and paumentes in his palays, and other dyverse thinges, what him lykethe."

One would almost fancy, that he had seen or, at least, heard of a sort of *mirage,* or that appearance which is often observed by those who ascend Vesuvius;

" And withen well that in that contrie (Silha, or Ceylon) and in othere isles there abouten, the see is so highe, that it seemeth as though it henge at the clowdes, and that it wolde covere all the world. And that is gret marvaylle, that it myghte be so, saf only the wille of God, that the eyr susteynethe it. *And therefore seyth David in the Psautere, Mirabiles elationes Maris.*"

We have often thought, that the comparative toleration of each other by the rival faiths, in and about the time of the Cru-

sades, might not only be of some interest as mere matter of research, but as bearing upon the comparative progress of the contending parties in civilization. We are very much inclined to fear the balance would greatly preponderate in favor of the Mussulman, whose valor was comparatively little tinctured with savage bigotry, and was nearly, if not altogether, political, and confined to resisting attacks upon his empire. We find no Mahometan revelling in rapture, like the European chronicler, at the blood and slaughter of his opponents: far less were they disgraced by such atrocious orgies as the romance of *Cœur de Lion* records, when it describes Richard's banquet on a "Saracen young and fat."

Christian history has recorded the benevolent conduct of Camel, Sultan of Cairo, (who, when the army of Pelagius, after committing the most horrible and cool-blooded massacre, was in his power, shed tears of pity over it, and opened his granaries to its relief,) and the equally noble conduct of his successor, to St. Louis. We are not, therefore, surprised to find that Mandeville, after all the political and religious animosity which so many outrages might be supposed to have engendered, no where, in the course of his long journey through the very scene of the war, complains of any ill usage on the part of the Mussulman powers, either towards himself or their Christian subjects. On the contrary, though every where avowing his faith, and refusing all temptations to abandon it, we find him received with that honor and attention which it would certainly have been very hazardous for any paynim adventurer to look for in Europe. He particularly tells us of the many Christian sects who, for all that appears, dwelt peaceably under Saracen dominion, and were certainly indulged in greater latitude of opinion than was likely to have been allowed them in any country, even of their Christian brethren in the west. He is himself (though glorying on all occasions in his own belief) candid to others, and in no respect partaking of the exclusive spirit of a much later age.

"And yee schulle undirstonde, that of alle theise contrees, and of alle theise yles, and of all the dyverse folk, that I have spoken of before, and of dyverse lawes, and of dyverse beleeves that thei han; yit is there non of hem alle, but that thei han sum resoun within hem and understondinge, but gif it be the fewere: and that han certeyn articles of oure feithe and sume gode poyntes of our beleeve: and that thei beleeven in God, that formede alle thinges and made the world; and clepen him God of Nature, aftre that the Prophete seythe, *Et metuent eum omnes fines terræ:* and also in another place, *Omnes gentes servient ei:* that is to seyn, alle folk schalle serven him. But yit thei cone not speken perfytly; (for there is no man to techen hem) but only that thei cone devyse be hire naturelle wytte. For thei han

no knouleche of the Sone, ne of the Holy Gost: but thei cone alle speken of the Bible: and namely of Genesis, of the Prophete's lawes, and of the Bokes of Moyses. And thei seyn wel, that the creatures, that thei worschipen, ne ben no Goddes: but thei worschipen hem, for the vertue that is in hem, that may not be, but only be the grace of God. And of Simulacres, and of Ydoles, thei seyn, that there ben no folk, but that thei han Simulacres; and that thei seyn, for we Cristene men han ymages, as of oure Lady, and of othere Seyntes, that wee worschipen; not the Ymages of tree or of ston, but the Seyntes, in whoos name thei ben made aftre. For righte as the bokes of the Scripture of hem techen the Clerkes, how and in what manere thei schulle beleeven, ryghte so the ymages and the peyntynges techen the lewed folk to worschipen the Seyntes, and to have hem in hire mynde; in whoos name that the ymages ben made aftre. Thei seyn also, that the Aungeles of God speken to hem in the Ydoles, and that thei don manye great myracles. And that thei seyn sothe, that there is an Aungele within hem: for there ben 2 maner of Aungeles, a gode and an evelle; as the Grekes seyn, Cacho and Calo; this Cacho is the wykked Aungelle, and Calo is the gode Aungelle: but the tother is not the gode Aungelle but the wykked Aungelle, that is withinne the Ydoles, for to disceyven hem, and for to meyntenen hem in hire errour."

The account which he gives of the Mahometan faith is fair —he bears testimony to the superiority of their moral conduct; and the anecdotes which follow, concerning his patron the Sultan of Egypt, do honor to that monarch as a worthy successor of the merciful opponents of Pelagius and St. Louis, and place his political sagacity and activity in a striking point of view.

"And therfore I schalle telle you what the Soudan tolde me upon a day, in his chambre. He leet voyden out of his chambre alle maner of men, lordes and othere; for he wolde speke with me in conseille. And there he askede me, how the Cristene men governed hem in oure contree. And I seyde him, righte wel, thonked be God. And he seyde me, treulyche, nay: for yee Christene men ne recthen righte noghte how untrewly to serve God. Ye scholde geven ensample to the lewed peple, for to do wel: and yee geven hem ensample to don evylle. For the Comownes, upon festyfulle dayes, whan thei scholden gon to chirche to serve God, than gon thei to tavernes, and ben there in glottony alle the day and all nyghte, and eten and drynken, as bestes that have no resoun, and wite not whan thei have ynow. And there with alle thei ben so proude, that thei knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now schort, now streyt, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manere gyses. They scholden ben symple, meke and trewe, and full of almesdede, as Jhesu was, in whom thei trowe: but thei ben alle the contrarie, and evere enclyned to the evylle, and to don evylle. And thei ben so coveytous, that for a lytylle sylver thei sellen here doughters, here susters, and here own wyfes, to putten hem to leccherie. And on withdrawethe the wyf of

another: and non of hem holdethe feythe to another: but thei defoulen here lawe, that Jhesu Crist betook hem keep, for here salvacioun. And thus for here synnes, han thei lost alle this lond, that wee holden. For, for hire synnes here God hathe taken hem in to oure hondes, noghte only be strengthe of our self, but for here synnes. For wee knowen wel in verry sothe, that whan yee serve God, God wil helpe you: and whan he is with you, no man may be agenst you. And that knowe wee wel, be oure prophecyes, that Cristene men schulle wynnen agen this lond out of our hondes, whan thei serven God more devoutly. But als long als thei ben of foule and of unclene lyvynge, (as thei ben now) wee have no drede of hem, in no kynde: for here God wil not helpen hem in no wise. And than I asked him how he knew the state of Cristene men. And he answerde me, that he knew alle the state of the Comounes also, be his messangeres, that he sent to alle londes, in manere as thei weren marchauntes of precyous stones, of clothes of golde, and of othere thinges, for to knowen the manere of every contree amonges Cristene men. And than he leet clepe in alle the Lordes, that he made voyden first out of his chambre; and there he schewed me four that weren grete Lordes in the contree, that tolden me of my contree, and of many othere Cristerne contrees, als wel as thei had ben of the same contree; and thei spak Frensche righte wel; and the Sowdan also, whereof I had gret marvaylle. Allas! that it is gret sclaundre to oure feythe and to oure lawes, when folk that ben withouten lawe schulle reproven us, and undernemen us of our synnes. And thei that scholden ben converted to Crist and to the lawe of Jhesu, be oure gode ensamples and be oure acceptable lif to God, and so converted to the lawe of Jhesu Crist, ben thorghe oure wykkednesse and evylle lyvynge, fer fro us; and straungers fro the holy and verry beleeve, schulle thus appelen us and holden us for wykkede lyveres and cursed. And treuly thei sey sothe. For the Sarazines ben gode and feythfulle. For thei keepen entierly the comaundement of the holy book Alkaron, that God sent hem be his messager Machomet; to the whiche, as they seyne, seynt Gabrielle the Aungel often tyme tolde the wille of God."

The versions and editions of Mandeville's book are very various, and unequal in execution. It has been printed in all countries as a popular, or as the Germans call it a "folks," book; and of course many of such editions are excessively inaccurate and mutilated.

The one from which our quotations have been made is the English version of 1727, which purports to be printed from "A MS. in the Cottonian Library, (Titus c. XVI.) then about three hundred years of age, and collated with seven MSS., some near as old as the author's time, and from old printed editions." From this book we have not hesitated to make such extracts as the elucidation of our remarks required, (though sometimes going to rather an inconvenient length) when we considered that its language is exceedingly curious, as illustrating the progress of the English tongue in, as is supposed, its earliest prose work.

Of the original composition of the work, our author says:—"And yee schulle undirstonde that I have put this boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it agen out of Frensche into Englyssche, that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it." The French translation, printed at Lyons (without date) by Barnabe Chaussart, of which we have already given a specimen, is not an uncommon book, though very curious, particularly on account of the strange cuts by which it is embellished. At the end are the following lines; from which it appears as if, even in his own time, all our author's narrations were not received as Gospel, notwithstanding the testimony of the Pope and his Cardinals.

"Son me donne peu de louange
Et quon me appelle mensongier
Pourceque mon livre est estrange,
Il ne men chault a brief parler,
Qui ne men croit y peult aller
Ou jay este pour en scavoir,
Et la verite carculer,
Et il dira que je dis voir."

In Italian there are several editions, under various titles: the earliest, we believe, is that of Milan, 1480. A German translation, by Otto von Demeringen, appeared in 1483, and a subsequent imperfect version was published in 1609.

In most of these editions the author has been grievously misused, particularly in the orthography of the names of places; and we should much rejoice to see the correction of the text, and the illustration of his geography and narrative, fall into as able hands as the work of his predecessor, Marco Polo. The literature of the middle ages has scarcely a more entertaining and interesting subject; and to an Englishman it is doubly valuable, as establishing the title of his country to claim as its own the first example of the liberal and independent gentleman, travelling over the world in the disinterested pursuit of knowledge; unsullied in his reputation; honored and respected wherever he went for his talents and personal accomplishments; and, (in the words of the faithful panegyric inscribed on his tomb)

"Moribus, ingenio, candore & sanguine clarus."

ART. VI.—*Libro chiamato La Spagna. Qual tratta gli gran fatti et le mirabil battaglie che fece il magnanimo Re* Carlo Magno *nelle parti della Spagna. Nouamente stampato, & con diligentia ricorretto. In Venetia, appresso Agostin Zoppini & Nepoti.* 1599. 8vo.

We have selected a very curious and a very interesting work for the commencement of a series of articles, which we hope, from time to time, to continue, on Italian Literature, and especially on the early Italian Romances.

From the title, it appears, that it relates to the enterprize of Charlemaine and his Paladins against the Moors in Spain; and our readers may judge of the value and rarity of the work, when we state, that it is, in all probability, the earliest Italian poem on that subject, preceding, not merely Ariosto, but Boiardo and Pulci, and all the many anonymous productions of the close of the fifteenth, and of the opening of the sixteenth centuries.* The edition we have used is dated as late as 1599, and is considered one of the best; but all are of most rare occurrence, both in this country and on the continent. Brunet, the French bibliographer, is decidedly of opinion, that it was first printed before 1500; while Blankenburg, in his "*Zusatze zu I. G. Sultzer's Allgemeiner Theorie der Schönen Künste*," says, that it was first published at Milan, in 1518; and afterwards at Venice in 1568 and 1610; its earliest title being, "*Questa si e la Spagna historiata. Incommincia el libro volgare dicto la Spagna in quarante cantare diviso.*" We have found no precise notice of it by Tiraboschi, Guingené, or Sismondi. We mention these particulars, not because they are important in any point of view, but merely to shew the rarity of the production.

Blankenburg places it among anonymous pieces; but the name of the author, Sostegno di Zinabi of Florence, is given in the last stanza of the poem: regarding him, or his other works, we have been able to discover no particulars. This is the more to be regretted, as his romance of "*La Spagna*" is a poem of much invention, and of great poetical merit, even independently of the allowances that ought to be made for the age in which it

* It is supposed to have preceded even the following, printed at Venice as early as 1476:—"*Altobello e Re Troiano suo Fratello, Histor: nella qual se leze li gran facti di Carlo Magno et di Orlando suo Nipote.*"

was written. The style throughout is simple and unaffected, without inflation, yet, in the descriptions and in many of the speeches, vigorous and characteristic. In our translations, we have endeavoured to give correctly the spirit and energy of the original, in that style of English poetry which best becomes such a romantic subject, and which, of late years, by the study of our elder writers, has been rendered more familiar. The original is in the *octave rhime* of Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, &c., and we have adopted the same construction.

It was our intention to have introduced the poem by some historical details and remarks upon romances, and especially upon those of Italy; but we find that our quotations of the more important and interesting passages have unavoidably run to so great a length, that we have been obliged to omit and postpone this part of the subject. We shall, therefore, proceed to the production itself without more delay.

Every body knows that Boiardo and Ariosto followed commonly the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, and both repeatedly make their acknowledgments to him:

> "*Turpin lo scrive, e per vero l'accerta*
> *Ch'ogni ala è dieci braccia essendo aperta.*"
>
> *Boiardo, O. I. l.* 1. *c.* 13.

But Sostegno di Zinabi no where mentions such a Chronicle; and, indeed, it would be very singular if he did, for, according to him, the valiant Archbishop falls with the Paladins at Roncesvalles. There can be little question, however, that he resorted to some authority of the kind,* although he varies almost all the principal incidents of Turpin. Sismondi (*Litt. du Midi*, I. 289) says, that Turpin's Chronicle is not to be considered a romance of chivalry, because "*il y faudrait des femmes et de l'amour, et jamais il n'y est question ni des unes ni de l'autre:*" the poem before us, according to this definition, is a romance of chivalry, for love and women are both introduced: indeed the war against Spain is commenced by the Emperor Charlemaine, in consequence of the marriage of Orlando with Alda, or Aldabella, the sister of Oliver; but of this we shall speak again presently.

One great internal proof of the antiquity of the production is to be found at the commencement of the cantos: they all begin, without an exception, by an address, or a sort of dedi-

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* He now and then alludes to an author as furnishing him with some particulars; but he does not give his name.

cation, to God, to the Saviour, or to the Virgin Mary, sometimes in two, but commonly in one stanza: the following may be taken as an example:

"Oh blessed Mary, Virgin glorious pure,
Of wretched sinners the repose and trust,
Of our salvation the true way and sure;
Mother of Jesus, humble as the dust,
Grant me thy grace, and let it so endure,
That I may tell in seemly order just
This noble story as I now pursue it,
That all men with delight may listen to it."

There are also often introduced lines to the audience, intreating their patience or attention at particular parts of the narrative:

"*Signori e bona gente ch'a udire*," &c.

these, however, are generally little needed, for the interest is well sustained through the whole forty cantos, (of about fifty stanzas each), of which the production consists.

The Emperor Charles, having determined on a war against the Moors of Spain, summons his peers and allies to Paris on Christmas day; and they accordingly assemble from all quarters:

"Charles, when his valiant peers and knights he saw,
Thus inly said, 'Well may I gratulate
Myself that I am king, and give the law
To all who own the faith the Pagans hate!
Each to the field his warlike powers can draw,
And as companions on my fortunes wait.'
Then rising from his throne, aloud he spake,
As now you all shall hear, if heed you take.

'Well know you, peers, and have good cause to know,
That Christendom beneath my sway is brought:
I have no son, nor now can hope it so;
Deeply and often, therefore, have I thought
To whom my kingdom at my death should go.
I have no kinsman, save Orlando: nought
Has he, a royal issue to maintain,
If first he be not made the king of Spain.

'I promis'd, when he married Alda late,
That she with Spain's brave kingdom should be crown'd;

Therefore, my noble peers, without debate,
(More bold and puissant than on earth are found,)
To overthrow the cursed Pagan state,
Let all your forces with my own be bound;
To crown Orlando, as ye know I vow'd,
The king of Spain, his claim by all allow'd.'"

Salomon of Britain, Gan of Pontiers, Oliver of Vienna, Ogier le Danois, and the rest, all swear to lend their utmost aid in the enterprise. Orlando is then despatched to Rome, where he obtains the blessing of his holiness the Pope, and returns with the style of Champion of the Church. In the mean time Marsilio, Moorish King of Spain, who holds his court at Saragossa, collects forces from Persia, Alexandria, Syria, and Africa, to resist the invasion of the Christians. Among the allies of Charlemaine, we find the King of Scotland, the son of the King of England, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, with many more, besides his own twelve Paladins. The description of their arrival, with their armed powers, at Paris, is striking and poetical.

"I have nor skill nor language to relate
Ev'ry brave nation's rich accoutrement,
That flock'd to Paris in such gorgeous state;
A sight that wond'ring eyes might well content:
The very steeds were trapp'd in gold and plate,
Curvetting proudly 'neath their ornament;
While helms and shields, with pearls and pierry bright,
Cast back to heav'n an ever-varying light.

High overhead were ensigns broad display'd
Of lordly barons, dukes, and peers of fame,
That here and there uncertain partial shade
Spread o'er the sunny host to court that came.
These must I leave, of such a task afraid;
And more befits that now my song I frame,
To shew how Charlemaine made first advance
T'wards his fierce foe with all his püissance."

His army sits down before Lazera, a strong city of Navarre. Here we are introduced to the Pagan hero, Ferrau, who afterwards made so conspicuous a figure in Boiardo and Ariosto. He resolves to challenge Orlando to single combat, and his fond mother endeavours in vain to dissuade him. Charles orders Astolfo to meet him; but he being overthrown, and led prisoner into Lazera, Danois goes out to avenge his fate: he is also overcome, as well as Walter Montlion, Oliver, Otto, Gan, and seve-

ral others, who follow Astolfo. At length the taunts of Ferrau draw Orlando to the field; and at night-fall neither party could be said to have the advantage: they promise to renew the fight next morning; and on returning within the walls, Ferrau rises in our esteem by his noble treatment of his illustrious prisoners, justifying the exclamation of Ariosto on a different occasion:

> " *O gran bontà de' cavalieri antichi*
> *Eran rivali, eran di fe diversi,*" &c.
> *Orlando Furioso, Canto I.*

which Spenser translated into his Fairy Queen. Next morning Ferrau is unhorsed.

> " But when Orlando saw him on the ground,
> He quickly from his lofty steed alighted:
> ' By my true faith, (he said,) thou hast not found
> A foe at thy unlucky chance delighted.
> I'll fight with thee on foot: there can redound,
> In terms unequal, fame to no one knighted.'
> Then, sword in hand, on foot they both address
> Themselves to battle—furious, pitiless."

The second day closing as the first, on the third they meet again on horseback:

> " Each knight embraces firm his levell'd lance,
> And fixes steadily in saddle-seat,
> Then at full speed impetuously advance,
> And on their echoing shields their weapons meet:
> Ne'er rushes arrow through the air's expanse
> With progress half so certain or so fleet;
> Ne'er starts the barbed dart from cross-bow string
> With half the vigour they together spring."

Ferrau, after a desperate struggle, is mortally wounded; and, before he dies,* begs Orlando to baptize him. The Paladin fetches water in his helmet, and complies; while the soul of the converted Pagan is seen by Charles and his host, at a distance, to ascend between two angels. The Emperor accordingly concludes that his nephew has fallen, but is soon undeceived. Orlando then puts on the helmet and armour of Ferrau; and thus disguised obtains entrance into Lazera, where he visits the Christian prisoners, and threatening and promising them

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* Boiardo represents Ferrau as invulnerable, excepting in one part of his side.

in the Moorish tongue, in vain tempts their fidelity to the Emperor. This incident is not ill-contrived, though given, perhaps, in too much detail. The Pagans, in the mean time, mistake the dead body of Ferrau for that of Orlando. The prisoners, by the aid and advice of Orlando who at last discloses himself, contrive their escape:

"Said Count Orlando, 'Now be silent all,
And let not the vile Pagans overhear.
Your ready armour hangs within a hall,
Not to deceive you, * which this place is near.
Then weighty Durlindana † he let fall
Upon the gate, and striking, loud and clear,
'Pagans, (he cried,) know that Ferrau is dead!'
And from the chamber all the pris'ners led.

Into the hall the Count Orlando broke,
And found the armour of the barons there:
Each one his own with speed and courage took;
More swift than pards or lions they prepare.
Then, as Orlando bade them, they forsook
The palace high, and straight descended where
The body of Ferrau, in rueful state,
Was laid unheeded at the entrance gate."

While the peers are harnessing themselves, Orlando hastens to the loftiest tower; and there upon his lance, to the army of Charlemaine, displays his emblazoned surcoat, thereby denoting that he, Astolfo, and the rest, are safe:

"Upon the lofty tower he far could see
The sprinkling tents of valiant Charlemaine:
Orlando rais'd his pennon, waving free,
That could be well beheld upon the plain.
Long time upon the friendly host with glee
His eyes were fix'd—he look'd and look'd again:
At length he satisfied his greedy sight,
And swift descended from the turret's height."

The above is the last stanza but one of a Canto which ends in the following strain of simplicity almost amounting to the ludicrous, but at the same time very characteristic of the time and author:

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* "*A non mentire.*" Chaucer frequently says, "I will not lie."
† His sword, so named.

" Here, gentle lordings, I this tale suspend :
To drink and to refresh me I must close ;
And if you be too weary to attend,
You may meanwhile, if so you please, repose.
Hereafter, at your leisure, I will end
This noble story of the Christian's foes,
And shew how Lazera by Charles was taken :—
By Christ's defence may we be ne'er forsaken."

The original of the four first lines is worth quoting :

" *Signori io vò finir questo cantare,*
E ire a bere, e rinfrescarmi alquanto :
E se voi stanchi fussi d'ascoltare,
Si vi potrete riposar in tanto."

There is a great reality about this ; and it is not impossible that the poem was at first recited, or intended for recitation, in the same way as Chaucer's " *Troilus and Cresseide,*" and many other old productions of the same class in our own language. We may observe here also, that a Canto is seldom terminated without some prayer or religious allusion.

Lazera is taken by assault, Orlando and the Paladins lending their aid within the walls. After an unsuccessful embassy from Marsilio, the Christians march against Pampeluna, defended by King Mazarigi and his son Isolieri. Charles remains seven years under its walls ; and at length builds a wooden castle, or tower, overlooking them, from which to assail the enemy : its effects are thus vigorously described :

" Now from the tower the Christians 'gan to throw
Spears, shafts, and arrows, dealing wounds and death
Among the Pagans on the walls below ;
Crying, ' Long live the holy Christian faith,
And long live Charles, its foes to overthrow :
Long live the Church !' they cry, till out of breath :
' Perish Marsilio, and all those who set
Their trust and strength in cursed Mahomet !'

Within, without, loud instruments resound,
Serpents and clarions, barbarous harmony ;
The shouts of Christians by the Moors were drown'd :
The trampling troops of rattling chivalry
Appear'd to sweep in silence o'er the ground
Amid the din of arms confusedly :
Darts, lances, stones, on every side assail ;
And fall as thick as storm of pelting hail.

This tower is ultimately destroyed, with five hundred knights upon it. We now arrive at a very singular and prominent event in the story. Orlando, without the knowledge or consent of his uncle, orders an assault of Pampeluna, in which he fails, and in which Samson of Picardy, a great favourite with Charles, and five hundred more, are slain. The Emperor is highly incensed at this disaster; and when Orlando returns, losing all command of his temper, he strikes him on the face;

> " *E tre gioccie* di sangue gli usci*
> *Di naso a Orlando.*"

This is unquestionably a most unheroic incident; and it may seem strange, to those unacquainted with the manners of the age when the poem was written, that even a blow should have been inflicted, much less that the Emperor should give his nephew, literally, a bloody nose. The indignation of Orlando is thus related:

> " Orlando felt the blow, but not the pain;
> The pain was nothing: his resentful rage
> Against his monarch he could not restrain;
> And while he strove his sword to disengage,
> Sprang forward to the wrathful Charlemaine,
> To slay him there; but that old leader sage,
> Duke Namus, and the vigorous Danish lord,
> Grasp'd the wild arm that held the vengeful sword."

Orlando, like Achilles, withdraws in disgust to his tent, and afterwards from the camp. Under the name of Leonagio, he passes in disguise through the country of the Moors, and finally embarks for the East. After many difficulties, narrated in the most unaffected style, he obtains employment; and his first adventure is to overcome Amastante, and thus deliver a beautiful young damsel from a marriage with an old man. She presents the Paladin with a splendid suit of armour; and among it,

> " A glittering surcoat, skilfully ywrought
> With gold and precious stones, that daz'd the eyes:
> This with a face so beautiful she brought,
> Her look seem'd caught from early paradise."

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* Throughout, we have found some difficulties, in consequence of the numerous misprints occurring, and the obsolete and strangely spelt words employed. We have availed ourselves of no other dictionary than that of John Florio. London, 1611.

The last line will remind the reader of, perhaps, the prettiest passage in the late tragedy of *Mirandola*. Orlando, for his services, in time is appointed commander of all the armies of the Soldan of Lamecho, being considered a Mahometan; and in the course of his wars, he lays siege to Jerusalem. At this period of the history, we learn that Alda, the wife of Orlando, informed of his long absence from the camp of Charlemaine, and in terror for his safety, had despatched his cousin Hugo, (a boy, when the Spanish war was undertaken,) with a large troop of followers, in search of him. They arrive at Jerusalem just before Orlando attacks it; and they agree to aid King Machidante in defence of the holy city. In a conflict under the walls, Orlando and Hugo encounter: the former, seeing that he is a Christian, asks Hugo his name and parentage:

" ' I am, by blood, the cousin,' he replied,
Of Count Orlando, nephew to our King,
Whom I have sought long time, both far and wide,
Yet tidings of him met with none to bring."
Orlando fear'd this tale some fraud might hide,
And answer'd thus to Hugo's questioning:
' If what thou tell'st me now, indeed, be true,
Thy search in vain thou further would'st pursue.

' Since I Orlando slew a year is past:—
Behold the sword of that unhappy chief!
If proof thou askest, here the proof thou hast,
And wise it were to yield the truth belief.'
Brave Hugo knew the weapon, and full fast
Spurr'd t'wards Orlando in despight and grief,
With sword in hand, and cried in bitterest hate,
' On thee will I revenge Orlando's fate!'

For nought he stay'd, and on the helmet smote,
But sever'd not the bright resisting steel.
Orlando struck him on his mailed coat
So gently, Hugo scarce the blow could feel;
Then bending o'er his saddle bow to note
His ireful mood, most playfully did deal
With his dear foe, who in his stirrups rose,
And on Orlando's casque dealt vengeful blows.

Still the firm helmet every stroke resisted,
Without impression on the surface made:
The Paladin return'd them as he listed,
Of injuring his cousin most afraid;
And oft amid the conflict he desisted,
To think how welcome truth might be bewray'd

To Hugo only, from the rest conceal'd.
At last he feign'd to yield, and quit the field.

"Swift at his heels the wrathful Hugo flies,
To keep his vantage when his foe gave place:
But when Orlando, not more bold than wise,
Saw themselves only in an open space,
As fresh as rose in May to Hugo's eyes,
He rais'd the vizor that conceal'd his face,
And said 'I ween, we long enough have fought,
Behold Orlando, whom till now you sought!'

"So great was Hugo's wonder and delight,
In the clear truth he scarcely could believe:
Raising his helm, a scrutinizing sight
He bent on him who could so far deceive,
Then in his arms he snatch'd the long-lost knight.
Orlando cried, 'the Pagans will perceive
How near we stand—keep therefore more aloof,
Or dearly we aby our friendship's proof.'"

This is a very pleasant incident, managed with ingenuity, and told with an agreeable mixture of pathos and playfulness. The result is, that the Soldan is victorious, and entering Jerusalem, makes rather a sudden determination to become a Christian: what is more surprising is, that his whole army follows his example, so that Orlando and Hugo, have a great deal to do in performing the ceremony of baptism; but they dismiss it in rather a wholesale way. By the persuasion of Hugo, Orlando consents to return to his uncle Charlemaine, and they are accompanied by Sansonet (son of the Soldan, and afterwards a Paladin) and Pilagi, another converted Pagan. They are, however, soon nearly deprived of the latter in a singular manner; for, all four crossing a deep river on horseback, Pilagi being in some danger, thoughtlessly calls upon Mahoun, or Mahomet for aid: the new proselyte is immediately plunged over head and ears: he is soon afterwards killed by a giant, whom he encounters. Orlando hears of the safety of Alda from a hermit, and magician, and finding that Charles in despondency is about to raise the siege of Pampeluna, he hastens thither. The emperor is informed of his approach, and rides out to meet him: Orlando, at sight of his uncle, leaped from his horse, and embraced his knees.

"Then Charlemaine with fondest reverence,
Stooping, Orlando's open forehead kiss'd;
The generous Count with love not less intense,
His Uncle's greeting strove not to resist.

With joyful cheer then rode the peerage thence,
To th' emperor's high pavilion, as they list,
And seated there, as they were wont of old,
The Count the names of his companions told:

viz. of Sansonet and Hugo, to which he adds a panegyric on their valour and virtues. We now arrive at a part of the *historia bella*, that on many accounts deserves particular regard. The Soldan of Lamecho, before he departed, gave Orlando a book of magical characters, similar to that of Malagigi in Boiardo, and to that of Atlante in Ariosto,

——————— *onde facea*
Nascer leggendo l'alta meraviglia.

By the assistance of this necromantic production, he calls up "a thousand devils;" the Coryphæus of whom informs him of the treachery of Machario (nephew of Ganelon of Pontiers) in Paris, who having intercepted the letters of Charlemaine to the Queen for some years, persuaded her that he was dead, and was about to usurp his empire, and compel her to marry him, to strengthen his pretensions to the throne. Orlando compels the fiends to manufacture for him on the instant a steed, something between the griffin-horse of Ariosto, and "the wonderous horse of brass" of Chaucer; and after some debate, he places his uncle upon it, and in the habit of a Pilgrim, of St. James of Compostella, sends him off to Paris, through the air. The emperor arrives at his palace in a single night, but not without being dismounted; for, when within a few yards of the steps of his palace, returning thanks to the Saviour for his safety, his demon-steed at once flings him from his back. This event, which, like some of those in Pulci, produces a very jocose impression on the modern reader, is not at all so intended by the author, who relates the accident with very pious seriousness.

The first place to which Charlemaine goes in his Pilgrim's weed, is the kitchen, for the night air had given him a very keen appetite; but he is driven out by the cooks, upon one of whom he inflicts a very sound beating. At length, a young man named Gione, one of the sons of Salomon King of Britain, hearing that the Pilgrim brings news from Charlemaine and Pampeluna, introduces the disguised emperor into the apartment of his empress, or queen.

"The queen a little favourite dog had kept
For seventeen years, a fondling kind and tame;
Into the chamber where of old they slept,
Each morn and eve by habit long it came:
From Charles alone would it caress accept,
Or from his queen, and answer to its name.

When now it saw the Pilgrim kneel in place,
It leap'd with joy and lick'd his rev'rend face.

" From head to foot the animal would range,
Fawning upon him with a fierce delight:
The empress mark'd the dog's demeanour strange
And wonder'd at the new, unwonted sight,
And what had wrought within her dog such change.
It seem'd as if it knew the Pilgrim wight;
Then said she, ' Pilgrim, tell me now, I pray,
Why with such joy my dog with thee doth play?

" ' Hast thou ere now within this palace been,
And serv'd its long-lost lord as squire or page?
Before this day, save Charles, was never seen
One who its playful fondness could engage.'
Then royal Charles made answer to his queen:
' Nor squire nor varlet in my earlier age!——
Can I be recogniz'd by this poor beast,
And thou, my wife, know thine own husband least?

" ' Behold me, Charles, of royal Pepin son,
The emperor of Rome and king of France;
And though thou now behold'st me here as one
On pilgrimage, the victim of mischance,
Instead of scarlet robes, in vesture dun
To hide my person; at a single glance,
And in one instant, thou ought'st well to know me,
And not compel that I declare and show me!' "

He clears the careful wrinkles from his brow, and swears on the cross of his sword how he had been miraculously borne through the air to Paris:

" ' If so it be (she cried) then shew the ring
That I thee gave, the pledge of marriage band!'
' Behold it here, more bright (replied the king)
Than on the day I took it from thy hand!'
Yet did not this complete conviction bring
To the good queen, who did again demand;
' Shew me the cross on thy right arm with speed,
And I shall know thee to be mine indeed!'

" Great Charles compell'd his coarse attire give place,
And to the queen display'd his shoulder bare.
She saw the well-known mark before her face,
And kiss'd it joyfully to find it there.

Then met they in an uncontroul'd embrace:
She thank'd good heav'n that yet his life would spare;
'If heav'n (she cried) had ta'en that life away,
The Christian faith had lost its hope and stay!'

This uncontroulable rapture produces a very strange effect, indeed:

"After their joy's first transport and excess,
They fell exhaust together on the floor,
And thus they lay in utmost tenderness,
In the queen's chamber: through the crevic'd door,
Gione saw them, but he could not guess
The cause why strangely thus themselves they bore,
And to the king some sturdy blows he gave,
Saying, 'What do'st thou, base unmanner'd slave?'

"The queen, 'Hold! hold thy hand, Gione!' cried,
'This is thy king and emperor, Charlemaine!'
The young Gione threw his staff aside,
And in his arms the king did fondly strain:
'Oh God (he said) and virgin purified,
The life and power of Charles for aye maintain,
And every traitor to his rule and joy
Without remorse incontinent destroy!'

This is another proof, not only of the extreme simplicity of the author's mind, but of the uncultivated simplicity of those also to whom he addressed himself. By the aid of Gione and some old remaining friends, Charles puts an end to Machario and his conspiracy; and afterwards hastens back to Pampeluna. Orlando is warned, in a vision of the Virgin Mary, that Mazarigi, by turning a river, is about to overflow the plain where the army of the Christians is encamped, and Charles accordingly removes the tents to higher ground. The fall of Pampeluna is ultimately occasioned by the junction of King Desiderio, with thirty thousand Tuscans and Lombardians, a compliment paid by the author to his own countrymen. The Christians enter the place pell-mell, and Mazarigi, unhorsed by Orlando, is required to renounce his heathenish faith. For so doing, he assigns the following very satisfactory and sufficient reason.

"Son of Aglante, 'tis because I want
My horse, thy strength and valour to defy,
I now renounce Mahoun and Trivigant,
And great Apollo for my god deny."

In the same way the conquered Isolieri tells Sansonet,

——— *non posso altro fare*
A te mi rendo, e mi vo battezare.

The death of the faithful Gione, who had rendered such important services to Charles in Paris, is the next event worthy of distinct notice, and the feelings of the reader are very powerfully excited in his behalf. He is sent on an embassy to Marsilio, at Saragossa, and on his return is beset by two hundred Moors; but, through the aid of the virgin, escapes dreadfully wounded. He falls lifeless from his horse, the instant he has delivered to the emperor the defiance Marsilio had sent back. King Salomon, his father, takes ample vengeance for the death of his son, and Orlando kills Serpentino, who trusted in vain to his enchanted armour.

We now arrive at the treachery of Ganelon of Pontiers, that famous piece of infamy, which led to the calamitous event, referred to by Dante, in the thirty-first Canto of his *Inferno*, in terms that seem dictated by an immediate contemplation of the bloody field, on which were strewed the bodies of the twelve Paladins, and the flower of France. His words are:

Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Carlo magno perdè la santa gesta,
Non sono si terribilmente Orlando.

We know that it was proverbial in England, in the days of Chaucer, who had himself travelled in France and Italy, and has translated much from Dante. He alludes to the treachery of Gan, (as he is often contemptuously called) in his *Monk's Tale*.

"Not Charles Oliver that toke aie hede
Of troth and honour; but of Armorike,
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,
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It is in this tale that Chaucer translates the story of Ugolino, under the title of "Hugeline of Pise." He mentions the punishment of Ganelon, in his *Shipman's Tale:*

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It is also noticed by him in his *Nun's Priest's Tale*, and in the opening of his *Prioress's Tale*. When Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, speaks of the time

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By Fontarabia,"

it is known that he did not follow the French, but the Spanish historians, who maintain that the battle took place in Biscay,

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it is known that he did not follow the French, but the Spanish historians, who maintain that the battle took place in Biscay,

and that Charlemaine was killed among his Paladins. The author before us, Zinabi, adverts to the extreme notoriety of the guilt of Ganelon, where he observes,

> " And hence that monstrous fatal treachery springs,
> With whose report the universe yet rings."

It is remarkable, that Pulci, in the opening of his "*Morgante,*" speaking of the dreadful overthrow of the Christians at Roncesvalles, uses precisely the words of Dante.

Marsilio, alarmed by the successes of Charles, sends an offer to pay an immense tribute, and to receive baptism, with all his nobility, if the Christians will withdraw into France. The proposal is accepted, and Ganelon is sent to conclude all necessary arrangements. He is brought before Marsilio, who is disposed to treat him rather unceremoniously, until one of his peers, who had accompanied the traitor to Saragossa, informs him that Ganelon was not unwilling to deliver all the Paladins into the power of the Moors. Marsilio then seats Ganelon by his side, but the throne breaking down by a miracle, they retire into the garden of the palace, where the treachery is completed. Ganelon thus explains his project.

> " If over all the world you wish to reign,
> Thus must you do.—The promis'd tribute bring
> You have provided now for Charlemaine,
> And let me bear it to your foe the king.
> When he obtains it, he will not remain,
> But quit your realm, his army summoning:
> Thus all, except Orlando's powers, will leave you,
> And he at Roncesvalles must receive you.
>
> "I will tell Charles that you to France will speed,
> To be baptiz'd on great St. Michael's feast:
> Then he will leave Orlando with good heed,
> And twenty thousand followers at the least,
> To give you convoy through his realm at need.
> Then let your force to th' utmost be increas'd;
> Into three armies be the whole disperst,
> With full one hundred thousand in the first.
>
> " The Christians must this hundred thousand kill,
> Against them then the second band address,
> Which at the last shall meet a fate as ill:
> Yet shall the Christians suffer great distress,
> For rivers of their blood your troops shall spill;
> And when they hope to rest their weariness,
> Must your third army from behind advance,
> And hunt the Christians down with sword and lance.

"Them shall it find exhausted and forlorn,
The chief part dead, and wounded all the rest;
Their horses kill'd, their flanks by weapons torn,
The living fain to fight on foot at best.
Your barons will be strong and fresh as morn,
And will accomplish well your high behest.
Of all your foes shall none survive that day,
But great Orlando whom you cannot slay.

"O'er him no power can all your weapons have,
Yet, witnessing the death of every friend,
He alone left of all his comrades brave,
His life with grief shall miserably end.
All comfort lost, Charles too shall fill the grave,
While you your rule o'er France and Spain extend.
Under your sway each town and tower shall come,
And you be lord of subject Christendom."

At the disclosure of this horrible scheme, the waters of a fountain, near which it is concerted, turn to blood. We have detailed it with particularity, not merely because it renders the sequel more intelligible; but because, in our day, few are acquainted with the facts, even by tradition, and Mr. Wharton's "*Roncesvalles,*" and Lucien Buonaparte's "*Charlemagne,*" have not circulated so widely, as to inform many readers. Ganelon,* returning to Charles with a smooth tale of the sincerity of the offer of Marsilio, the emperor retires with his forces to *St. Jean piè de Porto,* on the other side of the Pyrennees, leaving Orlando, Oliver, and the rest of the Paladins, posted at Roncesvalles, with twenty thousand six hundred men, to escort Marsilio, when he proceeds with his nobility to Paris to receive baptism. Orlando and Oliver think it necessary to keep watch, entertaining some distant suspicions, the first till midnight, and the last till morning. The first view Oliver obtains of the approaching enemy, is thus related.

"When o'er the brighten'd world the sun 'gan rise,
Oliver cast an anxious look t'ward Spain,
As an old tailor at his needle pries:
He saw a host come marching on amain,
But o'er one fourth he could not cast his eyes,
So num'rous were they upon hill and plain;

* Pulci improves upon this romance, in one respect; for he gives to Ganelon a strongly operating motive to procure the destruction of Orlando; viz. envy of his power over Charles. Zinabi represents him influenced only by the rich reward Marsilio promises.

XUM

With banners white and red, blue, black, and green,
The cover'd ground on no side could be seen.

This stanza is remarkable, not only for the striking and picturesque manner in which the advance of "numbers numberless" is described, but for the introduction of a simile, in the line printed in italic, copied from Dante, (*Inf.* XV.)

"*Come 'l vecchio sartor far ne la cruna.*"

The words of Zinabi are,

"*Si come la nell ago il vecchio sarto.**"

Perhaps, after all, this might be a proverbial expression, in the time of both the poets. Oliver hastens to awaken his cousin Orlando, and to tell him of the danger; but the son of Aglante, vexed to be roused out of his sleep so early, replies somewhat angrily, and with a degree of coarseness not well suited to our modern ideas of refinement.

"*Tu puzzi da vino, e sei ancora imbriaco.*"

He is, nevertheless, soon convinced, by his own eyes, that the terrible enemy is at hand. Oliver requires Orlando to blow his powerful horn, that Charles might hear it at *St. Jean piè de Porto,* and come instantly to their assistance; but Orlando entertains too much contempt for the Pagans to comply:

"'Why should I sound it in such fearful haste?
Why should I throw on that my strength away?
The road that leads to Charles is quickly past;
Nor would I willingly that men should say,
I did not struggle bravely to the last,
But sounded frighten'd by such poor array.
If thou hast fear, and tremble to advance,
Away, and take the speediest road to France.'

"'Lead on, brave cousin!' Oliver replied,
'With Durlindana, thy good sword, in hand:
My lance as deep in blood shall soon be dyed,
Fearless as thou against that Pagan band.
But death from us great Charles shall aye divide;
And Aldabella, with her accents bland,
Shall never greet thee more with love's delight:
We both must fall with pitiless despite!'"

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* It is printed *Si come la nel lago, &c.;* but this is only an error of the press.

Nobody but Orlando would think of charging Oliver with cowardice; and throughout the poem the latter is less of the mere hero, and more of the human being, with the feelings and pulses of humanity, than his somewhat boastful and perhaps fool-hardy cousin. This is especially shewn in the two stanzas, last quoted; and we may say of Orlando and Oliver, what every body feels, and therefore has been over and over again said, of Achilles and Hector, that though we may admire the first, we love the last: the one interests the curiosity, the other the heart. While pointing out this distinction between Orlando and Oliver, we may take the opportunity of praising the general individuality, and the absence of mere abstraction, in all the characters in this poem. There is always some point, some peculiarity, that differs one Paladin, or one personage, from another. Upon the illustration of this position, we regret that we have not more space to dwell.

The Christians prepare on the instant, and the dreadful conflict begins; Turpin having addressed the Christians in a vigorous speech, ending,

> " Since on the rood for us our Saviour died,
> To die for him be it this day our pride!"

All the peers perform wonders; and among them, Baldwin, the young son of Ganelon, greatly distinguishes himself. By noon, the first hundred thousand of the Pagans are disposed of; but nine thousand Christians are killed, and two thousand more wounded. The fight is then renewed under Grandonio, who leads two hundred thousand Pagans to the field. Here, again, we find the peculiar bravery of young Baldwin dwelt upon, for the sake of introducing an incident of a peculiar kind. Baldwin, in presence of Orlando, mentions the success he had met with; when the Paladin openly attributes it to an agreement made between Ganelon and the Pagans, that they should not assail his son's person, whose armour and device he had made known to them.

> " Baldwin reply'd, ' My father's treachery,
> If he be false, proves not his son so too.
> I ne'er consented to such villainy
> As now is charg'd against my sire by you.
> But if this day we 'scape with victory,
> I swear, by our just God, if it be true,
> With my own hand a full revenge to take,
> Ev'n upon him, for truth and honour's sake!'
>
> " Orlando answer'd, ' If you wish to show
> That by your father we are not betray'd,

Cast off that shield and crest the Pagans know,
And let your harness all aside be laid:—
Then to the field, and we shall see, I trow,
If Gan have not this damned compact made.'
Baldwin his hauberk cast away, and there
Forsook his shield, and laid his temples bare.

"Now more than all his gen'rous valour shines:
For the hot fray the Paladin he left,
And rushing through the Pagan's thickest lines,
Of life at once a Saracen him reft;
Nor paus'd the foe, nor at the blow repines.
Orlando saw young Baldwin's forehead cleft,
Saw his fair limbs upon the earth display'd,
And now was certain Gan had all betray'd."

This test was not only cruel, but most unfair; however, Orlando makes amends by taking instant vengeance on the enemy. Four of the Paladins are killed by the army of Grandonio, and several others wounded; and towards the evening, Balsinello, King of Barbary, takes his station on the field with one hundred thousand fresh troops. The Christians, weak, reduced, and disheartened, still maintain their stand, and Orlando and Oliver, embracing, agree to die struggling to the last extremity. We now approach the catastrophe, the interest of which is worked up with considerable force and ingenuity.

"On ev'ry side was great Orlando found,
Giving and taking most despiteful blows,
Strewing the Pagans on the loaded ground,
While from their wounds in tides the black blood flows.
Nor Oliver, I ween, did less astound
And spread destruction 'mid his coward foes;
While bold Angolier equal glory wins
That fatal day among the Paladins.

"Walter Montlion, although wounded sore
As he fought reckless in his fierce despite,
Still drove the enemy dismay'd before,
Who fled whene'er he desp'rate came in sight;
At length exhausted he could slay no more.
Thus but six Paladins were left to fight,
And King Corbaces with eight thousand men
Renew'd the strife for the dark Sarasen."

Marsilio now enters the field with a large reserve, but Orlando hunts him over the plain until he takes shelter in a cavern.

At this period, Orlando, Oliver, and Turpin, are the only Paladins left alive, the rest being overwhelmed by a torrent of enemies, yet dying upon heaps of Pagans that had fallen by their hands. We know nothing finer or more impressive of its kind than the death of the hardy generous Oliver, whom the reader follows over the bloody field with most earnest anxiety. In almost his last moments it will be seen that he affords another instance of the prevalence of those affections that distinguish him so importantly from Orlando. We should mention that, independently of many mortal hurts before inflicted, he has just received a fatal wound from the gigantic Caliph of Baldracha. Nevertheless,

"He scour'd that memorable field amain
Till now all sight and consciousness he lost,
And in the madness of his rage and pain
Orlando, that great Paladin, he crost,
Bowing 'ev'n him upon the splashy plain
By one dread blow upon his helm embost:
Orlando, at the stroke, in daz'd surprise
To Oliver uprais'd his doubting eyes.

'My dear and noble cousin (then he said)
Why against me is thus thy rage directed?
Art thou on sudden turn'd a renegade,
Hast thou our faith, our God, and Christ, rejected?'
'Pardon!' (cry'd Oliver) 'nor me upbraid;
I knew you not, nor here to meet expected:
Wounded to death, I cannot see the day:
But, brother,* if thou haply 'scape, I pray,

'That to my sister, whom so dear you prize,
You will commend me ever lovingly;
And as in death these Pagans I despise,
Amidst the hottest battle let me die!'
Orlando's grief all utterance denies,
He scarce had strength remaining to comply,
While taking by the rein his cousin's horse
Into the thickest fight he turn'd his course.

'Now strongly strike, my valiant coz! (he cried)
Thy death but proves thy noble prowess more!'
Oliver spurr'd his starting charger's side,
And woe to him his way that came before.

* They were brothers, by marriage, as well as cousins.

Full thirty Pagans by his weapon died
Weak as he was, with ev'ry sense forlore:
Him and his steed could no obstruction stay
'Till he cut through the scatter'd foes' array."

His horse carries him to his tent, and, alighting, Oliver dies upon his knees in the act of prayer. This is a noble incident, and worthily related by the author. The death of Turpin is not so striking: he and Orlando retire from the field for a few moments, when the bold archbishop dies of fatigue and loss of blood; and the angels,

"Amid sweet songs and hymns of joy and grace,
Bore Turpin's soul to Heaven's holy place."

Orlando is then only left by all his great companions, and he fervently prays to be allowed to die upon the spot. A voice from Heaven promises that he shall soon rejoin the Paladins, and just afterwards his young squire, Terigi, arrives.

"The count receiv'd him with a kindly gladness,
And said, 'To yonder mountain let us go.'
Orlando and his squire both mov'd in sadness,
On foot towards the hill with progress slow:
Then on a rock Orlando, as in madness,
With Durlindana struck a furious blow,
Thinking to shatter thus his well-prov'd brand,
But the hard rock could not its edge withstand.

Full oftentimes again he struck his sword
Upon the jagged rock its blade to break,
With all the strength that in his arm was stor'd;
But vainly struck, the rock was all too weak.
Ceasing his fruitless efforts, he ador'd
Th' unequall'd God, and of his sword 'gan speak:
'Oh noble steel, so strong the rocks to hew,
Until this hour thy worth I never knew.

'Had I but known thy virtue from the first
I ne'er had doubted, temper'd as thou art,
Prov'd in this latest trial, hardest, worst.'
Then putting horn to mouth, his mighty heart,
Ev'n with the force of his own blowing, burst,
And from his visage made the red blood start.
The Sarasens, who on the field had stay'd,
Fled in confusion by the blast dismay'd."

Charlemaine, at *St. Jean piè de Port*, heard it, and said to his barons,—

" ' What means that sound of my bold nephew's horn?
Marsilio has deceiv'd me much, I dread,
By Moorish fraud!'—Then Gan, as if in scorn,
Smiling, 'Oh sacred Emperor Charles, (he said)
Although grey hairs thy temples may adorn,
Thy thoughts I ween befit a younker's head.'
To quite this jeer no words the monarch spoke:
Again Orlando's horn the silence broke."

The traitor next tells Charles that Orlando is only hunting on the plain; and, in the mean time, Orlando orders Terigi to speed to Charlemaine with the news of the disastrous fight of Roncesvalles. It does not seem that the bursting of his heart occasioned instant death, since he blows a third time with all his remaining strength;—

" ——— then beside his page
He fell upon his knees, spent, broken-hearted,
And praising God, his lordly soul departed."

At the third blast, all is confusion at St. Jean. Gan is accused of treachery, is struck by Ogier, Gerard, Namus, and others, and cast into a dungeon; while the emperor makes instant preparations to cross the Pyrennees, and, by a miracle, the mountains are removed and the rough places made plain that he may arrive with greater speed. On the road, Charles meets Terigi; and, to shew how well little circumstances are introduced to add to the general effect, we may mention that the squire, in the stupefaction of his suffering, and in the anxiety to make its cause known, forgot to kneel to the emperor. We can only give one stanza of his affecting relation of the disaster.

" Dead is Orlando, flower of chivalry;
Dead is Astolfo, his brave cousin dear;
With Oliver and Sansonet they lie:
Turpin is dead, who never yet knew fear;
Dead are Avino, Otto, Berlinghri,
And Angiolino, strong of arm whilere:
Angolier of Bayonne and Hugo Count,
With noble Walter of the Lion-Mount."

Charlemaine thus imprecates the most dreadful curses upon Ganelon.

"Curst be the father in his lonely tomb
That thee begot in matrimonial rite;
And curst no less the wretched mother's womb
That brought thee, worst of devils, forth to light.
Thy monstrous treachery to me and Rome,
Thy league detested with the Pagan might,
Have slain my hope, all Christendom's sweet flow'r,
And seed of heroes, in one damned hour!"

Terigi leads him to the body of Orlando, over which the emperor weeps bitterly; and, striking his breast and face, exclaims, addressing the corse;

"Is this the promise that you made to me
When in the land of Aspramont we fought:
When I first gave you knighthood with my blade,
After huge Almont to the earth you brought?
As Durlindana on your thigh I laid,
You promis'd, with a look that spoke your thought,
That when your task was ended with that sword,
Into my hand it should be then restor'd."

Here a new wonder is shewn; for the dead body of Orlando, being filled by the *Santo Spirito*, rises from the earth.

"To Charles, Orlando with his sword in hand
Turn'd, while a smile his deathly visage wore,
And murmuring said, 'Great Charles, as you command,
The noble sword you gave me I restore!'
Charles took it wond'ring, and upon the land
The life-deserted body fell once more:
The holy spirit that had fill'd it fled,
And down it dropp'd a shapeless heap, and dead."

This part of the story, we apprehend, differs from most of the other romances, some stating that Orlando failing to break his sword flung it into a river, while others relate that he succeeded in destroying it, not by striking it upon the rock, but by inserting it in a crevice and then dragging it transversely.—We like the invention of Zinabi much better, nor was it inconsistent with the superstition of his time. Charles takes ample vengeance on the Moors, compelling Marsilio to throw himself from a lofty tower, and returns to Paris with the dead bodies of the Paladins, which are laid in the church of *Nostra Donna di Parigi*. We need not dwell upon the exemplary punishment of Ganelon, who is torn to pieces by four wild horses, after his

wife has in vain interceded, and his nephew fought for him. Alda not being in Paris the emperor sends for her, and, when informed of the fate of her husband and her brother, she hastens in an agony of grief to *Nôtre Dame*, where, as we have said, their corses are deposited.

"She groan'd, and tears ran down her pallid cheek
While she besought th' eternal Majesty,
That she might hear once more Orlando speak,
Her lord without a peer in chivalry:
Then to console the kneeling lady meek,
This miracle God wrought most wond'rously,
That Oliver, who lay her husband near,
Should comfort her, and she his voice should hear.

'Sweet sister! (said he) we are now at rest
Amid the glory of our Saviour dear.'
When his pale lips this sentence had exprest,
He sank again upon his mournful bier.
Fair Alda heard it:—with grief-stricken breast
She felt her own glad end approaching near,
And at her husband's and her brother's side
The fairest Alda laid her down and died."

After thanks to his auditors, the poem concludes with the following stanza:—

"Lordings, for you this rhiming tale is told:
Sostegno di Zinabi, Florentine,
Entreats high God him in his care to hold,
And aye preserve him from his wrath divine;
And that to you he clearly would unfold
Whatever may from virtue's path incline,
Which leads to Paradise and heav'nly glory.—
Now to your honour here I end my story."

If we had space, we should, probably, think it needless to add any thing to the running criticism with which we have accompanied our quotations.

ART. VII.—*Hudibras. The Second Part. London, Printed in the year* 1663.

Butler's Ghost; or Hudibras, the Fourth Part, with Reflections upon these Times. London, 1682.

Hogan-Moganides: or the Dutch Hudibras. London, 1674.

The Irish Hudibras, or Fingallian Prince, taken from the Sixth Book of Virgil's Æneids, and adapted to the present times. London, 1689.

The Whigg's Supplication. A mock Poem, in two parts. By Sam. Colvil. *Edinburgh,* 1695.

Pendragon; or the Carpet Knight, his Kalendar. London, 1698.

In Imitation of Hudibras. The Dissenting Hypocrite, or Occasional Conformist; with Reflections on Two of the Ringleaders, &c. London, 1704.

Vulgus Britannicus: or the British Hudibras. In fifteen Cantos. Containing the Secret History of the late London Mob, their rise, progress, and suppression by the Guards. Intermixed with the Civil Wars betwixt High-Church and Low-Church, down to this time: being a Continuation of the late ingenious Mr. Butler's *Hudibras. Written by the Author of the London Spy. Second Edition. London,* 1710.

Hudibras Redivivus: or a Burlesque Poem on the Times. In twenty-four Parts. With an Apology and some other Improvements throughout the whole. The fourth Edition. By E. Ward, *Gent. London. N. D.*

The Republican Procession; or the Tumultuous Cavalcade. A Merry Poem. The Second Impression, with additional Characters. 1714.

The Hudibrastic Brewer: or, a preposterous Union between Malt and Meter. A Satyr upon the supposed Author of the Republican Procession. London, 1714.

Four Hudibrastic Cantos, being—Poems on Four the greatest Heroes—That liv'd in any age since Nero's—Don Juan Howlet, Hudibras—Dickoba-nes and Bonniface. London, 1715.

Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. Samuel Butler, *in three Volumes. The sixth Edition. London,* 1720.

England's Reformation, (from the Time of K. Henry VIII. to the end of Oates's Plot.) A Poem in four Cantos. By Thomas Ward. *London,* 1747.

The Irish Hudibras, Hesperi-neso-graphia: or, a description of the Western Isle. In eight Cantos, with Annotations. By William Moffett, *School-Master. London,* 1755.

The Poetical Works of the ingenious and learned William Meston, *A. M. Edinburgh,* 1767.

It is the curse of original and successful writers to be dogged at the heels by a crowd of servile imitators, who copy and exaggerate their defects, caricature their peculiarities of thought and style, and force their own base metal into circulation by stamping it with the counterfeit impress of genius.* A work at once so novel and so powerful as *Hudibras;* so calculated to attract the admiration of the multitude by its oddity, of the courtier by its wit, and of the scholar by its sense and learning; falling in with the politics of the prevailing party, and extolled and quoted by the reigning sovereign; could hardly escape the martyrdom of imitation. It has naturally given rise to a number of plagiarisms and mimickries of its style, plan, and title, of various but all of infinitely inferior merit. These publications, though individually of little worth and interest, acquire some importance from their number and diversity, and a brief review of them, with some specimens of their styles, may not be altogether unprofitable and uninteresting. It required, however, no ordinary exertion of patience and perseverance to toil through the dreary pages of dull scurrility and studied obscenity, which have assumed and degraded the title of *Hudibrastic Poems,* and we have often paused in dismay and weariness, doubting whether the scanty gleanings of these barren flats would repay us for the labour of our cheerless researches. It is not our intention to advert to such works as the *Scarronides,* the *Maronides,* the *Homer-à-la-Mode,* &c. which have little in common with the poem of Butler, but the coarseness and the doggrel metre; but to confine ourselves to the more direct and avowed imitations of the style and plan of *Hudibras.*

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* " An imitator (says Butler, in his admirable *Characters,*) is a counterfeit stone, and the larger and fairer he appears the more apt he is to be discovered, whilst small ones, that pretend to no great value, pass unsuspected. He has a kind of monkey and baboon wit, that takes after some man's way, whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worse than those things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but takes his pattern out, as a girl does her sampler. He is but a retainer to wit, and a follower of his master, whose badge he wears every where, and therefore his way is called servile imitation. His muse is not inspired, but infected with another man's fancy; and he catches his wit, like the itch, of somebody else that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. He binds himself prentice to a trade which he has no stock to set up with, if he should serve out his time, and live to be made free." *Remains,* vol. 2.

The *Second Part of Hudibras*, which stands at the head of our article, is one of those experiments which have been made, time out of mind, on the credulity of the public, by dishonest authors and publishers, to whose knavery the poem of Butler offered as conspicuous a mark as *Don Juan* and the *Tales of my Landlord*, in more modern times. This counterfeit continuation opens with a description of the multitude assembling to celebrate the May-games: they erect their May-pole at Kingston-upon-Thames, where Sir Hudibras happened to be dining with a justice of the peace, and a brother knight, who,

> —" did command the Cheshire forces,
> And had a face as round as horses;
> His teeth were grown to the same length,
> And wanted nothing but in strength
> To pass for one, beasts know not theirs,
> And he was robb'd of his by fears;
> His name did rumble like to thun-
> Der, Gulielmo Knight Sir* B—ton."

This zealous triumvirate sally out, attended by their squires, to put down the popish abomination of the May-pole, but are defeated and soundly banged by the rabble. The two knights propose different schemes of vengeance on their plebeian adversaries; but, finding the justice less implacable in his resentment, they leave the place in dudgeon. Falling in with a French mountebank, vending his wares on a stage, they valiantly capture him and his attendants, convey them to an inn, and condemn the prisoners to pay the whole of the reckoning. The latter, however, give them the slip during the night, and carry off the cash and cloaks of the tipsy squires. A fair, which takes place the next morning, rouses the reforming spirit of Sir Hudibras; and he and his companion, mounting their horses, advance to assail the assembled multitude, and make a dreadful havoc with the puppets and hobby horses. Their triumphal career is soon interrupted by the opposition of the butchers and their dogs, and the knights-errant are finally dismounted and vanquished. The literary merits of this unknown writer are on a par with his honesty: indeed, we have never had the misery of reading a more contemptible and worthless publication.

Butler's Ghost, or Hudibras the Fourth Part, written by Tom D'Urfey, of facetious memory, is a continuation of Butler's story. The knight, driven to despair by the fatal *Epistle*

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* Sir William Brereton.

of the Widow, resolves to end his miserable existence, and makes preparations for suspending himself in his own barn. He is, however, prevented from carrying this desperate resolve into execution by the intervention of Ralpho, who assures him of success in his amour if he will be guided by his advice. In obedience to the directions of his sapient squire, Sir Hudibras lays aside his tattered warlike habiliments, orders a gay courting dress, and completely modernizes his outward man. By a well-timed bribe to the widow's trustees, (to whom that dame had been as liberal of her favours as she had been niggardly to the knight,) Sir Hudibras obtains their consent, which is followed by that of the lady. The festivity of their wedding-feast is interrupted by the squabbles of the disputatious guests, who proceed from words to blows, and it requires all the authority and eloquence of the knight to restore order. The bride and one of her trustees had withdrawn during the scuffle; and the knight, convinced of their perfidy, with the assistance of his trusty squire, vanquishes and commits them to durance vile, and then retires to bed,

> " And mourns in tears his late miscarriage,
> And curses fatal love and marriage."

This composition is little more than a tissue of tasteless ribaldry, without any seasoning of wit, or even of amusing absurdity. The following passage is the nearest approach to any thing Hudibrastic. The knight, on hearing of his spouse's infidelity, starts a scruple, whether *sight* was an evidence to be trusted in a case of such intricacy and importance.

> " 'Tis possible, my friend (quoth he)
> And all the schoolmen do agree,
> That drowzy epileptick Nature
> Cannot at all times judge o' th' matter,
> The eyes and understanding being
> Unfit for knowledge, or for seeing;
> The sense by sleep may be corrupted,
> As 'tis by wine, when long we have supt it,
> And the objects, which we seem to view,
> May be but fancies, and not true,
> The effects of rage and stupid folly,
> Diseases, or of melancholy,
> Sudden surprizes and affrights;
> As women, walking in dark nights,
> Charm'd by their fear, think every post
> Or bush, a devil or a ghost;

The laws of honour are so nice,
That it behoves us to be wise,
And in our minds the proverb keep,
That bids us look before we leap,
And take substantial satisfaction
O' th' truth, before we fall to action:
* * * * The stoicks tell us,
(And those I think were learned fellows)
That no one certain matter knows,
But only through a grand suppose;
As thus now—if thy passive bones
Were drub'd with plant, or bruis'd with stones,
Or that opinionated scull
Were bastinadoed soft as wool,
Beating you must not bluntly own,
But only must *suppose* it done;
Implying from less things to greater,
There is no certainty in nature:
And this philosophy should teach thee,
If any occult art can reach thee,
Not to affirm what objects show,
But to *suppose* it may be so." *Butler's Ghost.*

Hudibras at Court, published in *Butler's Spurious Remains*, is so utterly destitute of merit, that we have been unable to find a passage in it to extract. It relates, in spiritless doggrel, the return of the knight and squire from "colonelling," after the downfall of the Rump, their conferences on the best methods of securing their necks, and the resolution of Sir Hudibras to try his fortune at court. The partiality of the king for the poem of *Hudibras* is absurdly transferred to the hero, and his ingratitude to him, "who fitted out this knight and squire," is commented on in a very just, but a very dull manner. *Dunstable Downs*, in the same delectable collection, is almost as worthless as its companion, and, like that, is eked out with scraps from *Hudibras*,

"Like fustian heretofore with satin."

It relates the attempt of Sir Hudibras to enclose Dunstable Downs, and his capture and circumvention by the gypsie king.

There are also *Hudibras's Elegy* and *Hudibras's Epitaph*, but we shall not afflict our readers with any specimens of such contemptible impositions.

Having despatched these apocryphal continuations, we shall briefly notice the principal poems which have been written

in avowed imitation of *Hudibras*. The *Dutch Hudibras* is a satirical account of the birth, parentage, and education of Hogan, the lubberly representative of their High Mightinesses. Bating the metre, it is rather an imitation of Rabelais than of Butler; and, if it does not rival the humour, it certainly does not fall short of the outrageous absurdities of its great prototype.

The *Irish Hudibras, or Fingallian Prince*, is a burlesque on Virgil's account of the descent of Æneas to Hell, and is levelled at the Irish adherents of James II. If not the most dull, it may claim the distinction of being the most scurrilous of the imitations of *Hudibras*. In addition to its being plentifully sprinkled with hibernicisms, it is so systematically gross, that we are afraid to pollute our pages with any extracts from such a filthy work.

We shall next notice, in defiance of chronology, *Moffett's Irish Hudibras*, which has much more merit, if not more decency, than its scurrilous predecessor. It is little more than a description of an Irish feast, given by a zealous Jacobite, and the customary *row* that attends it; the incidents of which are detailed with considerable spirit, but at too great a length to be extracted.

Colvil's *Scotch Hudibras* turns upon the insurrection of the Covenanters in Scotland, in the reign of Charles II., and describes, at great length, the mental and bodily endowments of *The Good-man*, their leader or representative. The action of the poem consists in deciding on and presenting a supplication to the king, which is delivered by the hero's squire, (another Ralpho in every thing but wit,) who makes a pilgrimage to London for that purpose. He there falls in with the *original* Ralpho, with whom he commences a dispute, defending Presbytery and Synods from the attacks of the latter, whose speeches are extracted, verbatim, from *Hudibras*. The poem concludes with the squire's speech to the king, and his farewell to London. This work is decidedly superior to its Hudibrastic brethren, and possesses a considerable share of originality and spirit, though not enough to rescue it from the charge of dulness and tedium. It has hardly the semblance of a story, and the juxta-position of almost every sentence might be changed without any obvious injury to the composition.

> "All things created, he doth know,
> In heav'n above, and earth below:
> He solves the questions ev'ry one,
> That Sheba's Queen ask'd Solomon;
> Or any other knotty doubt
> That can occur the world throughout.

He knows whether the Great Mogul
Doth drink out of his father's skull;
If ichneumon and crocodile
Do fight in Niger as in Nile?
Or if we ought to believe them,
Who say Melchisedec was not Shem?
Which raised once a fisty strife
Between a preacher and his wife.
If Rome's founders wolves did suck?
If Job in Edom was a duke?
If Captain Hynd was a good fellow?
If Wallace' beard was black or yellow?
If roasted eggs be best, or sodden?
If James the Fourth was kill'd at Flodden?
If once he level at the moon,
Either at midnight or at noon,
He discovers rivers, hills,
Steeples, castles, and wind-mills,
Villages and fenced towns,
With fusees, bulwarks, and great guns:
Cavaliers on horse-back prancing,
Maids about a May-pole dancing,
Men in taverns wine carousing,
Beggars by the high-way lousing,
Soldiers forging ale-house brawlings
To be let go without their lawings:
Stirs in streets by grooms and pages,
Mountebanks playing on stages,
Gardens planting, houses bigging,
States and princes fleets out rigging:
Antic fashions of apparels,
Mates and princes picking quarrels:
Wars, rebels, and horse-races
Proclaim'd at sev'ral market places:
Captors bringing in their prizes,
Commons cursing new excises:
Young wives their old husbands horning,
Judges drunken ev'ry morning,
Augmenting law suits and divisions
By Spanish and by French decisions:
Courtiers their aims missing,
Chaplains widow-ladies kissing:
Men to sell their lands itching,
To pay th' expences of their kitchen:

Frequent changes, states invading,
Pulpits forcing and persuading,
Great jars for cloves and maces,
For bishops, lordships, and their graces:
Preachers contradicting fast
This year what they preach'd the last;
Making in their conscience room,
For a change the year to come."

Scotch Hudibras.

We shall give a short specimen of Hudibrastic logic.

"Though things agree to both together,
It follows not the one's the other.
Affirmatives in second figure,
Nothing conclude in logic's leaguer,
Which any constant man believes,
So we may prove financiers thieves,
Cameleons beef and cabbage eaters,
And lawyers and physicians—cheaters;
That horse are men, and owls are ounces,
That privy-counsellors are dunces;
That colleges, and muses' caverns,
Are * * houses turn'd, and taverns;
That stews are places of contrition,
And pulpits, trumpets of sedition;
And Merlin's prophecies evangels,
And Dee's spirits holy angels;
That roasted wild-cat is a fed lamb,
That Gresham college is a bedlam;
Most of our first reformers bad men,
And all the House of Commons mad men;
That tallow-cakes are ambergrease,
That sun and moon are Cheshire cheese;
And Whigs as loyal in opinions,
As any of the King's dominions."

Scotch Hudibras.

Pendragon, or the Carpet Knight, is a satire on that active and mercenary writer in the cause of arbitrary power, Sir Roger L'Estrange, who is described as

"A pliant tool, oblig'd with knighthood
And large rewards, he was excited
To serve the times through all excesses,
And on foul deeds to put fair faces,

Until he grew to be the great
Prevaricator of the state:
Thus all true Englishmen he found,
Pendragon with his pen dragoon'd."

The principal incidents in the poem arise from Pendragon's courtship of a lively damsel, who finally jilts him. This takes place on the eve of the Revolution, and the tale ends with the landing of King William, and Pendragon's dismay, and devices to secure his neck. This work is not destitute of humour, but it contains no very extractable passages, unless at greater length than we can afford, or than the book deserves.

The Dissenting Hypocrite is a very abusive and very impotent attack on Defoe. The author has very prudently told us at the head of his title page, that the work was written "in imitation of Hudibras," or we should not have suspected him of any such intention.

We now come to the productions of a very voluminous writer, but a very sorry imitator of Butler, the notorious Ned Ward, an industrious retailer of ale and scurrility. We shall not meddle with his *London Spy*, a coarse, but tolerably faithful portraiture of London manners, or with his horrible version of *Don Quixote*. The works which bring him more immediately under our notice, are his *British Hudibras* and his *Hudibras Redivivus*. The subject of the former, is the burning of Daniel Burgess's chapel by the Mob, and the conflicts and dissentions which attended it. *Hudibras Redivivus* is a violent satire on the Low Church party, and obtained for its author an elevation to the pillory. It is a desultory and unconnected work, and is made up of the author's meditations in his rambles about town, and of descriptions of the scenes of low mirth, hypocrisy, and profaneness, which he witnessed in his perambulations. Books, and booksellers' shops; Daniel Defoe; astrologers; meeting-houses of puritans and quakers, with their sermons and speeches; taverns, and tavern disputes; allegorical dreams; quacks and merry-andrews; Bartholomew-fair; the lord mayor's show; the fifth of November; and calves-head day; form the motley subjects of the twenty-four cantos, connected only by the spirit of party abuse, to which they are all made subservient. Ward, however, possesses a vein of low humour, and his descriptions of scenes and manners, though tediously diffuse, indicate considerable shrewdness of observation, and have a strong appearance of truth and reality. The following is a description of a Puritanic meeting.

"A throng of searchers after truth,
Were crowding at the Alley's mouth,

Wherein the conventicle stood,
Like Smithfield droll-booth, built with wood;
All shoving to obtain admittance,
As if they hop'd for full acquittance
Of all the evils they had done,
From that time back to forty-one:
Some wrapt in cloaks that had been wore
By saints defunct, in times of yore:
Others in coats, which by their fashion
Bore date from Charles's restauration,
Shelter'd beneath umbrella hats,
And canoniz'd with rose cravats,
That by their querpos and their quaints,
The world might read them to be saints;
Their sweaty rat-tail hair hung down
To th' shoulders from each addled crown,
Kept thin, to cool their frantick brains,
And comb'd as straight as horses' manes;
Their bodies almost skeletons,
Reduc'd by zeal to skin and bones,
So lean and envious in the face,
As if they'd neither grease nor grace.
The good old dames, among the rest,
Were all most primitively drest
In stiffen-body'd russet gowns,
And on their heads old steeple crowns;
With pristine pinners next their faces,
Edg'd round with ancient scollop laces,
Such as my antiquary says,
Were worn in old Queen Bess's days,
In ruffs, and fifty other ways:
Their wrinkl'd necks were cover'd o'er,
With whisks of lawn by grannums wore,
In base contempt of bishops' sleeves,
As Simon Orthodox believes.
At length up stepp'd the formal prater,
Who was of country May-pole stature,
Slender, stiff-neck'd, extremely tall,
Long-faced, and very thin withal.
No sooner had old Heart-of-Oak,
Upon a peg hung hat and cloak,
But round their sockets did he rowl
The little windows of his soul;
But soon we found his eye-balls hid,
Turn'd up beneath each upper lid,

And then he work'd about the whites,
As mad-men do in raving fits;
Reel'd in his tub from side to side,
And wrung his hands as if he cry'd.
His beard from shoul' to shoulder rov'd,
And like the clock-work drummers mov'd;
Thus yawn'd, and gap'd, and gently stirr'd
His head, but yet said ne'er a word;
Made many strange Geneva faces,
And out-did twenty apes' grimaces.
At last his tongue its silence broke,
And thus the rev'rend Spin-text spoke."

Hudibras Redivivus.

The Republican Procession is described by Mr. Hogg (in his *Jacobite Reliques*) as "a poem of sterling rough humour," and as containing "more humour than any thing of the kind I ever saw." We suspect Mr. Hogg's political zeal had got the upper-hand of his judgment when this eulogium escaped him. The extracts which he has given from this work are remarkable for nothing but outrageous scurrility and vulgar effrontery, and the whole composition is mean, bald, and contemptible. The subject is the Duke of Marlborough's return, after the death of Queen Anne, and the procession which met and welcomed him to the metropolis.* We are unable to find in this Jacobite effusion any passage of merit or interest to lay before our readers. *The Hudibrastic Brewer* is somewhat of a comment on the preceding work, and quite as dull, though not so abusive.

Four Hudibrastic Cantos turn upon some local scandal, and are of too mediocre a cast to be disturbed in their oblivion.

England's Reformation is an *ex-parte* history, in doggrel, of the religious dissentions in this country, from the time of Henry VIII. to Titus Oates, written by a bigoted and unscrupulous papist. Thomas Ward has heavier sins than those of coarseness and dulness to answer for, his work being written throughout with an utter disregard of truth, and falsifying or concealing facts, just as it suited the purpose of the author. We hear enough of the sanguinary persecutions of Edward VI. and of that fiend incarnate, Elizabeth, but not a word of the Smithfield burnings of the "*good* Queen Mary," or of the torturing exploits of the "*good* Bonner."—

* Mr. Hogg very erroneously makes King George the First the hero of this libellous poem, though the personalities against the Duke and his wife are numerous and palpable.

"*Good* Glo'ster and *good* Devil are alike,
And both preposterous."

Those readers who can tolerate a work which burlesques martyrdom, and makes merry with executions, will find it not destitute of humour and ingenuity.

The *Alma* of Prior is avowedly written in imitation of *Hudibras*, but there are few points of resemblance between the two works. The plan of Butler is sufficiently irregular, but Prior appears to have had no plan at all, nor even an object. The *Alma* is a mere conversational sketch, which might have been expanded to any length, according to the industry or caprice of the writer. Prior has judiciously abstained from copying the mere superficial peculiarities of Butler, his uncouth versification, and his licentious phraseology; but he wants the matter and substance of his original. Few writers could tell a humourous tale with a more pleasing mixture of archness and simplicity than Mat Prior; but he had neither the keen wit, the sound sense, or the comprehensive learning of Butler. His good things are "thinly scattered to make up a show;" and there is a pervading feeling of poverty in his *Alma*, which cannot be disguised by the sprightliness of the style and the neatness of the versification.

The Knight of the Kirk, or the Ecclesiastical Adventures of Sir John Presbyter, by Meston,* is a close and tolerably successful imitation of the style of Butler; but, whether from having studied his original so incessantly that he confounded his ideas with his own, or actuated by zealous admiration, like the old woman that stole a bible through the excess of her devotion, the Scottish writer has conveyed ("convey the wise it call,") not only thoughts and expressions, but whole lines from his great prototype. He frequently expands a pithy couplet into half a page of doggrel, and dilutes the concentrated spirit of Butler into vapid and mawkish slip-slop. The author of *Hudibras* certainly did not bequeath him his mantle, but he has managed to pilfer some scraps of it, with which he has patched his thread-bare plaid. Meston, however, is decidedly superior to the common herd of Hudibrastic writers, and his

* William Meston was a native of Aberdeenshire: he was born towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, and was educated at the Mareshall College of Aberdeen. Being a sturdy Jacobite, he took an active part in the insurrection of 1715, and after the defeat at Sheriffmuir, was obliged to skulk among the hills and fastnesses till an act of indemnity was published. He afterwards turned schoolmaster, but with little success, and in his latter years he was dependent on the Countess of Errol for support. He died in 1745.

XUM

propensity to plagiarism is the more to be regretted, as he possessed wherewithal to subsist respectably without it. *The Knight of the Kirk* was probably intended as the commencement of a work of some length: the part which Meston completed, has no action in it, and consists of a somewhat wearisome detail of the mental and bodily endowments of Sir John Presbyter, the personification of the Scottish Kirk, his dress, arms, opinions, and accomplishments.

"Now since you have our hero's name,
Our epick poem should be lame,
Unless his pedigree we trace,
And tell whence he derives his race;
Without the help of divination,
'Tis hard to tell his generation;
For as it happens in old states,
Which have outliv'd our common dates,
The longer time they have endur'd,
Their origin is more obscur'd,
And if you trace their births and æras,
You'll meet with nothing but chimæras.
Yea, some of them have been so vain,
As all ancestors to disdain,
Except our common mother earth,
To which alone they ow'd their birth,
As if like mushrooms they had sprung
From heaps of rotten earth and dung;
For, trace the old and young, you'll still
Find, that they meet on the dunghill.
So some alledge our doughty knight
Was come of Chaos and old Night,
Proving that he came from that border
Because he hates all form and order.
Could we believe himself, he'll tell us,
He is one of th' apostles' fellows,
With whom he did sit cheek by jowl,
And voted when they made their poll,
As member of their first assembly,
Which makes him be with them so homely.
He'll not call any of them saint
Unless they'd take the covenant;
But this is what few will allow him,
For the apostles never knew him.
As bravest soldiers are seen,
In time of war, to look most keen,
Who hang their head and droop their snout,

When peace comes in and war goes out;
Or as some herbs that love the shade,
But in the sun-shine die or fade;
Or as the owl that hates the light,
And only seems to live in night:
Just so, Sir John, in time of war,
Appeared like a blazing star,
But languished with sore disease,
And droop'd in times of peace and ease.
No wonder then if still he hates
All peaceful and well-order'd states;
For, to his glory or his shame,
He cannot live but in a flame.
He's still resolv'd, whate'er betide him,
That none shall live in peace beside him.
A pair of gauntlet gloves he had,
For boxing, and for preaching made,
With which he dealt his deadly blows,
And thump'd the pulpit and his foes;
Well vers'd he was in both these trades,
Of handling texts and rusty blades;
In both he had such matchless skill,
With either he could wound or kill;
And many a head had got contusions
With both these weapons, in confusions;
For when he kill'd not by the word,
He did it with the powerful sword,
And made his enemies perplex'd
Either with awful sword or text.
He was content to fright his foes,
Either with paraphrase or blows;
And if the one did not succeed,
The other knock'd them in the head.
But far less vict'ry he had got
By texts, than blows and musket-shot;
For like the wight with the tame pigeon,
He cudgell'd men into religion."

Meston's Works.

The following definition of truth is neatly written.

"Truth is an atom or a point
Which never man could yet disjoint,
And make two contradictions share it;
For if you try to eke or pare it,

Or to dissect it, or dispose it,
'Twixt contradictions you will lose it;
For tho' this little thing, we know,
Can either lodge in yea or no:
Yet 'twixt these two it will not vary,
Whenever they are found contrary,
Nor like a trimmer take it's post,
With either side that rules the roast:
It dwells not with these luke-warm sinners,
Who for no side will lose their dinners,
But shift about and chuse the upper-
Side, where they get the better supper."

Meston's Works.

Meston's *Mob contra Mob*, and some of his *Mother Grim's Tales*, are close imitations of Butler; but we have already devoted a sufficient space to his productions.

Whatever quantum of merit these imitations may possess, they have one distinguishing characteristic unlike their great original: whether written for purposes of mirth or malice, they never rise above their subject. Butler's path was equally narrow, but it could not narrow his mind. He crowds into his confined circle all the treasures of wit and the accumulations of learning. He gives full measure to his readers, heaped up, and running over. Thought crowds upon thought and witticism upon witticism, in rapid and dazzling succession. Every topic and every incident is made the most of: his bye-play always tells. Many of his happiest sallies appear to escape him as if by accident; many of his hardest hits appear to be merely chance-blows. A description of a bear-ward brings in a sneer at Sir Kenelm Digby and his *powder of sympathy*, and an account of a tinker's doxey introduces a pleasantry on Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*. There is always an under current of satiric allusion beneath the main stream of his satire. The juggling of astrology, the besotting folly of alchemy, the transfusion of blood, the sympathetic medicines, the learned trifling of experimental philosophers, the knavery of fortune-tellers and the folly of their dupes, the marvellous relations of travellers, the subtleties of the school-divines, the freaks of fashion, the fantastic extravagancies of lovers, the affectations of poetry, and the absurdities of romance, are interwoven with his subject, and soften down and relieve his dark delineation of fanatical violence and perfidy. Of this continuity of satire, Butler's imitators had no conception, or were too poor in spirit and invention to attempt to follow in his steps. They seem to have taken it into their heads that they had only to bid defiance to grammar and decency, to be vulgar in thought and coarse in

expression, to clip and torture the English language without remorse, to split occasionally an unfortunate word in two, and to attach the dislocated syllables to different lines, adding a due proportion of double and treble rhymes, to be perfectly Hudibrastic. Indeed, much of their versification is so rugged and uneven as to vie with the jolting of the road known by the name of *the Devil's back-bone*. They display occasionally some share of humour, but in wit they are poor indeed. Butler was by no means deficient in humour, but it was cast into a dim eclipse by the predominance of his wit. His characters do not show themselves off unconsciously as fools or coxcombs—they are set up as marks at which the author levels all the shafts of his ridicule and sarcasm. These imitations in general are much too long : a burlesque in a dozen cantos is too serious a joke.

To conclude : we consider the *manner* of Butler as peculiarly easy of imitation, (which may account for the number of works at the head of this article); his *matter* as inimitable, except by an equal or a greater genius. We do not look upon successful imitators as little better than the mocking-bird, who copies the melody of other songsters without possessing any note of its own. To catch not only the style and turn of thought of another writer, but to express the same thoughts, clothed in the same language, which that writer would, in all probability, have thought and written on a given subject, requires a considerable portion of the genius of the original, as well as a thorough insight into the mechanism of his mind. The author of the most successful series of imitations which perhaps has ever appeared (the *Rejected Addresses)* has shown himself an original poet of no ordinary powers. Sir Walter Scott's imitations of Crabbe and Moore are eminently happy, and Hogg's half-serious, half-ludicrous imitations, in the *Poetic Mirror*, almost strike us as fac-similes. We have no doubt Lord Byron could write an excellent imitation either of Milton or Butler, though, we confess, we have no wish to see him attempt either. We shall conclude with an extract from some scholastic pleasantries by Mr. Moore, which, as they are not very likely to be familiar to our Hudibrastic readers, we shall make no apology for introducing. If they have not the terseness and pregnant brevity of Butler, they have much of his point and ingenious subtlety.

> "But, to begin my subject rhyme—
> 'Twas just about this dev'lish time,
> When scarce there happen'd any frolics,
> That were not done by Diabolics,
> A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
> Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her;
> A branch of Dagon's family,
> (Which Dagon, whether he or she,

Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger *et cæteris,)*
Finding that in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic mannikin;
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,
Lully, Hales irrefragabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is!
In languages, the polyglotts,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrim and priest included.
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Were one-and-seventy fools to him!
But chief the learned dæmon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory,
He nightly tippled '*Græco more,*'
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends;
From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
Say, to be at-tick's to be on tick!
In logics, he was quite Ho Panu!
Knew as much as ever man knew.
He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrite,
At once upon the hip he had you right!
Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
Like that great little man Albertus,
Wherein he shew'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be
He cries O A!—if girl, O E!—
They are, says he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
'Oh Eve!' exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries, 'Oh Adam!'
In point of science astronomical,
It seem'd to him extremely comical
That once a year the frolic sun
Should call at Virgo's house for fun,

And stop a month and blaze around her,
Yet leave her Virgo, as he found her.
But 'twas in optics and dioptricks,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks:
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
That glasses are the best utensils
To catch the eye's bewilder'd pencils;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and pure reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play upon a bumper's blaze,
Were by the doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon!
He wisely said, that the sensorium
Is for the eye a great emporium,
To which these noted picture stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
Our doctor thus with 'stuff'd sufficiency'
Of all omnigenous omniciency,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts:
Poems, so very grave and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible;
Prose which had been at learning's fair,
And bought up all the trump'ry there;
The tatter'd rags of ev'ry vest
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure, swoll'n and antic,
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those who saw the fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's!
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books—oh! 'twere tedious
Did I but tell the half, to follow me.
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heav'n! have miss'd us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great '*porcus literarum!*'"

ART. VIII. *Olor Iscanus. A Collection of some Select Poems and Translations, formerly written by Mr.* Henry Vaughan, *Silurist. Published by a Friend.*

" Flumina amo, Sylvasque inglorius."—*Virg. Georg.*

London, printed by T. W. *for* Humphrey Moseley, *and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard.* 1651. *Small* 8vo.

This little volume has long lain hid in undeserved oblivion. Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, as he loved to be called, appears to have been a very accomplished individual, though given, as we learn from Anthony Wood, to be " singular and humoursome." He has not, indeed, scaled the highest heaven of invention, nor even succeeded in bestowing fame and celebrity on his favorite river of Isca; but if a considerable command of forcible language, and an occasional richness of imagery, be sufficient to arrest a poet fast falling into total oblivion, we think we shall be justified in selecting the " *Olor Iscanus*" as the subject of an article. This little production is moreover peculiarly adapted to our purposes. We could not recommend a reprint of the whole, though the poetry only runs to sixty-four small octavo pages, for there are many parts in which the author falls into dulness or obscurity, or where, following the cold and vapid taste of the times, he spends his strength on frigid and bombastic conceits; but, at the same time, Vaughan possessed both feeling and imagination,—flowers which not unfrequently shew themselves above the weeds which the warped judgment of the age encouraged to grow up in too great luxuriance. Added to this, he is a translator of no little skill; and has succeeded in turning many of the metrical pieces of Boëtius, and some of the odes of Casimir, into free and forcible English. It is very much to be lamented, that he did not give more of his attention to this good service; for we cannot help thinking there are very few versions in the language executed with more ability than those which we shall presently submit to the reader.

These poems chiefly come under the head of what is usually termed occasional poetry,—a species of writing ill adapted to carry the fame of the author down to Posterity, a personage generally too busy in pursuing her own trifles, to attend to those which may have caught the attention of an individual of a former age. Sometimes, however, the occasion is a general one; and at others, the writer rises above his subject, and making it

but the stepping-stone of his course, wings a lofty and enduring flight. Probably, Henry Vaughan contemplated some more lasting and worthy theme than eulogies and elegies upon his friends, if we may judge from the following address to his native *Isca*, the theme of the first poem in this volume:

> "But Isca, whensoe'er those shades I see,
> And those lov'd arbours must no more know me,
> When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
> And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
> I'll leave behind me such a large kind light,
> As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
> And in these vows which (living yet) I pay,
> Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
> As shall from age to age thy fair name lead,
> 'Till rivers leave to run, and men to read."

By this "precious and enduring ray" is intended, we presume, the identical little book from which we have been brushing the cobwebs and wiping the dust, and whose "scattered beams" we are about to let fall once more on the public, who, most unaccountably, as the Silurist would think, are little aware of their brightness, though rivers have not left to run, nor men to read. After celebrating the Isca, our author proceeds to the charnel-house, his reflections on which are written with a vigorous pen. It may be that, in this following quotation from it, there are few new ideas; but it breathes forth a vigorous strain of morality, which shall be "as a modicum of salt to charm away the rottenness of oblivion:"

> "Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast-tenter'd * hope,
> Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,
> Whose stretch'd excess runs on a string too high,
> And on the rack of self-extension die?
> Cameleons of state, air-mongring † band,
> Whose breath (like gunpowder) blows up a land,
> Come see your dissolution, and weigh
> What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day.
> As th' elements by circulation pass
> From one to th' other, and that which first was
> Is so again, so 'tis with you. The grave
> And nature but complot: what the one gave

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* *Tenter'd*, extended.

† *Air-mongring*, dealing in air, or unsubstantial visions.

XUM

The other takes. Think, then, that in this bed
There sleep the relics of as proud a head,
As stern and subtle as your own; that hath
Perform'd or forc'd as much; whose tempest wrath
Hath levell'd kings with slaves; and wisely, then,
Calm these high furies, and descend to men.
Thus Cyrus tam'd the Macedon; a tomb
Check'd him who thought the world too strait a room.
Have I obey'd the powers of a face,
A beauty, able to undo the race
Of easy man? I look but here, and straight
I am inform'd; the lovely counterfeit
Was but a smoother clay. That famish'd slave,
Beggar'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,
Brings hither but his sheet. Nay, the ostrich-man,
That feeds on steel and bullet,—he that can
Outswear his lordship, and reply as tough
To a kind word, as if his tongue were buff,
Is chapfall'n here: worms, without wit or fear,
Defy him now; death hath disarm'd the bear.
Thus could I run o'er all the piteous score
Of erring men, and having done meet more.
There shuffled wills—abortive, vain intents—
Fantastic humours—perilous ascents—
False, empty honours,—trait'rous delights,
And whatsoe'er a blind conceit invites—
But these, and more, which the weak vermins swell,
Are couch'd in this accumulative cell,
Which I could scatter; but the grudging sun
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone:
Day leaves me in a double night, and I
Must bid farewell to my sad library,
Yet with these notes. Henceforth with thought of thee
I'll season all succeeding jollity,
Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit:
Excess hath no religion, nor wit;
But should wild blood swell to a lawless strain,
One check from thee shall channel it again."

The following is part of an address to an usurer, who had obliged the poet with loans of money; the whole is written with vast freedom and richness of expression:

"But wilt have money, Og? must I dispurse?
Will nothing serve thee but a poet's curse?

Wilt rob an altar thus; and sweep at once
What, Orpheus-like, I forced from stocks and stones?
'Twill never swell thy bag, nor ring one peal
In thy dark chest. Talk not of shrieves, or gaol—
I fear them not; I have no land to glut
Thy dirty appetite, and make thee strut
Nimrod of acres; I'll no speech prepare,
To court the hopeful cormorant, thine heir;
Yet there's a kingdom at thy beck, if thou
But kick this dross, Parnassus' flow'ry brow
I'll give thee, with my Tempe—and to boot,
That horse which struck a fountain with his foot.
A bed of roses I'll provide for thee;
And chrystal springs shall drop thee melody.
The breathing shades we'll haunt, where ev'ry leaf
Shall whisper us asleep, though thou art deaf.
Those waggish nymphs, too, which none ever yet
Durst make love to, we'll teach the loving fit;
We'll suck the coral of their lips, and feed
Upon their spicy breath—a meal at need;
Rove in their amber tresses, and unfold
That glist'ring grove, the curled wood of gold;
Then peep for babies, a new puppet-play,
And riddle what their prattling eyes would say.
But here thou must remember to dispurse,
For, without money, all this is a curse;
Thou must for more bags call, and so restore
This iron age to gold, as once before.
This thou must do, and yet this is not all;
For thus the poet would be still in thrall:
Thou must, then, (if live thus,) my nest of honey!
Cancel old bonds, and beg to lend more money."

These spirited verses and the following copy to a friend, complaining of the general poverty of poets, make us fear that our author did not find the flowery paths of poesy and philosophy (which Wood says he followed, instead of the study of the law) a fortunate choice. The spirit, however, of the man, rich or poor, is to be envied, who could thus console himself. Speaking of poets, he says:

"Woeful profusion! at how dear a rate
Are we made up! all hope of thrift and state
Lost for a verse! When I by thoughts look back
Into the womb of time, and see the rack

Stand useless there, until we are produc'd
Unto the torture, and our souls infus'd
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt
That, as some tyrants use, from their chain'd rout
Of slaves to pick out one, whom, for their sport,
They keep afflicted by some ling'ring art:
So we are merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legend of the age.
When I see, in the ruins of a suit,
Some nobler brest, and his tongue sadly mute—
Feed on the vocal silence of his eye,
And knowing, cannot reach, the remedy;
When souls of baser stamp shine in their store,
And he, of all the throng, is only poor;
When French apes for foreign fashions pay,
And English legs are drest th' outlandish way,
So fine, too, that they their own shadows woo,
While he walks in the sad and pilgrim shoe,
I'm mad at fate, and angry, ev'n to sin,
To see deserts and learning clad so thin—
To think how th' earthly usurer can brood
Upon his bags, and weigh the precious food
With palsied hands, as if his soul did fear
The scales could rob him of what he laid there:
Like devils, that on hid treasures sit, are those
Whose jealous eyes trust not beyond their nose,
But guard the dirt, and the bright idol hold
Close, and commit adultery with gold.
A curse upon their dross! How have we sued
For a few scatter'd chips; how oft pursued
Petitions with a blush, in hope to squeeze,
For their souls' health, more than our wants, a piece!
Their steel-ribb'd chests and purse (rust eat them both!)
Have cost us, with much paper, many an oath,
And protestations of such solemn sense,
As if our souls were sureties for the pence.
Should we a full night's learned cares present,
They'll scarce return us one short hour's content:
'Las, they're but quibbles,—things we poets feign,—
The short-liv'd squibs and crackers of the brain.
But we'll be wiser, knowing 'tis not they
That must redeem the hardship of our way.
Whether a higher power, or that star
Which nearest heav'n is, from the earth most far,

Oppress us thus; or angel'd from that sphere,
By our strict guardians are kept luckless here,
It matters not—we shall one day obtain
Our native and celestial scope again."

From the extract we shall next make, we may gather rather a lively picture of the manners of the age in which the poet wrote. He is inviting a friend to leave his retirement, and share the pleasures of the town. Speaking of the length of time since he saw him, and of the intervening changes, he exclaims:

" Abominable face of things!—here's noise
Of bang'd mortars, blue aprons, and boys,
Pigs, dogs, and drums; with the hoarse, hellish notes
Of politicly deaf usurers' throats;
With new fine worships, and the old cast team
Of justices, vex'd with the cough and phlegm.
Midst these, the cross looks sad; and in the shire-
Hall furs of an old Saxon fox appear,
With brotherly ruffs and beards, and a strange sight
Of high, monumental hats, ta'en at the fight
Of Eighty-eight; while ev'ry burgess foots
The mortal pavement in eternal boots.
Hadst thou been bach'lor, I had soon divin'd
Thy close retirements, and monastic mind;
Perhaps some nymph had been to visit; or
The beauteous churl was to be waited for,
And, like the Greek, ere you the sport would miss,
You stay'd and strok'd the distaff for a kiss.
* * * * * * * * *
Why, two months hence, if thou continue thus,
Thy memory will scarce remain with us.
The drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim
They have not seen thee here since Charles's reign;
Or, if they mention thee, like some old man
That at each word inserts—*Sir, as I can*
Remember—so the cyph'rers puzzle me
With a dark, cloudy character of thee;
That (certs!) I fear thou wilt be lost, and we
Must ask the fathers ere't be long for thee.
Come! leave this sullen state, and let not wine
And precious wit lie dead for want of thine.
Shall the dull market landlord, with his rout
Of sneaking tenants, dirtily swill out
This harmless liquor? Shall they knock and beat
For sack, only to talk of rye and wheat?

O let not such preposterous tippling be;
In our metropolis, may I ne'er see
Such tavern sacrilege, nor lend a line
To weep the rapes and tragedy of wine!
Here lives that chemic quick-fire, which betrays
Fresh spirits to the blood, and warms our lays;
I have reserv'd, 'gainst thy approach, a cup,
That, were thy muse stark dead, shall raise her up,
And teach her yet more charming words and skill,
Than ever Cœlia, Chloris, Astrophil,
Or any of the threadbare names inspir'd
Poor rhyming lovers, with a mistress fir'd.
Come, then—and while the snow-icicle hangs
At the stiff thatch, and winter's frosty fangs
Benumb the year, blythe (as of old) let us,
'Midst noise and war, of peace and mirth discuss.
This portion thou wert born for: why should we
Vex at the times' ridiculous misery?
An age that thus hath fool'd itself, and will
(Spite of thy teeth and mine) persist so still.
Let's sit, then, at this fire, and while we steal
A revel in the town, let others seal,
Purchase, or cheat, and who can, let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders we! A better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave th' obtuse
Rout to their husks: they and their bags, at best
Have cares in earnest—we care for a jest."

The following piece is entitled "*Monsieur Gombauld,*" and appears to have been written after reading his romance of Endymion, a work composed by the author at a very advanced age:

"I've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
Th' amours and courtship of the silent queen;
Her stol'n descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heav'n, then with a lover;
With Latmos' louder rescue, and (alas!)
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts; and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits; what dark groves and ill-shap'd guard

Ismena led thee through; with thy proud flight
O'er Periardes, and deep-musing night
Near fair Eurotas' banks; what solemn green
The neighbour shades wear; and what forms are seen
In their large bowers; with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heel'd nymphs and fairies beat,
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty—the severe contempt
They have of man—their privilege to live
A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume: with the sad vale
Of Diophania; and the mournful tale
Of th' bleeding, vocal myrtle:—these and more,
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
Of style or matter; just as I have known
Some chrystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last, swoll'n with increase, she glides along
The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame.
Nor are they mere inventions, for we
In the same piece find scatter'd philosophy,
And hidden, dispers'd truths, that folded lie
In the dark shades of deep allegory,
So neatly weav'd, like arras, they descry
Fables with truth, fancy with history.
So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Less mutable, and lasting as their star;
And while there is a people, or a sun,
Endymion's story with the moon shall run."

The versification of these poems is also well worthy of notice, both for the facility of the rhyme, and the variety and ease of the rhythm, by which the poet is enabled to adapt his verse to all kinds of subjects, from the gravest to the gayest.

XUM

Perhaps his command over the language is more particularly shewn in the subsequent extracts, which we likewise quote with other views.

Apostrophizing Fletcher, on the posthumous publication of his plays, 1647, he says:

> " I did believe (great Beaumont being dead)
> Thy widow'd muse slept on his flow'ry bed.
> But I am richly cozen'd, and can see
> Wit transmigrates—his spirit stay'd with thee;
> Which, doubly advantag'd by thy single pen,
> In life and death now treads the stage agen.
> And thus are we free'd from that dearth of wit
> Which starv'd the land, since into schisms split,
> Wherein th' hast done so much, we must needs guess
> Wit's last edition is now i' th' press.
> For thou hast drain'd invention, and he
> That writes hereafter, doth but pillage thee.
> But thou hast plots; and will not the Kirk strain
> At the designs of such a tragic brain?
> Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see
> Thy most abominable policy?
> Will not the Ears assemble, and think 't fit
> Their synod fast and pray against thy wit?
> But they'll not tire in such an idle quest—
> Thou dost but kill and circumvent in jest;
> And when thy anger'd muse swells to a blow,
> 'Tis but for Field's or Swansteed's overthrow.
> Yet shall these conquests of thy bays outlive
> Their Scottish zeal, and compacts made to grieve
> The peace of spirits; and when such deeds fail
> Of their foul ends, a fair name is thy bail.
> But, happy! thou ne'er saw'st these storms our air
> Teem'd with, ev'n in thy time, though seeming fair.
> Thy gentle soul, meant for the shade and ease,
> Withdrew betimes into the land of peace.
> So nested in some hospitable shore,
> The hermit-angler, when the mid seas roar,
> Packs up his lines, and (ere the tempest raves)
> Retires, and leaves his station to the waves.
> Thus thou diedst almost with our peace; and we,
> This breathing time, thy last fair issue see,
> Which I think such, (if needless ink not soil
> So choice a muse,) others are but thy foil;

This or that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run parallel with thee.
True Ben must live; but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past."

Again, in an elegy on a friend slain at Pontefract, 1648, he writes:

" Nor is't a common valour we deplore,
But such as with fifteen a hundred bore;
And, lightning like, (not coop'd within a wall)
In storms of fire and steel, fell on them all.
Thou wert no woolsack soldier; nor of those
Whose courage lies in winking at their foes—
That live at loop-holes, and consume their breath
On match or pipes, and sometimes peep at death;
No, it were sin to number these with thee,
But that, thus poiz'd, our loss we better see.
The fair and open valour was thy shield;
And thy known station, the defying field."

He thus concludes an address to Powell, on his translation of Malvezzi:

" Come, then, rare politicians of the time,
Brains of some standing, elders in our clime,
See here the method: a wise, solid state
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joint in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in success, true to the common trust.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allays the heat and burnings of a land.
Religion guides it, and in all the tract
Designs so twist, that heaven confirms the act.
If from these lists you wander as you steer,
Look back, and catechise your actions here;
These are the marks to which true statesmen tend,
And greatness here with goodness hath one end."

The latter part of this small volume is composed of translations from Ovid, Ausonius, Boëtius, and Casimir, together with a few copies of original verse. Nearly the whole of this part of our author's productions is well worthy of being revived; but it is to the versions of the *Metra* of Boëtius, that we should most wish to draw the attention of our readers.

He has, with great judgment, adopted the octo-syllabic

measure, which, by its airy facility, is best of all fitted for conveying an idea of lyrical Latin poetry to the English reader. Part of the Second *Metrum,* Book First, of Boëtius, runs thus:

This soul, sometime wont to survey
The spangled Zodiack's fiery way,
Saw th' early sun in roses drest,
With the cool moon's unstable crest;
And whatsoever wanton star
In various courses near or far,
Pierc'd through the orbs, he cou'd full well
Track all her journey, and would tell
Her mansions, turnings, rise, and fall,
By curious calculation all.
Of sudden winds the hidden cause,
And why the calm sea's quiet face
With impetuous waves is curl'd.
What spirit wheels the harmonious world;
Or why a star dropp'd in the West,
Is seen to rise again by East.
Who gives the warm spring temp'rate hours,
Decking the earth with spicy flowers.
Or how it comes (for man's recruit)
That autumn yields both grape and fruit.
With many other secrets, he
Could show the cause and mystery.
But now that light is almost out,
And the brave soul lies chain'd about
With outward cares, whose pensive weight
Sinks down her eyes with their first height,
And clear contrary to her birth
Pores on this vile and foolish earth.

The following is a version of an address to the Deity, which forms the Fifth *Metrum*:

"O thou great builder of this starry frame,
Who, fix'd in thine eternal throne, dost tame
The rapid spheres, and lest they jar,
Hast giv'n a law to every star!
Thou art the cause that now the moon
With full orb dulls the stars, and soon
Again grows dark, her light being done,
The nearer still she's to the sun.
Thou, in the early hours of night,
Mak'st the cool ev'ning-star shine bright,

And at sun-rising, ('cause the least,)
Look pale and sleepy in the East.
Thou, when the leaves in winter stray,
Appoint'st the sun a shorter way;
And in the pleasant summer-light,
With nimble hours dost wing the night.
Thy hand the various year quite through
Discreetly tempers,—that what now
The North-wind tears from ev'ry tree
In spring again restor'd we see.
Then what the winter-stars between
The furrows in mere seed have seen,
The dog-star, since grown up and born,
Hath burnt in stately, full-ear'd corn.
Thus by creation's law controul'd,
All things their proper stations hold,
Observing (as thou didst intend)
Why they were made, and for what end.
Only human actions thou
Hast no care of, but to the flow
And ebb of fortune leav'st them all.
Hence th' inn'cent endure that thrall
Due to the wicked, whilst alone
They sit possessors of his throne;
The just are killed, and virtue lies
Buried in obscurities;
And (which of all things is most sad)
The good man suffers by the bad.
No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence,
Colour'd with holy, lying sense,
Can them annoy, but when they mind
To try their force, which most men find,
They, from the highest sway of things,
Can pull down great and pious kings.
O then, at length, thus loosely hurl'd,
Look on this miserable world,
Whoe'er thou art, that from above
Dost in such order all things move;
And let not man (of divine art
Not the least, nor vilest part)
By casual evils thus bandied, be
The sport of fate's obliquity.
But with that faith thou guid'st the heav'n,
Settle this earth, and make them even.

In the same easy vein, our poet has translated *Metrum* VI.:

" When the crab's fierce constellation
Burns with the beams of the bright sun,
Then he that will go out to sow
Shall never reap where he did plough,
But, instead of corn, may rather
(The old world's diet) acorns gather.
Who the violet doth love,
Must seek her in the flow'ry grove;
But never when the North's cold wind
The russet fields with frost doth bind.
If in the spring-time (to no end)
The tender vine for grapes we bend,
We shall find none, for only still
Autumn doth the wine-press fill.
Thus for all things, in the world's prime,
The wise God seal'd their proper time,
Nor will permit those seasons, he
Ordain'd by turns, should mingled be.
Then whose wild actions out of season,
Cross to nature and her reason,
Would by new ways old orders rend,
Shall never find a happy end."

He has been equally happy in turning the following little moral ode, which forms the Third *Metrum* of Boëtius's Second Book.

When the sun from his rosy bed
The dawning light begins to shed,
The drowsy sky uncurtains round,
And the (but now bright) stars all drown'd
In one great light, look dull and tame,
And homage his victorious flame.
Thus, when the warm Etesian wind
The earth's seal'd bosom doth unbind,
Straight she her various store discloses
And purples ev'ry grove with roses;
But if the South's tempestuous breath
Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death.
Oft in a quiet sky the deep
With unmov'd waves seem fast asleep,
And oft again the blust'ring North,
In angry heaps provokes them forth.

If then this world, which holds all nations,
Suffers itself such alterations,
That not this mighty, massy frame,
Nor any part of it can claim
One certain course, why should man prate
Or censure the designs of fate?
Why from frail honours, and goods lent,
Should he expect things permanent?
Since 'tis enacted by divine decree
That nothing mortal shall eternal be.

We must, however, conclude our extracts from the poems of our "Iscanian swan," with this pleasant description of the Golden Age, which is turned with equal faithfulness and felicity:

Happy that first white age! when we
Lived by the earth's mere charity;
No soft luxurious diet then
Had effeminated men;
No other meat, nor wine had any,
Than the coarse mast, or simple honey;
And by the parents' care laid up
Cheap berries did the children sup.
No pompous wear was in those days
Of gummy silks, or scarlet baise.
Their beds were on some flow'ry brink,
And clear spring water was their drink.
The shady pine in the sun's heat
Was their cool and known retreat,
For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
The youth and glory of the wood.
The daring sailor with his slaves
Then had not cut the swelling waves,
Nor for desire of foreign store
Seen any but his native shore.
No stirring drum had scar'd that age,
Nor the shrill trumpet's active rage;
No wounds by bitter hatred made
With warm blood soil'd the shining blade;
For how could hostile madness arm
An age of love to public harm?
When common justice none withstood,
Nor sought rewards for spilling blood.
O that at length our age would raise
Into the temper of those days!

XUM

But (worse than Ætna's fires!) debate
And avarice inflame our state.
Alas, who was it that first found
Gold hid of purpose under ground;
That sought out pearls, and div'd to find
Such precious perils for mankind.

To the poems and translations in verse are added some versions in prose, consisting of two treatises by Plutarch; the one on the "Benefit we may get by our enemies," the other "On the diseases of the mind and body;" and another, on the same subject, by Maximus Tyrius; and the last, in praise of a country life, from the Spanish of Guevara. These translations are written with considerable force and freedom, and prove our author to have had as masterly a pen in the composition of prose as of verse. We will finish this article, devoted to revive the memory of a man whose genius and accomplishments have been long unfamiliarized with the light, by quoting one or two passages from "The praise of a country life." Comparing the life of a citizen with that of a countryman, he says,

"The day itself (in my opinion) seems of more length and beauty in the country, and can be better enjoyed, than any where else. There the years pass away calmly; and one day gently drives on the other, insomuch, that a man may be sensible of a certain satiety and pleasure from every hour, and may be said to feed upon time itself, which devours all other things. And although those that are employed in the managing and ordering of their own estates in the country have otherwise, namely, by that very employment, much more pleasure and delights than a citizen can possibly have, yet verily so it is, that one day spent in the recess and privacy of the country, seems more pleasant and lasting than a whole year at court. Justly, then, and most deservingly, shall we account them most happy with whom the sun stays longest, and lends a larger day. The husbandman is always up and drest with the morning, whose dawning light, at the same instant of time, breaks over all the fields, and chaseth away the darkness (which would hinder his early labours) from every valley. If his day's task keep him late in the fields, yet night comes not so suddenly upon him, but he can return home with the evening-star. Whereas, in towns and populous cities, neither the day, nor the sun, nor a star, nor the season of the year, can be well perceived. All which, in the country, are manifestly seen, and occasion a more exact care and observation of seasons, that their labours may be in their appointed time, and their rewards accordingly."

He soon after adds the following beautiful piece of prose writing:

"This privilege also, above others, makes the countryman happy,

that he hath always something at hand which is both useful and pleasant; a blessing which has never been granted, either to a courtier, or a citizen: they have enemies enough, but few friends that deserve their love, or that they dare trust to, either for counsel or action. O who can ever fully express the pleasures and happiness of the country-life; with the various and delightful sports of fishing, hunting, and fowling, with guns, greyhounds, spaniels, and several sorts of nets! What oblectation and refreshment it is to behold the green shades, the beauty and majesty of the tall and ancient groves; to be skilled in planting and dressing of orchards, flowers, and pot-herbs; to temper and allay these harmless employments with some innocent, merry song; to ascend sometimes to the fresh and healthful hills; to descend into the bosom of the vallies, and the fragrant, dewy meadows; to hear the music of birds, the murmurs of bees, the falling of springs, and the pleasant discourses of the old ploughmen; where, without any impediment or trouble, a man may walk, and (as Cato Censorinus used to say) discourse with the dead, that is, read the pious works of learned men, who, departing this life, left behind them their noble thoughts for the benefit of posterity, and the preservation of their own worthy names; where the Christian pious countryman may walk with the learned religious minister of his parish, or converse with his familiar faithful friends, avoiding the dissimulation and windiness of those that are blown up with the spirit, and, under the pretence of religion, commit all villanies. These are the blessings which only a countryman is ordained to, and are in vain wished for by citizens and courtiers."

This is not the only production of Henry Vaughan. There is likewise by him a larger volume consisting of religious poetry, entitled *Silex Scintillans*, the second edition of which bears date 1655. Of this curious little book we have just been favoured with the loan, and hope at no distant period to give our readers farther specimens of our author, in a different vein. It seems, that in the interval between the two publications, the poet's mind had undergone a most important change. He had met with the works of "that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert," to which he attributes his happy conversion. One would think, that in such poems as we have been quoting, there was little food for bitter repentance, yet this author conceived it his duty to condemn them in a sweeping censure of all other 'vicious verse,' and deems his guilt to be expiated alone by his own *special sorrows*, and the blood of his Redeemer. The preface to the Hymns, which form part of the *Silex Scintillans*, contains a fierce denunciation of the idle verse-makers of the times, of whom he had unhappily been one.

"That this kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed wits, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time, in no better employments than a deliberate search, or excogitation of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable desire

to be reputed poets: leaving behind them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a predecessor of theirs) term Parricides, and a soul-killing issue, for that is the βραβεῖον and laureate crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting authors. And well it were for them if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no spirits but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after (like epidemic diseases) infect whole generations, corrupting always, and unhallowing the best gifted souls, and the most capable vessels."

He proceeds with his denunciation, which, if it serve no other purpose, indicates the favorite study of the times.

"Nay, the more acute the author is, there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busy upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermine. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical) have long, before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vicious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error, were but a small thing; there is sprung very lately another prosperous device, to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse, fall to translating; and the people are (every term) plentifully furnished with various foreign vanities, so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized, and made English: and this (as it is sadly observed) with so much favor and success, that nothing takes (as they rightly phrase it) like a romance. And very frequently (if that character be not an ivy bush) the buyer receives this lewd ware from persons of honor, who want not reason to forbear: much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed, at first, than some infectious and dissolving legend. To continue (after years of discretion) in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety; and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to."

He thus puts the guilt incurred by the author of immoral writings in a point of view, which, probably, is not always present to the eyes of those who indulge a warm temperament in the composition of that glowing and meretricious kind of poetry, which is but too common, we are sorry to say, in our days, as in those of Vaughan.

"If every idle word shall be accounted for, and if one corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths, how desperate (I beseech you) is their condition, who all their life-time, and out of mere design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers! It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them, for (said he) if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediately a cause of my ill; and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behind him. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness, than I do in life. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that he that is dead, is freed from sin, because he cannot, in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books, makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins (after death) as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease."

We shall close our article with this additional extract, in which our poet speaks of his own writings, and ends with one of the rarest requests we remember to have been made by an author.

"And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But (blessed be God for it!) I have by his saving assistance suppressed my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me are (I think) as innoxious, as most of that vein use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth, but let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an apology for them, or myself, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer; and if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, *I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.*"

How innocently have we been sinning against this pious petition, in thus recalling to light the verses which the author

fondly hoped (*after* his conversion,) would meet with that neglect from the public, which by others is so industriously deprecated! Hitherto, in the weariness and fatigue necessarily attendant upon the nature of our task, in our frequent disappointments in exploring the spots where we had expected concealed treasure, and in our laborious sifting and separating of the good from the bad, the obsolete from the fresh and enduring, the dead branch from the vivacious sprout, our consolation has always been, that we were performing a kindly and grateful office to the neglected author, could he but look down upon us and behold the sacrifice we were celebrating to his memory. This gratification is here denied us: we have in this instance disobeyed the solemn injunctions of a dead poet; our labour is unhallowed; and we lay down the pen with the mortifying belief of having earned nothing from the manes of Henry Vaughan, save a parting malediction.

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Honourable Col. Andrew Newport, a Shropshire Gentleman, who served as a Cavalier in the army of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and in that of Charles the First in England; containing Anecdotes and Characters of the principal Persons of that time: the whole forming a complete Military History of Germany and England towards the middle of the seventeenth century. A new edition, with additions, &c. London,* 1792.

We avail ourselves with some satisfaction of an opportunity of introducing to our readers an old and valued acquaintance, as one, whom they may have had the misfortune to lose sight of, amidst the perplexities of life, and the competition of more obtrusive candidates for their notice. For our own part, surrounded as we are by the bustle and cares of middle age, the mere mention of our author's name falls upon us, as cool and refreshing as a drop of rain in the hot and parched midday; for it never fails to bring along with it the recollection of the morning of our life—those green and pleasant years, when the solitary inhabitant of the desert island was perpetually mingling with the day-dreams of our imagination. In general, however, we are obliged to confess, that the admirers of De Foe have too much reason to complain, that one so highly prized should be so early and so entirely neglected. Though, perhaps, we ought not to wonder, yet we must be allowed to regret, that a charm, once so powerful, should be so speedily dissolved, and that the spell-bound captives are so completely dis-

enchanted, as even to forget that they have ever been enthralled. The taste soon begins to reject, as insipid, the simple sentiment on which its vigorous youth was fed, and the dulled palate is to be excited only by that, to which humour has given a zest, and wit lent its poignancy. Perhaps it were unreasonable to expect, that, when sated with the banquet, and cloyed with the too frequent repetition of over-seasoned viands, it should recur to the simple fare of its infancy, and find relief in contrasted insipidity. The present, indeed, in particular, seems an inauspicious moment for making the experiment; when the imagination is daily fed by the genius of the Great *Unknown*, with the most glorious visions that the fancy of man ever created; when there is nature, fresh and vigorous, as in a morning in spring, enlivened by a perpetual sun-shine of wit and humour; when the passions, gentle as well as fierce, breathe along the pages, now melting with their tenderness, and now scorching with their fervour; where hope and fear, and joy and sorrow, are blended together, as in a face of more than mortal beauty. It is not without a fear of being laughed at for our pains, that we venture to invite our readers to leave this sumptuous banquet for awhile, and to partake of a homelier repast, where nothing is served up but the naked realities of life; where there is nature, indeed, but nature in her simplest and coarsest garb; where wit and humour lend no seasoning, and the fancy communicates no ideal charms; where fiction belies its birth, and is, in spite of itself, cold and sober reality. Should our "Spartan broth" be not suited to their luxurious tastes, they will at least find their account in this temporary mortification of the palate, when they return to their former delicacies with a renovated appetite.

But before we engage in the more immediate consideration of the work of De Foe, the title of which is prefixed to this article, we would willingly bestow a few words on the singular genius of their author, with a view of proposing our own doubts and difficulties on a subject that seems to set criticism at defiance. After a vain attempt to apply those laws which hold in ordinary cases, we are compelled to regard him as a phenomenon; and to consider his genius as something rare and curious, which it is impossible to assign to any class whatever. Throughout the ample stores of fiction, in which our literature abounds more than that of any other people, there are no works which at all resemble his, either in the design or execution. Without any precursor in the strange and unwonted path he chose, and without a follower, he spun his web of coarse but original materials, which no mortal had ever thought of using before; and when he had done, it seems as though he had snapped the thread,

and conveyed it beyond the reach of imitation. To have a numerous train of followers is usually considered as adding to the reputation of a writer: we deem it a circumstance of peculiar honour to De Foe, that he had none. For in general they are the faults of a great author, the parts where he exaggerates truth, or deviates from propriety, that become the prey of the imitator. Wherever he has stolen a grace beyond the reach of art, wherever the vigour and freshness of nature are apparent, there he is inaccessible to imitation. The fugitive charms which are thus imparted, the volatile and subtle spirit which gives life and animation to the work, baffle and elude the grasp of mere imitative genius. In the fictions of De Foe, we meet with nothing that is artificial, or that does not breathe the breath of life. The ingenuity which could counterfeit works of a more elaborate kind, and much more highly as well as curiously wrought, could make nothing of a simplicity so naked, and a manner so perfectly natural. The most consummate art was unable to follow, where no vestiges of art were to be seen; for either none has been employed, or its traces are concealed as carefully as the Indian hides his footsteps from the observation of his pursuers; since to the most critical eye nothing is visible but the easy unconstraint of nature, and the fearlessness of truth. Besides, it must be allowed, that the temptation to imitate was as small, as the difficulties were many and great; for whilst he transcribed from the volume of life with a fidelity and closeness that have never been equalled, with a singularly mortified taste he chose the plainest and least inviting pages of the whole book. Those who would imitate De Foe, must copy from nature herself; and instead of dressing her out to advantage, content themselves with delineating some of her simplest and homeliest features.

In the distribution of talents among men of genius, two or three are generally found united in the same mind, whilst not one of them is possessed in perfection. But nature, when she made De Foe, seems to have forsaken her usual practice, and in a playful mood to have sent him into the world, with one mighty talent for his portion, but destitute of almost every other. Amidst an entire ignorance of the more elevated passions and feelings of mankind, a surprising poverty of imagination, and a total dearth of humour and wit, of fancy and eloquence, our admiration, or rather our wonder, is still taxed to the utmost by a display of invention the most unbounded, and a faculty of imitation the most consummate. His fictions are not so much the counterfeit of something existing, as they are themselves the very originals: the creations of his brain do not wear the semblance only of truth, but are absolutely quickened with its vitality; his phantoms, if such we may call them,

steal not forth at even-tide, apparent only when the actual world is obscured; they walk abroad in the open day, and are not to be distinguished from the substantial forms and realities of life. No unlucky mischance or awkward gesture betrays the hand that directs their motions: the real author never, for an instant, obtrudes himself into the presence of his reader; the imaginary hero is the only person who appears upon the stage, and of his existence we are as well convinced, as we are of our own. With a confiding security in the genuineness of his memoirs, we follow him over land and sea, engage with him in adventures sometimes marvellous, always strange; accompany him in travels where human foot had never penetrated—sail with him in latitudes where ship had never been, along coasts that were never laid down in a chart; and all the time have not the least suspicion that our companion is a mere shade, and that the author, who has thus led us, in imagination, round the world, never stirred from the desk at which he wrote. Our fellow traveller is sometimes a soldier, but more frequently a sailor, who is merchant or pirate, as opportunity dictates, and always a rogue. But this is respectable society:—we are sometimes introduced into company, of which an honest man may well be ashamed, and then we take a trip to the plantations, or skulk in holes and corners to avoid the pursuit of justice. But whether soldier or sailor, merchant or pirate, thief, or what not, we, at least, never suspect him of being an impostor, but give him ample credit for having perpetrated all the rogueries which he so deliberately recounts. All that he does, or says, or thinks, is in the line of his vocation, whatever that may happen to be. His language is always that of the plain and unlettered person he professes himself; homely in phraseology,—in expression rude and inartificial; yet like that of one, who has received a distinct impression of objects which he has seen, it is often forcible, happy, and strongly descriptive. Generally speaking, in other fictitious narratives, a tendency to moralize out of season, or in a vein too elevated for the character assumed, or a continued effort to be uniformly wise or elaborately witty, is almost sure to unmask the impostor, and expose "the dreaming pedant at his desk." Or if these characteristic marks be wanting, either the narrative is inconsistent with itself, or it contradicts some known and established fact, or there is some anachronism, or some other overt act against truth is committed, which critical sagacity seldom fails to detect and punish. But our author is never caught tripping in this way; he moralizes, to be sure, as much or more than most writers, but then his reflections are always in the right vein: he never steps from behind the curtain, to figure away himself upon the stage. Either a vigilance that was perpetually on the watch, preserved him from error,

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or he went right by mere instinct; or he so identified himself with his imaginary hero, that he became, in fancy, the very individual he was creating, and was therefore, necessarily, always in character. But whatever vigilance he used, he has always the art to appear perfectly unconcerned; there is none of the constraint that usually accompanies a painful effort to support imposture: his hero is not stiff and awkward like a puppet, which has no voluntary motion, but moves freely and carelessly along the stage; talks to us in an honest, open, confidential sort of way; lays his inmost thoughts and feelings open before us, as before a confessor, without caution or subterfuge; and by never asking our belief, never seeming conscious of a possibility of its being denied, fairly compels us to grant it.

A circumstance peculiar to the fictions of De Foe, and which greatly tends to give them an air of reality, is that their subjects are not such as are usually adopted by the writers of romance. They think it beneath them to have aught to do with any thing but great names and high rank; or if they ever make a stoop from their greatness, it is to descend at once into the very lowest class of men, whose rudeness has in it something of the picturesque. Between the palace and the hovel there is seldom an intermediate stage for the genius of romance to put up at, and consequently we never expect to meet with the pains-taking people who inhabit houses of brick; dealers in small wares, shop-keepers, and masters of trading vessels, straying through the realms of fiction. Now this is precisely the sort of company into which De Foe introduces us, and their adventures have more the air of matters of fact, in consequence of their names and professions sounding so un-romantic and common-place. There is another peculiarity in his fictions, which is still more remarkable. Our author's indifference to the fair sex is well known, as also that he has fallen under their ban, for having presumed to shew that any story could be made interesting with which they had no concern. Instead, therefore, of the stale and hackneyed subject, a couple of lovers, led through every difficulty and danger which the author could possibly contrive to throw in their way, to be at length crowned with felicity and marriage, he shews us a man struggling for the acquisition of wealth, and getting rich, at all events, by fair means or foul. Of love, at least the sentimental part of it, he clearly has no notion; and marriage, if it happens to be mentioned at all, is quite by the way, purely incidental to the main action, and never allowed to interrupt the grand business of life. When the hero has made his fortune, the author lays down his pen; the interest of the story is at an end.

De Foe himself, during the greater part of his troubled

life, laboured under pecuniary difficulties, and in the end is said to have died insolvent. It would seem, therefore, that he was resolved to feast his imagination with what he could not enjoy in reality; and as he felt the miseries of poverty in his own person, and was probably always speculating for the acquisition of wealth, he was naturally led to consider it the most interesting pursuit in which his hero could possibly be engaged. Whatever truth there may be in this, the propensity to accumulate ideal riches is every where clearly evinced. If his imagination ever grows wanton, it is in some dream of ideal wealth; if it ever warms, it is in the recital of some brisk trade, which his hero is driving at a profit of a hundred per cent. With what complacency will he enumerate the several articles of a rich booty, no matter how obtained! How he revels in the idea of a stream that rolls down sands of gold, or an El-dorado, where it is to be had for the picking up; or an oyster-bed, where every oyster contains a pearl of immense price! He is never contented with small gains, or fond of imaginary unsuccessful speculations, but delights in a lucky adventure, and enriching his hero with the proceeds: to abandon him, indeed, in poverty, seems to him as contrary to all rule, as any other novelist would consider it, to leave his principal personage unmarried. But this is a disposition altogether unheroic, and savours so little of romance: the employment and pursuits of his fictitious heroes constitute so completely the business of the class of people from whom they are taken, and the arts and practices they have recourse to are so much in the way of the world, that we never suspect these matter-of-fact personages of being the unsubstantial creatures of mere invention.

The grand secret of his art, however, if art it can be called, and were not rather an instinct, consists doubtless in the astonishing minuteness of the details, and the circumstantial particularity with which every thing is laid before us. It is by this, perhaps, more than any thing else, that fictitious narratives are distinguishable from the genuine memoirs of those who have been eye-witnesses of what they relate. The facts in the one case may be as probable as in the other; the descriptions as vivid and striking; the style as natural and unconstrained; still there is an indefinable something which seems to be wanting to the former, though we may not have remarked its presence in the latter. Some unimportant particular, some minute circumstance, which none but he who had seen with his eyes would have thought of remarking, will always serve, like the scarcely discernible lines on a genuine note, to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit. The eye of imagination, however strong and piercing, cannot always pervade the whole scene, and

see every thing distinctly; the more prominent features, indeed, it may develope with the clearness and accuracy of an almost unclouded vision, but all besides is either obscured with mist or lost in impenetrable shade, and he who paints from the ideal, must consequently either leave these parts unfinished, or spread his colours at random. It is the singular merit of De Foe to have overcome this difficulty, and to have communicated to his fictitious narratives every characteristic mark by which we distinguish between real and pretended adventures. The whole scene lay expanded before him in the fullness of light and life, and down to the minutest particular every thing is delineated with truth and accuracy. It is not necessary that we should have the light fall advantageously, or wink with our eyes, in order to make the delusion complete by hiding the defects, and softening down the harsh lines of the representation; the most penetrating gaze, aided by the strongest light, cannot detect the imposition or distinguish between the shade and the substance. Writers of fiction may in general be said rather to shadow forth than fully to delineate their visions, either because they flit away too early, or are never seen with sufficient distinctness: like the first discoverers of countries, they trace out a few promontories on their chart, and give a faint outline of something indistinctly seen. In the solitude of his closet, De Foe could travel round the world in idea, seeing every thing with the distinctness of natural vision, and noting every thing with the minuteness of the most accurate observer. His chart presents us not merely with the bold headland, shooting forth into the deep, or the clearly defined mountain that rises into middle air behind: we have the whole coast fully and fairly traced out, with the soundings of every bay, the direction of every current, and the quarter of every wind that blows.

The possession of this marvellous faculty has enabled him to communicate such an air of truth and reality to his fictions, that we are inclined to doubt, whether human life was ever before or has ever since been so faithfully represented, and to suspect that every other author has, more or less, exaggerated or distorted, exalted or debased, the nature from which he drew. It may appear to savour somewhat of paradox, but we will venture to affirm, that De Foe was not more indebted for this superiority to the possession of the single faculty we have mentioned, than to the want of those other powers by which more highly gifted authors have been distinguished. These latter have enabled their possessors to excite every emotion in their readers which the human breast is capable of feeling, but at the same time they have unfitted them to be the humble copyists of nature, and the faithful historians of

human life. We mean not to deny that nature formed the ground-work of their fictions, and supplied the elements of their characters, but it was nature wrought up to a higher pitch, and raised far above the level of common life. In their plots, for instance, instead of the ordinary number of events, which would naturally arise in the course of any series of years, we find an assemblage of strange and diverting incidents, such as never occur in the experience of one man, or of any given number of men. The imaginary persons who occupy the several scenes of this drama, are not only of much larger proportions than ordinary people, but form a collection of curious and eccentric characters, such as were never crowded together in any single stage of real life. Their wit, instead of flowing in the scanty stream, in which it really pervades the intercourse of fashionable life, is poured along in a mighty tide, of which the most brilliant society furnishes no example: their dialogue, as has been justly observed of one of them, is not the conversation of gentlemen, but the combat of intellectual gladiators. Their humour is a concentration of all the humours of all mankind, and runs through their works in a vein so rich, as at every page to excite the laugh that will not be controlled, whereas the dull and serious drama of the world seldom furnishes just occasion even for a smile. The passions, as they are pourtrayed by these writers, have an energy and terror more than mortal; and grief in particular, an uninviting thing enough in the world of real woe, is clothed with such an air of elegance and refinement, that it becomes a luxury in spite of fact, and is called the joy of grief; the favourite paradox of sickly poets. Then their descriptions of the visible world have a splendour and an illusion inconsistent with the sobriety of reality, and, instead of reminding the reader of earthly scenes, fill his imagination with the wonders of paradise, and the fabled glories of Elysium. In a word, they present us not with a chapter or two of human life, but an epitome of the whole, in which every detail is abridged, and none but the most surprising events fully developed. All that the writer's experience can furnish of the curious and diverting, whether facts or characters, gathered from every scene of life, and from among every class of men, is crowded into the narrative of a few years, and concentrated on a single stage. This quick succession of incidents, in themselves strange and various, together with the strong contrast produced by the opposition of character, eccentric or exaggerated, produces an effect delightful to the imagination, but no more resembling the tenour of real life, than a landscape, in which the productions of all climates and seasons should be grouped together, would be like a scene of the true picturesque. To delight and astonish, are perhaps the legitimate

ends of fiction, and it may be necessary to heighten every colour, and strengthen every shade, in order to produce this effect. We will go still farther, and allow that even, for the purposes of instruction, it may be expedient to exaggerate and embellish, in like manner as extreme cases are put to demonstrate truths, which escape our observation in the course of actual experience. But whilst the reader, especially the youthful one, is delighted and astonished, perhaps instructed; yet, since the characters with whom he converses in the world of fiction are so humorous and eccentric, their wit so brilliant and redundant, the turns of fortune so strange and unexpected, he is led either to form a very erroneous estimate of real life, or, if his limited experience enable him to correct his judgment, is inspired with a premature and morbid distaste for its comparative languor and insipidity.

We shall perhaps illustrate our meaning by an actual comparison, in one or two instances, between De Foe and the writers to whom we have alluded. Both he and Smollett have given us successful representations of a sailor's life, but in a very different style, and with very different effect. De Foe's sailor is of the ordinary description of men, one out of a thousand, with nothing very striking or characteristic about him; the sailor in Smollett is altogether an extraordinary being, whose every action is uncouth, and every expression ludicrous. The one has the usual marks of a sailor, but has every thing else in common with the rest of mankind; the other seems to belong to a different species; a creature formed and bred at sea, having a set of ideas, and modes of speaking and acting perfectly distinct from those possessed by the men who live on shore. The one has merely the technical phrase and vices, the homeliness and simplicity, peculiar to his profession; the other is not so much an individual character, as an abstract of the humour of the whole British navy. The one is an every-day kind of person, whom we have seen a hundred times; the other is a most amusing but imaginary being, whom we have never met with but in the inimitable pages of his creator. In like manner Col. Jack is a common thief; one of the multitudes that infest the streets of the metropolis, and every session sees him hung at Tyburn. But Jonathan Wild is a compound of elaborate villainy, whom nature never made; the materials indeed she furnished, but the workmanship is Fielding's, and his alone. An acquaintance with one or two of the tribe; a slight study of the Newgate calendar, or an occasional visit to the office in Bow-street; would suffice to enable the inventive genius of De Foe to delineate the features of an ordinary pickpocket; but the rogue of Fielding is the production of one, who had made villainy his study, and contemplated it in every possible variety.

He is the quintessence of knavery, and the traits which went to the composition of his character, were gathered from all the numberless villains that had appeared at the bar of the Westminster justice. He cannot fail, therefore, of being the most striking figure of the two, when he is so much larger than life! but the other is the real thief, who picks our pockets, and then dives down an obscure alley to elude pursuit. Our late acquaintance, Captain Dalgetty (we beg his pardon for introducing him in such company) is, we will venture to believe, an infinitely more amusing personage than any cavalier who ever served in Flanders or elsewhere, but it is precisely because he is more amusing that we lose our confidence in his reality. The Ritt-Master is not sufficiently dull and common-place to rank among the genuine productions of nature, and will scarcely, we fear, be cited as historical authority by the grave and the learned of after ages, as is understood to have been the case with the far less striking, but more natural, cavalier of De Foe. Not to enumerate unnecessary examples, it appears to us that these authors have drawn their characters as the ancient painter did his portrait of Helen. They have not confined themselves to the imitation of any one particular figure, with the ambition of producing merely a living resemblance ; but, from materials which their large acquaintance with the various and most striking forms of nature supplied, have created beings of their own, much more remarkable than any that move upon earth, and these they have endowed as richly, and exalted as high above the level of common life, as wit, and humour, and imagination, enabled them. But in their splendid creations we discern too clearly a style different from that of true nature, to be deluded into a persuasion that these are her productions, and if we ever work ourselves up to a weak belief of what we read, it is only when reason suffers herself to be hood-winked, that we may better enjoy the pleasures of the fiction. In this respect, De Foe may be said to have been strong in his very weakness, and to have triumphed by the absence of the qualities which constitute the might of those with whom we have compared him. They have succeeded in captivating our imagination, and even seducing our reason, but he has vanquished our judgment, and baffled our penetration. If he has none of the distinguished merits of these authors, neither can he be charged with the errors which grew out of them; if he enjoyed not the qualities which are requisite to transport and astonish mankind, he was the better fitted to triumph over their discernment, and deceive them more effectually ; for, whilst the possession of one extraordinary power enabled him to delude them into a belief that his fictions were realities, he was not tempted to injure the exactness of the imitation by an effort to improve upon the original. His

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imagination, if such it can be called, which contemplated nothing but realities on matters of fact, though its visions were wonderfully distinct and accurate, never risks breaking the delusion by taking flight, and soaring beyond the atmosphere of breathing men. Either the judgment reined it in with so strong a hand, as to compel it to go soberly on foot, or nature had not provided it wings wherewith to fly. He had no treacherous fancy to mislead him by spreading false colours and gay illusions on the objects he was about to represent; and cheat him into a belief that he was drawing from the actual, when he was disclosing only some vision of an ideal world. His was not a melancholy soul, which looked on the dark side of things, nor a merry one, that sought and found occasion for a laugh in every event of life; it was neither gloomy nor gay, but had a sort of cheerful sedateness which prevented him from being too sombre or too brilliant for truth. In short, he beheld nothing but what was, and saw every thing just as it was. He could not be more bountiful to the creatures of his invention than nature had been to him, and not being eminently gifted with wit and humour himself, he was safe from the temptation of making his imaginary persons more witty and humorous than would have been consistent with the simplicity and homeliness of their characters. So far was he from colouring his scenes too highly, or flattering his subjects by the force of imagination, that he seems, if any thing, to be less careful to heighten her realities, than expose her deformities. Neither was he anxious to select such scenes for the purpose of representation, as combined the greatest number of picturesque and striking forms, but contented himself with the most ordinary portion of the common field of men and manners. It is to be wished, indeed, that he had been more scrupulous or more ambitious in his choice of subjects, for most commonly his inimitable skill is lavished on objects which hardly seem worth the trouble of representation. But he was a painter after the Flemish fashion, took every line and feature with laborious accuracy, and so he did but produce a staring likeness, seems to have cared very little what the thing represented was; or, if he had any predilection, it was for objects that were coarse, vulgar, and indelicate. The merit of such representation appears to us to be much the same as that of the false curtain, which was drawn so inimitably as to deceive even the knowing glance of a brother artist. It was a curtain, neither more nor less, as long as the cheat remained undiscovered, and then it became a wonder and a marvel.

But this censure applies chiefly to those works which are not often heard of, and seldom read. He has not always been equally unfortunate in his choice; in one or two instances the subject is

worthy of the artist, and in that, in particular, by which he is popularly known, the design is as well chosen as the conduct of the story is admirable. It was indeed a happy moment, in which the idea of that most perfect and delightful of all fictions was conceived; and if the perusal of any work deserves to be accounted an epoch in a man's life, we know of none that is better entitled, from the interest it creates, and the irresistible hold it takes on the imagination, to be considered in the light of one. Whether it be that the fancy was then young, and ardent, and therefore more easily impressed, or that the fiction, by its romantic simplicity, was particularly adapted to the youthful taste, certain it is, that even after the lapse of many years, its scenes and incidents remain imprinted on the mind, in colours more fresh and enduring than the chief of those, with which we have more recently become acquainted. Like persons advanced in age, on whom passing events make little impression, and dwell not in their memory, we sometimes attempt as vainly to recall the fictions we have lately perused, as we try to bring to mind the particulars of a morning dream. The truth is, they were themselves as shadowy, obscure, and unconnected, as a dream, and therefore not better calculated to leave a more durable impression behind. But this, like some long remembered scene of youth, no time can obliterate, and no fresher images banish from our recollection. *That island* placed "far amidst the melancholy main," and remote from the track of human wanderings, is to this day the greenest spot in memory. Even at this distance of time, the scene expands before us as clearly and distinctly as when we first beheld it: we still see its green savannahs and silent woods, which mortal footstep had never disturbed: its birds of strange wing, that had never heard the report of a gun; its goats browsing securely in the vale, or peeping over the heights, in alarm at the first sight of man. We can yet follow its forlorn inhabitant on tip-toe, with suspended breath, prying curiously into every recess, glancing fearfully at every shade, starting at every sound; and then look forth with him, upon the lone and boisterous ocean, with the sickening feelings of an exile cut off for ever from all human intercourse. Our sympathy is more truly engaged by the poor ship-wrecked mariner, than by the great, the lovely, and the illustrious, of the earth. We find a more effectual wisdom in his homely reflections, than are to be derived from the discourses of the learned and the eloquent. The interest with which we converse with him in the retirement of his cave, or go abroad with him on the business of the day, is as various and powerful as the means by which it is kept up are simple and inartificial. So true is every thing to nature, and such reality is there in every particular, that the slightest circumstance creates a sensation;

and the print of a man's foot or shoe is the source of more genuine terror than all the strange sights and odd noises in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. But the author, by pursuing the idea too far, and endeavouring to build too much upon the same production, has, like many others, broken the charm which himself had created. We dare say our readers will participate with us in our regret, that the solitary island should ever have been revisited, or, in effect, that the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* should have ever been written. It is no more than any other island, when the air of solitude no longer prevails, and its recesses, sacred to eternal silence, cease to excite an interest when profaned by the noise and bustle of habitation. We should have been better pleased if it had been left to its original possessors, the goats, so that we might have been at liberty to picture it to ourselves, returning to its former deserted condition; the parrots flying about the woods, repeating the few words they had learnt of man; the corn growing wild about the island, and an occasional chance bringing only the savage in his canoe, to wonder at the few remaining marks of human habitation. The solitary himself, when he ceases to be such, grows vulgar and common-place: as a wealthy trader, surrounded with the comforts and conveniences of life, he is nothing more to us than Captain Singleton, or any other adventurer: the moment he puts off his goat-skin coat and cap, to resume the dress of a man of the world, we lose an old acquaintance. This feeling may perhaps have influenced our judgment, or the unfavourable comparison we are continually compelled to make, may operate to its disadvantage; but we cannot help thinking the second part of *Robinson Crusoe*, unequal in talent, and certainly inferior in interest, to some of our author's less popular works.

But it is time for us to turn our attention to the book which we at present more particularly wish to recommend to the notice of such of our readers as have not met with it, or of those who have no objection to allow us to read it for them. The Memoirs before us profess to be those of a Cavalier, who served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and afterwards in that of Charles I. in England. The character is one of common occurrence in those days, when the peace-loving administration of James forced the more adventurous and spirited of the English youth to seek employment abroad, and thus filled the armies of foreign princes with brave and skilful officers. Of these, some were men of birth and fortune, who deemed a campaign or two, with the Protestant armies on the continent, indispensably necessary to the character of an accomplished cavalier; and others were needy adventurers, who transferred themselves from one service to another, as it suited

their interest or inclination, careless of the cause, and true only for the term of their engagement. A forgotten cavalier, of the latter description, to whom we have already alluded, has lately been called into existence by the hand of a mighty magician, and presented to the wondering eyes of the present curious generation, man and horse, in full costume. Our cavalier belongs to the former class of adventurers, and, as might be expected, loses, in point of interest, what he gains in respectability. Though not devoid of characteristic or amusing traits, we have little interest in him, except as the person whom we are confident did actually see, and hear, and do, what is related in the simple and soldier-like narrative before us; and our only surprise is, when we learn that this matter-of-fact cavalier, with the truth of whose adventures we are so strongly impressed, is, after all, nothing but a mere shadow, that owes its imaginary existence to a wizard of the elder time, hardly less amusing in his way than the one to whom we have just now alluded. But we choose to overlook this trifling flaw in our hero's descent, and will take him on his word to have been a substantial *bonâ fide* personage, and descended of that very good family near Shrewsbury, from which he claims to have sprung.

We are not detained long with the particulars of his nonage,—a dream of his mother's, previous to his birth, of which she, "who was mighty observant that way," had taken minutes and registered in the first leaf of her prayer book, is recorded—a slight mention of his family and education is made,—and, in the third page, we find him a well-grown young gentleman, who has kept his terms at the university, riding leisurely home, after a hard chase with his father, a Shropshire gentleman of plentiful fortune. The latter takes occasion to enter into a discourse with him concerning the manner of his settling in the world, and proposes marriage and an establishment—terms which sound rather ungraciously in the ears of one, whom the beating of a kettle-drum had ushered into the world, and whose head, even in the pacific life of the cloister, had been running upon warlike adventures. Finding the military fever very strong upon him, his father gives him leave to try what a two years' sojourn among the "fighting people" will do, towards abating the current of his blood, and inducing more peaceful inclinations. Accordingly, having chosen for his companion an intimate college acquaintance, who was of a generous and free temper, and had the lines of a soldier written in his countenance, he embarks at Dover, on the 22d of April, 1630.

They have some diverting passages on their journey to Paris; but the following ludicrous adventure at Amiens deserves to be particularly recorded, and as none can tell a story

of this sort better than our cavalier, we give it in his own words.

"We staid one day at Amiens, to adjust this little disorder, and walked about the town, and into the great church, but saw nothing very remarkable there; but going cross a broad street near the great church, we saw a crowd of people gazing at a mountebank doctor, who made a long harangue to them with many antic postures, and gave out bills this way, and boxes of physic that way, and had a great trade; when on a sudden the people raised a cry, Larron! Larron! on the other side the street, and many of the auditors ran away from the doctor to see what the matter was—among the rest we went to see; and the case was plain enough.

Two English gentlemen and a Scotchman, travellers, as we were, were standing gazing at this prating doctor, and one of them caught a fellow picking his pocket: the fellow had got some of his money, for he dropt two or three pieces just by him, and had got hold of his watch, but, being surprised, let it slip again: but the reason of telling this story is for the management of it.

The thief had his seconds so ready, that as soon as the Englishman had seized him, they fell in, pretended to be mighty zealous for the stranger, takes the fellow by the throat, and makes a great bustle. The gentleman, not doubting but the man was secured, let go his own hold of him, and left him to them. The hubbub was great; and 'twas these fellows cried Larron! Larron! but, with a dexterity peculiar to themselves, had let the right fellow go, and seized upon another of their own gang.

At last they bring the man to the gentleman, to ask him what the fellow had done; who, when he saw the person they seized on, presently told them that was not the man: then they seemed to be in more consternation than before, and spread themselves all over the street, crying Larron! Larron! pretending to search for the fellow—some went one way, some another—they were all gone—the noise went over—the gentlemen stood looking one at another—and the bawling doctor began to have the crowd about him again."

At Paris there was not much to be seen. Cardinal Richelieu, who at that time governed France in the triple capacity of head of the church, prime minister of state, and lieut. gen. au place du roy, had left it the winter before, in order to prosecute the war against the Duke of Savoy; and the court, to be near him, was just gone to reside at Lyons.

The French affairs at this time wore but an indifferent aspect—there was no life in any place but where the cardinal was—every where else things looked ill—the troops were badly paid, and the people mutinous. Those of Lyons, in particular, began to be very tumultuous, and a scene ensues, which was, perhaps, a rare exhibition in those days—but with which the eyes of Frenchmen, in these late unhappy times, have become sufficiently familiar.

"We found the day before the mob got together in great crowds, and talked strangely: the king was every where reviled, and spoken disrespectfully of, and the magistrates of the city either winked at, or durst not attempt to meddle, lest they should provoke the people.

But on Sunday night, about midnight, we were waked by a prodigious noise in the street. I jumped out of bed, and, running to the window, I saw the street as full of the mob as it could hold, some, armed with muskets and halbards, marched in very good order; others in disorderly crowds—all shouting and crying out, "*Du Paix le Roy!*"

One that led a great party of this rabble carried a loaf of bread upon the top of a pike, and other less loaves, signifying the smallness of their bread, occasioned by dearness.

By morning the crowd was gathered to a great height: they ran roving over the whole city, shut up the shops, and forced the people to join with them; from thence they went up to the castle, and, renewing the clamour, a strange consternation seized the princes."

The queen mother, however, manages them with great dexterity—she comes into the court of the castle—shews herself to the people—speaks gently to them—and, by a way peculiar to herself, pacifies the mob, and sends them home with promises of redress. In conclusion, he observes, very much in the tone of a cavalier, "he must say, that when he called to mind since, the address, the management, the compliance in shew, and, in general, the whole conduct of the queen mother with the mutinous people of Lyons, and compared it with the conduct of his unhappy master, the King of England, he could not but see that the queen understood much better than King Charles the management of politics and the clamours of the people."

Pursuing his journey, he arrives at Grenoble, the same day that the king and cardinal, with the whole court, go out to view a body of six thousand Swiss foot, which the cardinal had wheedled the Cantons to grant, to hasten the ruin of their neighbour the Duke of Savoy.

"The troops were exceeding fine, well accoutred, brave, clean limbed, stout fellows, indeed.

Here I saw the cardinal: there was an air of church gravity in his habit, but all the vigour of a general, and the sprightliness of a vast genius, in his face; he affected a little stillness in his behaviour, but managed all his affairs with such clearness, such steadiness, and such application, that it was no wonder he had such success in every undertaking.

This politic minister always ordered matters so, that if there was success in any thing, the glory was his; but if things miscarried, it was all laid upon the king.

This conduct was so much the more nice, as it is the direct contrary to the custom in like cases, where the kings assume the glory of all the success in an action; and when a thing miscarries, make them-

selves easy by sacrificing their ministers and favourites to the complaints and resentments of the people: but this accurate, refined statesman got over this point.

Here I saw also the king, whose figure was mean, his countenance was hollow, and always seemed dejected, and every way discovering that weakness in his countenance that appeared in his actions.

If he was ever sprightly and vigorous, it was when the cardinal was with him: for he depended on every thing he did, that he was at the utmost dilemma when he was absent, always timorous, and irresolute.

I observed, while the cardinal was gone, there was no court, the king was seldom to be seen, very small attendance given, and no bustle at the castle; but as soon as the cardinal returned, the great councils were assembled, the coaches of the ambassadors went every day to the castle, and a face of business appeared upon the whole court."

Leaving Grenoble, he gets into the French army, which was already in the field; and, in one of the frequent skirmishes with the enemy, makes his first essay of arms, having been induced to go out and see the sport, as the French gentlemen called it. It turns out a kind of sport not at all to his liking, for his party is surrounded, and almost all cut off by the enemy. Another rub which he escapes in the French army, some days after, sets him upon considering what he has to do there; and, "being able to give but a very slender account of himself for what it was he ran all these risques, he resolved they shall fight it out among themselves, for he will come among them no more." Shortly after, the plague gets among them, and this makes him think of being gone in real earnest. At Milan, he hears, for the first time, the name of Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, who had just began his war with the emperor; and every gazette being full of his conquests and victories, he is prepossessed with secret wishes of seeing him. But these designs are so young and unsettled, and he had been so roughly handled already, that they are not strong enough to make him break his resolution of appearing among the fighting people no more. In Italy, however, he sees nothing that gave him any diversion. All their wars are confined to private murders—stabbing men at the corner of streets in the dark—poisoning—twisting of the neck—and the like. Neither has he any more taste for the antiquities, than the modern excellencies of the country. He endeavours, indeed, to persuade himself, when at Rome, that it is pleasant to say—here stood the Forum—there the Capitol—here the Pantheon, &c.; but, in truth, he is much better pleased with the idea of seeing "all those great towns on the Danube, which were then in the hands of the Turks, and which he had read so much of in the history of the war between the Turks and Germans."

But when, in pursuance of this design, he arrives at Vienna, the fame of the Swedish conquests, and of the hero who commanded them, again shakes his resolution, and he determines upon witnessing the conjunction of the Protestant armies, and, before the fire was broke out too far, to take the advantages of seeing both sides. Accordingly, by virtue of papers obtained at Vienna, he got into the Imperial army, under Count Tilly; but the horrors of the siege of Magdeburg (at which he is present) give him an aversion to the emperor's people, and his cause; so he quits their camp and returns to Leipsic, where he has an opportunity of seeing the Saxon army, and comparing it with the one he had just left.

"The duke of Saxony mustered his forces under the walls of Leipsic, and I, having returned to the city two days before, saw them pass in review.

The duke, gallantly mounted, rode through the ranks, attended by his field marshal Arnheim, and seemed mighty well pleased with them; and indeed the troops made a very fine appearance; but I that had seen Tilly's army, and his old weather-beaten soldiers whose discipline and exercises were so exact, and their courage so often tried, could not look on the Saxon army without some concern for them, when I considered who they had to deal with.

Tilly's men were rugged, surly fellows; their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars; their armour shewed the bruises of musket balls, and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright: they were used to camp in the open fields, and sleep in the frosts and rain; their horses were strong and hardy like themselves, and well taught their exercises.

The soldiers knew their business so exactly, that general orders were enough: every private man was fit to command, and their wheelings, marchings, counter-marchings, and exercises, were done with such order and readiness, that the distinct words of command were hardly of any use among them: they were flushed with victory, and scarce knew what it was to fly."

This difference in the two armies makes such an impression on him, that he has no inclination for the Saxon service, and resolves to wait till he has seen the Swedes, of whom he had heard so much.

"When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city: the meanest countrywoman with her market ware was as safe from violence as in the streets in Vienna.

There were no regiments of lewd women in rags, such as followed the Imperialists; nor any women in the camp but such as were

known to the provosts to be the wives of the soldiers, who were necessary for washing linen, taking care of the soldiers' clothes and dressing their victuals.

The soldiers were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and exceedingly careful of them; and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when first I saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we had heard of them, made them seem to me invincible.

The discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's; his own skill, judgement, and vigilance, having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use."

Here he finally makes his election; and smitten with the character of the royal hero, and the valour of his troops, enters the Swedish service.

We could with pleasure follow the "immortal Gustavus" in his splendid career of victory, and the triumphant circuit which he made through the whole of Germany, in the face of the bravest armies, and the most accomplished generals of the age. But our limits will not permit us. We can only assure our readers, that if they are of a warlike mood, they cannot make the same tour in better company than in that of our cavalier. A campaign is in general a dull thing enough in the perusal, unless it be in a country that has seldom been visited by war, where the scenery is picturesque, and the manners of the people curious and interesting. But in Germany—that high road of Europe—that stage on which the royal gladiators have been in the habit of fighting out their quarrels, time out of mind—it is more than usually dry and professional. The tactician, doubtless, will derive his best instructions from these wars on a grand scale, where all the business of slaughter is transacted *secundum artem*, but the general reader is wearied out by the repetition of marches—countermarches—entrenchments, and the like; unrelieved by any peep at a pleasant country by the way, and undiversified by any amusing or characteristic details. The present narrative, however, though "horribly stuffed with circumstance of war," interests us not a little, in spite of our cavalier's being so fond of the smell of gunpowder, and having eyes for nothing but the goodly array of men at arms. The fictitious part is so skilfully blended with the historical, that the whole is perfectly of a piece, and has all the life and vivacity which characterise the relations of those who have witnessed what they describe. It is thus that fiction is made to give truth and reality to authentic narrative, and a dull gazette, like the Swedish Intelligencer, (the rude mine from which De Foe seems to have derived his materials) is quickened with life, and presents a moving scene

by flood and field. The reader's imagination is by their means wonderfully assisted, and he is enabled to transport himself in idea into the very midst of things; a power essentially requisite to render the perusal of history either entertaining or profitable. The incidents follow one another in quick and lively succession, and are related in an easy unaffected style, which is usually vigorous, and occasionally happy. Besides, the tone of the work is so perfectly military—there is such a cheerful and hardy indifference to the casualties of war, that its horrors are partly concealed, and the reader's imagination is hurried so lightly over the stricken field, that his sensibility is never painfully awakened. Then his Swedish majesty, as the cavalier well observes, makes war in such a pleasant sort of way!—he is so certain to beat the enemy! and we move on in such a continued career of victory. The chase is so hotly and eagerly pursued, that there is no time for thought—the deed is first done, and then considered of—perpendicular walls are scaled in a twinkling, and men, in their hurry, spike themselves on the points of the enemy's weapons—a soldier falls, and becomes his comrade's stepping-stool—there is no room for ceremony or sympathy—none look aside—one object is in the view of all, and that is straight before them—in the midst of fire and smoke, the town is won—victoria!—Men have now leisure to wipe their brows and wonder at their achievements. Such was the way of fighting under the "glorious King of Sweden—the lion of the north, and the champion of the Protestant cause."

After the death of Gustavus, our cavalier quits the Swedish service, but cannot find in his heart to leave Germany, where he spends two years in wandering up and down, like a ghost around his buried treasure, sometimes in the army, sometimes out of it. But at length the tide changes—the Swedes are vanquished, and the Imperialists cry victoria! in their turn. The cavalier, who has a natural dislike of being beaten, and no satisfaction in belonging to the wrong side, at this crisis gave his friends, the Swedes, over for lost, and fairly takes his departure; making good an observation, which is put in the mouth of Gustavus Adolphus, "You English gentlemen are too forward in the wars, which makes you leave them too soon."

He takes an opportunity, whilst in Holland, of seeing prince Maurice and his army, whose Dutch way of fighting is the very reverse of the King of Sweden's.

"I spent some time in Holland viewing the wonderful power of art which I observed in the fortifications of their towns, where the very bastions stand on bottomless morasses, and yet are as firm as any in the world. There I had the opportunity to see the Dutch army, and their famous general, Prince Maurice.

It is true the men behaved themselves well in action, when they were put to it; but the prince's way of beating his enemies, without fighting, was so unlike the gallantry of my royal instructor, that it had no manner of relish with me.

Gustavus Adolphus's way was always to seek out the enemy and fight him; and give the Imperialists their due, they were seldom hard to be found, but were as free of their flesh as we were.

Whereas prince Maurice would lie in a camp till he starved half his men, if by lying there he could but starve half his enemy's; so that indeed the war in Holland had more of fatigues and hardships in it, and ours had more of fighting and blows: hasty marches, long and unwholesome encampments, winter parties, counter marching, dodging, and entrenching, were the exercises of his men, and oftentimes killed him more men with hunger, cold, and diseases, than he could do with fighting.

Not that it required less courage but rather more; for a soldier had, at any time, rather die in the field by a musket than be starved with hunger, or frozen to death in the trenches.

Nor do I think I lessen the reputation of that prince; for it is most certain he ruined the Spaniards more by spinning the war thus out in length than he could possibly have done by a swift conquest: for had he, Adolphus like, with a torrent of victory dislodged the Spaniard of all the twelve provinces in five years, whereas he was forty years beating them out of seven, he had left them rich and strong at home, and able to keep him in constant apprehensions of a return of their power."

We do not wonder that this ungallant mode of fighting should be so little to the taste of one, whose old master had accustomed him to so very different a style, and whose "way" he describes, above, to have been generally this:

"When he came before any town with a design to besiege it—he never would encamp at a distance, and begin his trenches a great way off, but bring his men immediately within half musket shot of the place; there getting under the best cover he could, he would immediately begin his batteries and trenches before their faces, and, if there was any place possible to be attacked, he would fall to storming immediately. By this resolute way of coming on, he carried many a town in the first heat of his men, which would have held out many days against a more regular siege."

Arrived, and settled peaceably in his native country, he finds himself quite out of his element, and is as little good for any useful purpose as

"——— a sword laid by,
That eats into itself and rusts ingloriously."

"I spent my time very retired from court, for I was almost wholly in the country; and it being so much different from my genius, which hankered after a warmer sport than hunting among our Welch

mountains, I could not but be peeping in all the foreign accounts from Germany to see who and who were together. I could never hear of a battle, and the Germans being beaten, but I began to wish myself there.

But when an account came of the progress of John Bannier, the Swedish general in Saxony, and of the constant victories he had there over the Saxons, I could no longer contain myself, and told my father this life was very disagreeable to me." &c.

However, it soon appears that if he will wait but a very little while, he may have war at his own door, "for the winter following began to look very unpleasant upon them in England, and his father used often to sigh at it, and would sometimes lament he was afraid they should have no need to send Englishmen to fight in Germany." He himself is quite cheered with the prospect, and his only concern is that the parties will not fall out at all, and that they shall have no fighting; for which unpatriotic sentiment he very properly takes himself to task.

"I confess, when I went into arms at the beginning of this war, I did not trouble myself to examine sides: I was glad to hear the drums beat for soldiers, as if I had been a mere Swiss, who cares not which side gets the better, provided he receives his pay. I went as eagerly and blindly about this business as the meanest wretch that listed in the army; nor had I the least compassionate thought for the miseries of my native country till after the battle at Edgehill.

I had known, as much and perhaps more than most in the army, what it was to have an enemy ranging in the bowels of a kingdom: I had seen the most flourishing provinces of Germany reduced to perfect deserts, and the voracious Crabats, with inhuman barbarity, quenching the fires of the plundered villages with the blood of the inhabitants. Whether this had hardened me against the natural tenderness which I afterwards found return upon me, or not, I cannot tell; but I reflected upon the unconcernedness of my temper at the approaching ruin of my native country."

It is not long before he finds the vast difference between hacking at fellows with foreign aspects, and unknown speech, and hewing down his own countrymen, and an enemy who cried out in his mother-tongue.

"Now I began to think of the real grounds, and, which was more, of the fatal issue of this war.

I say, I now began it; for I cannot say that I ever rightly stated matters in my own mind before, though I had been enough used to blood, and seen the destruction of people, sacking of towns, and plundering the country, yet it was in Germany, and among strangers; but I found an unaccountable sadness upon my spirits to see this acting in my own native country.

It grieved me to the heart, even in the rout of our enemies, to see the slaughter of them; and even in the fight, to hear a man cry for quarter in English, moved me to a compassion which I had never been used to; nay, sometimes it looked to me as if some of my own men had been beaten: and when I heard a soldier cry, "O God! I am shot," I looked behind me to see which of my own troop had fallen. Here I saw myself at the cutting of the throats of my friends and indeed some of my near relations. My old comrades and fellow-soldiers in Germany were some with us, some against us, as their opinions happened to differ in religion.

For my part, I confess I had not much religion in me at the time; but I thought religion rightly practised on both sides would have made us all better friends; and, therefore, sometimes I began to think that both the bishops on our side, and the preachers on theirs, made religion rather the pretence than the cause of the war."

The Parliament, it seems, were used to exclaim against the cruelties committed by the king's troops, but our cavalier's German education had taught him to look upon these as mere trifles: he, however, considers the question fairly enough, and we cannot forbear quoting this part of the work, as a specimen of the candour which the whole tenour of the narrative so remarkably evinces.

"I cannot deny but these flying parties of horse committed great spoil among the country people, and sometimes the prince gave a liberty to some cruelties which were not at all for the king's interest: because it being still upon our own country, and the king's own subjects, whom, in all his declarations, he protested to be careful of. It seemed to contradict all those protestations and declarations, and served to aggravate and exasperate the common people; and the king's enemies made all the advantages of it that were possible, by crying out of twice as many extravagancies as were committed.

It is true the king, who naturally abhorred such things, could not restrain his men, no, nor his generals, so absolutely as he would have done. The war, on his side, was voluntarily: many gentlemen served him at their own charge, and some paid whole regiments themselves.

Sometimes also the king's affairs were straiter than ordinary, and his men were not very well paid, and this obliged him to wink at their excursions upon the country, though he did not approve of them; and yet I must own, that in those parts of England where the war was hottest there never was seen that ruin and depopulation, murders, ravishments, barbarities, which I have seen even among Protestant armies abroad in Germany, and other foreign parts of the world: and if the parliament people had seen those things abroad as I had, they would not have complained.

The most I have seen is plundering the towns for provisions, drinking their beer, and turning out horses into their fields or stacks of corn, and sometimes the soldiers would be a little rude with the

wenches: but, alas, what was this to count Tilly's ravages in Saxony? or what was our taking of Leicester by storm, where they cried out of our barbarities, to the sacking of New Brandenburg, or the taking of Magdeburg?

I do not instance these barbarities to justify lesser actions, which are never the less irregular; but I do say, that, circumstances considered, this war was managed with as much humanity on both sides as could be expected, especially considering the animosity of parties."

The war itself, though both parties set to work with great good-will, was not, it seems, conducted by either in that scientific style to which he had been accustomed on the continent: the following is the general character which he gives of it:

"And now all things grew ripe for action, both parties having secured their posts, and settled their schemes of the war, taking their posts and places as their measures directed. The field was next in their eye, and the soldiers began to enquire when they should fight, for as yet there has been little or no blood drawn, and it was not long before they had enough of it; for I believe I may challenge all the historians in Europe, to tell me of any war in the world where, in the space of four years, there was so many pitched battles, sieges, fights, and skirmishes, as in this war.

We never encamped or entrenched, never fortified the avenues to our posts, or lay fenced with rivers and defiles. Here were no leaguers in the field, as at the storm of Nurenburg; neither had our soldiers any tents, or what they call heavy baggage. It was the general maxim of this war, Where is the enemy? Let us go and fight them: or, on the other hand, if the enemy was coming, What was to be done? Why, what should be done? Draw out in the field and fight them.

I cannot say it was the prudence of the parties, and had the king fought less he had gained more; and I shall remark several times when the eagerness of fighting was the worst counsel, and proved our loss. This benefit, however, happened in general to the country, that it made a quick, though a bloody, end of the war, which otherwise had lasted till it might have ruined the whole nation."

As we have already extended our extracts to an unreasonable length, we shall forbear to quote any more from this part of the work, though it is the one which is most interesting, both from the nature of the war, and the scene where it was carried on. The story of the civil war is told with a candour and fairness, which cannot but recommend it to the reader; and the narrative possesses all the merits which we remarked of the former part of the memoirs, joined to a subject of much deeper and more powerful interest. It is said to have been a favourite work of Lord Chatham's, and was long believed by

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him to be genuine: this circumstance will, we doubt not, recommend it more powerfully to our readers, than any thing we could possibly find to say in its behalf. But, before we conclude, we must be indulged with one more extract; and as the reader's attention has been so long taken up with wars and "fighting people," we will, for the sake of diversion, present him with the picture of a man of peace. This is a full-length portrait of James I., which, much to our surprise, we stumbled upon in the very thickest of the German war. We have transplanted it from a situation so little suited to the character of the subject, and placed it out of the way of guns, drums, and all the circumstance of war, which James so heartily detested. The author has, in truth, contented himself with describing his person and habits—but this he has done with all the accuracy and minuteness with which a naturalist would characterize some strange and curious species of animal.

"I will give the character of king James from a master's hand—He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy; the doublets quilted for stiletto proof; his breeches in great plaits, and full stuffed. He naturally was of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets: his eyes were large, ever rolling after any stranger who came in his presence, in so much that many for shame sake have left the room, as being out of countenance: his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full, and drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup at each side of his mouth: his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin: his legs were very weak, and his weakness made him always leaning on other men's shoulders. *** He was temperate in his exercises and diet, and not intemperate in his drinking; however, in his old age, in Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do in them, he was sometimes overtaken, which the next day he would repent with tears in his eyes. It is true he drank very often, which was more out of custom than delight, and his drinks were of that kind for strength, as Frontiniac, Canary, tent wine, and Scotch ale, that had he not a very strong brain he might have been daily overtaken, although he seldom drank at any one time more than four spoonfuls, often not more than one. He was constant in all things, his favourites excepted, in which he loved change, yet never cast down those who were once raised, unless from their own default, by opposing his change, as in Somerset's case; yet had he not been in that foul poisoning business, and so cast down himself, I do verily believe not him neither; for all his other favourites he left great in honour, great in fortune, and did much love Montgomery, and trusted to him to the very last gasp. In his diet, apparel, and journies, he was very constant, as by his good will he would never change his clothes till

worn out to very rags. His fashion never varied, insomuch that when a person brought him a hat made on a Spanish block, he would cast it from him, swearing he never loved them nor their fashions: another time, bringing him roses on his shoes, he asked them if they would make him a ruff-footed dove—one yard of sixpenny ribband served his turn. His diet and journies were so constant, that the best observing courtier of our times used to remark, that were he asleep seven years, and then awakened, he would tell where the king had been every day, and every dish he had at his table. He was not very uxorious, though he had a very brave queen that never crossed his designs: her death, which happened six years before his, did not tempt him to any irregularity, though a very beautiful widow, in the plentitude of her health, fortune, and amidst her admirers, gave him a fair challenge. He was unfortunate in the marriage of his daughter, and so was all Christendom; but sure the daughter was more unfortunate in a father than he in a daughter. He naturally loved not the sight of a soldier, nor of any valiant man: and it has been remarked that Sir Robert Mansell was the only brave man he ever loved. He was very witty, and had as many ready witty jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner. He was very liberal of what he had not in his own gripe: his bounty was not discommendable, if he had not raised so many favourites. His rewarding old servants, and giving to his own countrymen money, is not to be blamed: but his sending ambassadors was no less chargeable than dishonourable to himself and people, for he was sure to be abused in all negociations; but he had rather spend a hundred thousand pounds in embassies to procure peace with dishonour, than ten thousand pounds to send a force to procure peace with honour. He loved good laws, and many were made in his time. He was very crafty and cunning in petty things, insomuch, as a very wise man used to say, that he believed him to be the wisest fool in Christendom, meaning him wise in small things, but a fool in weighty matters."

END OF VOL. III.

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ERRATA.

Page 158, line 28, for 'Idols of the *Tube*,' read 'Idols of the *Tribe*.'
—— 166, line 27, for 'By other *Designs*,' read 'By other *Passions*.'
—— 167, line 2, for '*distinctions*,' read '*distortions*.'

The continuation of the article on the Novum Organum, *and another on the* Prose Works of Dryden, *mentioned in our advertisements, we are, in consequence of the unexpected extent of some of the papers in the present Number, compelled to postpone until the next.*

E.